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ITALY

AND

THE ITALIANS

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY:

A VIEW OF THE CIVIL, POLITICAL, AND MORAL STATE OF THAT COUNTRY:

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ITALY UNDER THE FRENCH;

AND A

TREATISE ON MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

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ac

By A. VIEUSSEUX.

3-c-16

——————— E il più gentile
Terren non sei di quanti scalda il Sole?
D'ogni bell'arte non sei madre, o Italia?
Polve d'eroi non è la polve tua?

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, *Tragedia.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

A WORK, in the shape of letters, under the title of "Italy, and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century," was published three years ago, in one volume, octavo, and a very limited edition taken off, which was, in great measure, confined to the subscribers. A fire, which occurred soon after in the printer's warehouse, destroyed the remaining copies. The work, however, was favourably noticed by several periodicals, and approved of by many readers; and this has encouraged me to submit it again to the public in its present enlarged and amended shape.

Fondly attached to the country where I passed my early years,—a country celebrated for its beauties and for its misfortunes,—I feel a desire to make its inhabitants better known to British readers; and I think I am placed in a situation rather favourable for this purpose. Acquainted from my infancy with the language and manners of the

Italians—brought up under their sky—nursed in their homes—I quitted that country before early impressions could ripen into prejudices, and at that period of life when the powers of the mind begin to expand. Circumstances, connected with the affairs of the time, having induced me to leave the continent, I joined what I considered the common cause of mankind, against a system of ruthless and gigantic oppression; and, during a period of several years spent in some of the most interesting countries of Europe, a variety of scenes, of manners, and of people, afforded me ample means of comparison. After the last peace, I returned to the land of my childhood: I found every thing altered, and myself almost a stranger in my own country. I wandered then about Italy, adding fresh information to old recollections; and from both, I now exhibit a sketch, I hope not altogether uninteresting.

It has not been so much the material part of Italy,—that is to say, its antiquities, ruins, and buildings, which have been so often described by abler pens than mine,—as the moral state of its inhabitants, that has engrossed my attention. I think the Italians are but imperfectly known, and often unjustly abused: they are generally included by

foreigners in one common description of character, while, in fact, the inhabitants of the various states of that much divided country form so many distinct nations. A Tuscan and a Neapolitan, a Lombard and a Genoese, a Venetian and a Roman, are as different from one another, as the Germans are from the English, or the Dutch from the French.

Well acquainted with the religion of Italy, I have spoken of it with respect, and I hope also with impartiality: I have endeavoured to draw the line between its avowed tenets as they are explained from the pulpit and from the chairs of theology, and the abuses which popular ignorance and credulity have ingrafted upon them. I feel convinced, besides, that in all the divisions of Christianity the same virtues are to be found; they all trust in the same promises, and entertain the same hopes; they all acknowledge the same Book and the same Teacher; and from all the different Christian temples, the same prayers and wishes are daily wafted towards Heaven. I ardently wish the mild and truly Christian principle of toleration to be generally diffused among brethren, whatsoever be the forms of their worship. This spirit of charity constitutes the happy medium between fanaticism

and incredulity, both of which are destructive of the best feelings of man.

I have noticed the subject of Italian politics in a general sense, abstaining as much as possible from party questions, and endeavouring to be as impartial as a human being can, who courts no smiles and fears no frowns. A friend to rational liberty, I have been taught by experience to mistrust and fear that mania for violent changes, and those schemes of perfectibility, which have in our times deluged Europe with blood, and filled it with misery. A revolution is, at best, but an exchange of the certain for the uncertain; and nothing but a state of intolerable oppression, which fortunately is very rare in modern times, should reconcile an honest man to so doubtful a chance.

In a little work I published some time since *, I have treated more particularly the subject of party spirit on the continent. My principles have been criticised by some, who, I suspect, have misunderstood me. I have blamed the exaggerations of what is called the ultra-liberal party, and have pointed out the wrong tendency of liberalism in general;

* *Considerations on the State of the Continent since the General Peace.* 1 Vol. 8vo. Territ, 62, Judd-street.

while I have rendered justice to the good intentions of many of its advocates. I think they have been mistaken; that they wanted too much; that although anxious to do good, they set about it the wrong way; and the result has been, for the present, an increase of evil, from which however some good may ultimately result.

Since the publication of the first work, I have visited Italy again, in 1821 and in 1822, and spent some time in those parts of the country which were the seat of the political convulsions of 1820 and 1821. I have given an impartial sketch of those events, (confining myself to facts,) from materials collected on the spot.

Other parts of the work I have either re-written or considerably altered. I have corrected hasty judgments, or facts not sufficiently authenticated. Three or four years, which have passed over my head since the first publication, have modified, in some instances, my view of things, although my principles remain the same.

I have expatiated upon the monuments of the middle ages, which are to be found, especially at Naples, because this was a ground that had been less trodden upon than that of classical antiquities.

I have bestowed particular attention upon the two principal Italian monarchies, Naples and Sardinia, as these are by far the most important and influential among the native states, by the extent of their territories, their population, and resources.

Venice is the only great Italian city I have not spoken of, because I have not visited it. It happens, however, that this omission is amply supplied by many other travellers, who have described Venice with the greatest accuracy.

" Les Italiens (says Madame de Staël) sont plus remarquables par ce qu'ils ont été et par ce qu'ils pourroient être, que par ce qu'ils sont maintenant." Assenting, as I do, to this general proposition of that illustrious writer, still I think that the Italians are, even now, remarkable and interesting in many respects, and deserve more attention than the generality of travellers seem inclined to bestow upon them. Italy is still the land of genius and enthusiasm, and many warm and generous hearts are to be found under its glowing sky.

My first work contained an account of two different journeys made through Italy after the peace, united with recollections of my former residence in that country; embracing the greater part of Italy

Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Genoa. I have crossed the Alps by the two most celebrated roads, the Simplon and the Mont Cenis; and I have made several voyages along the delightful shores of the Mediterranean sea, and in sight of its numerous islands.

In the present publication I have introduced whole descriptive chapters, the materials of which were taken during my last journey. I have also added, at the end of the first volume, an historical sketch of the various Governments in the North of Italy under the French, which may prove a useful reference to those who wish to be able to understand the present tone of political feeling in that country. I have followed the course of events, and have availed myself of the most impartial authorities, and particularly of a well-written Italian work which appeared last year in Switzerland, under the title *Dell' Amministrazione del Regno d'Italia sotto i Francesi.*

At the end of the work I have added a treatise on Modern Literature. To give a complete view of Italian literature would require volumes, and years of labour. This subject has been already treated by Ginguené and Sismondi. I have contented

myself with giving an account of the most distinguished authors of the last and present centuries, in order to afford a guide to those who would become acquainted with their writings. I have consulted for this treatise, Italian authorities, and, with regard to some writers of the last century, the recent and excellent work of Count Ugoni, *Della Letteratura Italiana*, to which I feel myself indebted.

I think I may say upon the whole, that the present work has several new features which distinguish it from other travels.

The author of this book being a foreigner, although several years a resident in England, inaccuracies of language and exoticisms of style must be left to the indulgence of the English reader. It is a very difficult, if not a hopeless, task for a stranger, even after a long residence in England, to acquire the idiom of the country so as to write as fluently as a native. Having said thus much, I commit myself to that liberality which is so characteristic of the British public.

A. V.

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ITALY,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN ITALY.

THE generality of travellers, who proceed to Italy, enter that country from the North, by the great roads which cross the Alps. They visit North Italy first, and then proceed to the Southern States. On my return to Italy, after an absence of many years, I happened to enter it from the South, being landed at Naples, which is the most considerable, and in many respects the most remarkable, city of the Italian Peninsula; while it is, at the same time, the most remote as well as the most dissimilar from the other European capitals.

A very essential distinction exists between the North and the South of Italy; and the impressions produced on the mind of the traveller, who arrives at once at Naples by sea, are totally different from

those experienced by the tourist, who, travelling first from France or Germany to the half *ultramontane* states of Piedmont and Lombardy, becomes by degrees, as it were, *Italianised*, before he reaches Rome and Naples, which two countries comprise the true classical ground of Italy.

Considered in a material, as well as in a moral, point of view, Italy presents two great divisions, between which the chain of the Apennines forms the natural boundary. The main ridge of these mountains traces an irregular line from west to east, beginning at Cuneo and Tende, where it joins the chain of the maritime Alps, it runs along the Genoese coast, continues through the dutchies of Parma and Modena, which it separates from Tuscany, and then proceeds in a south-eastern direction through the Roman states, until it reaches the shores of the Adriatic, in the province of Ancona, on the frontiers of Abruzzi. There, a continuation of the same chain branches off to the South, through the whole length of the Neapolitan states.

Under the denomination of North Italians must be classed all those who inhabit the whole of the fine regions which lie to the north of the Apennines, and between them, the Alps and the Adriatic sea; including, therefore, the states of Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Parma, Piacenza, and Modena, and the papal provinces of Ferrara, Bologna, and

Romagna. The greater part of these states forms, as it were, one immense plain, through which the river Po flows from west to east. That river, as well as the Adige, which is next to it in magnitude, and all the other streams of North Italy, empty themselves into the Adriatic.

South Italy begins on the opposite side of the Apennines, and is enclosed between them and the Mediterranean, the Ionian, and part of the Adriatic seas. It includes, therefore, Tuscany, the greater part of the Papal states, and the whole kingdom of Naples.

The difference is great between the appearance of the country, the nature of the soil, the climate, and the inhabitants of these two divisions. The beautiful, though mostly unhealthy, shores of the Mediterranean, from La Spezia to the extremity of Calabria, belong evidently to one region, the features of which are totally distinct from those of the magnificent plateau, which extends from the source of the Po to the mountains of Friuli, and from the Swiss Alps to the Apennines of Tuscany and Ancona. In all this extent there is no elevation which deserves the name of a mountain.

It is in the Southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy,—the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections,—the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly to the South that belong the

romantic scenes described by poets and travellers;—the beautiful moonlight nights,—the glowing azure of the sky,—the dark blue sea,—the purple tinged mountains,—the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.

There the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello were inspired. The wonders of Michel Angelo, the temple of St. Peter, as well as the Coliseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante, of Macchiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Cæsar, and of Cicero.

The North of Italy is the country of plenty,—less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Corregio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The North has given the best soldiers; the South the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the South is colossal and imposing; that of the North is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The North is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant but monotonous;—roads wide, level, and straight; never-ending avenues of trees: the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Apennines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dulness of the scene. In the South, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags;—torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder, and at other seasons reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of their rocky beds;—wide, unculvated plains, strewed with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men;—and in the midst of these, the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Farther inland are seen ruinous castles and towers perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chesnut-trees and wild solitary glens. More to the South, the rich plains of Campania and of Apulia; the lovely shores of Parthenope, encircled by the frowning Apennines, which rise bolder and higher and wilder as they extend further south,

until, at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state: full of uncultivated genius; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic, deeds.

The Italians of the North have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss, and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe; they have more the features of a modern nation, and are more likely to form one; they have in short the good and the bad qualities of modern civilized Europe.

The Italians of the South (with the exception of Tuscany in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They

have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from other nations; they have more of the personal independence of half civilized people, although living under absolute governments; they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller,—all three beautiful and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian urbanity and elegance, and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of monuments, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former state. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the siren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement; the country of the senses, but the country also of imagination.

I have compared the impressions which Naples has produced upon me in all my frequent visits to it, at various and very different periods, with those felt by other travellers, with whom I have conversed on the subject in distant scenes and after a

lapse of time; and I have found the results to have been nearly the same:—surprise at first arriving; delight at the scenes of nature, mixed with a sort of vague reverie as if such scenes were unreal, for at times they look as such; disgust at the moral features of the place. The fancy and the senses are interested, but not the heart nor the intellect. One leaves this place without regret, and yet remembers it always with a wish to see it once more. One becomes loath of a residence in Naples, and yet cannot think of forsaking it altogether. A sort of spell in the climate charms the stranger, and makes him forget dearer and better things. Many foreigners who came to Naples for a short time, have at last fixed their residence, and lived and died in it, unable to break the charm. When I have talked to them on the subject, I found them perfectly agreed with regard to the disadvantages of the place; but yet the climate, they said,—nature—made up for all other things; and thus they slept away their existence in the arms of the enchantress.

To the attention of the curious, the intelligent, and the philosophical traveller, however, Naples has higher claims. It is the third capital in Christian Europe for population: its inhabitants amount to four hundred thousand. It is the first for its situation, the strangest by its contrasts, and the only one built at the foot of a terrible volcano.

The richness and fertility of its territory are wonderful. The penetration and fiery imagination of its inhabitants are equally great, and still less cultivated. Of all the sciences or arts one really may be said to flourish at Naples, and that one is music. To the historian, Naples abounds in recollections connected with the general history of Europe. To the invalid,—to the man tired of social disputes and political strife, Naples offers a choice of delightful, quiet, and salubrious retreats. Such is this famed metropolis.

CHAPTER II.

NAPLES.

I ARRIVED at Naples in a vessel from Malta; our passage was short and pleasant. We sailed along the eastern coast of Sicily, and saw Mount Etna, that formidable volcano, covered with eternal snow, and which the Sicilians emphatically describe as *l' Arciprete de' monti che in cotta bianca, al Ciel porge gl' incensi:* the high priest of the mountains, who, in his white surplice, offers incense to heaven. We passed the Faro of Messina, and admired the beautiful situation of that city and the fine view of the extreme ridge of the Apennines, which terminates the Italian peninsula.* We passed the Lipari islands, close by Stromboli; saw, at night, the flames of that singular volcano rising in a conical form

* On one hand beam'd Calabria's Hills so bright,
O' th' other Sicily shone forth in light,
Like sisters fair, by deep waves held in twain,
Smiling upon each other in delight,
And stretching out their arms in loving pain,
As tho' they fondly wished to meet again.

The Wanderer—By C. MACFARLANE.

from the middle of the sea; and at last entered the bay of Naples through the straits of Capri. Shortly after, I found myself again on Italian ground, and among scenes familiar to me from early youth.

I arrived here in the middle of the Carnival; which is the Bairam of the Italians, with this difference, that with them it precedes the fast or Lent, whilst among Mussulmans it follows the Ramadan. The Carnival is a time of mirth, pleasure, and folly; it is kept in most Catholic countries, but more particularly in Italy. It begins on the seventh of January and continues till Ash-Wednesday, but its public diversions are in many places restricted to the last ten days, in which masks are allowed to go about the streets from two in the afternoon till dark. During that time, the whole city, and particularly the principal streets of it, exhibit a scene of noise and confusion. The very children of the lowest classes assume an easy and cheap sort of disguise; putting a shirt over their clothes, with a high pointed white cap, and a paper mask, which elegant costume is dignified with the name of *Policinella*, the dramatic title of the Neapolitan clown. Masks of all descriptions are sauntering about the streets, making strange noises; stopping and addressing one another; saying now and then some witty jokes, but often uttering coarse and vulgar nonsense; teasing and annoying the passengers,

who have no power of checking them: for it is positively forbidden by government to molest or offer any violence to the masks. If these, however, should carry the joke too far, and take improper liberties, the police then arrests them and punishes them severely. I often thought of the impression which the appearance of this people during the Carnival would make upon the mind of a stranger totally unacquainted with this custom, and who were to land here in the midst of this mad revelry. This reminds me of an anecdote which I heard at Malta. A Turk, who had been for sometime prisoner in that island, during the dominion of the Knights of St. John, after having been exchanged and sent back to Constantinople, was examined before the Divan, as to the strength of La Valletta, and the most probable means of taking it. He said he thought it almost impossible to conquer it as long as the Christians were on their guard, but, added he, "there is a time in the year when the Infidels are subject to a periodical fit of insanity, (meaning the last three days of the Carnival, which was the only time allowed by the Grand Master for that popular diversion) and should the Capudan Pacha contrive to be near at hand with his fleet and a body of troops, I have no doubt but he could easily take the place by surprise, as all order and discipline are at an end during that period. But

the business must be done quickly; for on the fourth day a priest applies a pinch of ashes to each man's forehead, which has the wonderful power of restoring him instantly to his senses and rational faculties." *Se non è vero, è ben trovato,* as the Italians say.

The name of *Carne-vale* is originally Latin—*farewell to flesh*—meaning, probably, that these are the last days for eating meat, as the following Lent forbids either totally or in part, the use of that kind of food. Some pretend that the Carnival is a remnant of the Roman Saturnalia, which were accompanied with similar scenes of dissipation and folly, only indulged to a much greater extent, and which the Christian rulers, who succeeded the Roman Emperors in Italy, thought it wise to retain under some restrictions for the satisfaction of the populace—addicted in every age to noisy and giddy diversions. The Carnival has not been very brilliant at Naples this year, on account of the bad weather; we had almost constant rains during the time, which prevented in a great measure the display of masks in the streets. The *festini* or masked balls at San Carlo, however, were much crowded; but few *maschere di carattere* or interesting costumes were to be seen. This is to be partly attributed to the change in the national character produced by the events of late years. The Neapolitans have lost

much of that harmless gaiety, and that openness of disposition, which were formerly some compensation for the want of more solid qualities. A gloomy diffidence and sullen dissimulation, the results of civil dissensions and foreign invasions, of political inquisition and bloody retaliation, have pervaded the ranks of this naturally thoughtless and careless people. They are as fond of pleasure as ever, but they cautiously avoid every occasion of committing themselves by disclosing their minds and shewing their sentiments in public or before strangers. I saw a great number of common masks, as black dominos, white policinellas, and richly dressed Turks. Some females, in the fanciful and rich costumes of the peasant girls of different provinces in the kingdom, appeared to great advantage. I saw one day in the street of Toledo, Prince L——, the king's youngest son, in a car, with a numerous retinue in the garb of ancient warriors, with shields and a kind of shovels, which they filled out of buckets full of *confetti*, discharging the contents against the company in the balconies. This is a favourite pastime of the season, although sometimes attended with unfortunate consequences; for, as sugar confections are expensive, many persons substitute imitations of them made of clay, which are very hard, and some of them as large as common nuts, so that a shower of them

proves a very unpleasant compliment, and serious disputes originate in this absurd custom.

Soon after my landing, I paid a visit to the celebrated theatre of San Carlo, the finest in Europe. The interior of it is shining with gold. The blue ground is relieved by numerous gilt stucco ornaments. There are six rows of boxes, all private, and closed like so many apartments, as is the case in every theatre in Italy. Ten five-branched chandeliers are fixed under each row, which being lighted up on gala days, produce a dazzling effect. A superb lampadaro or lustre suspended from the ceiling adds to this blaze of splendour; which, however, in my opinion, weakens much the effect of the performance and destroys the theatrical illusion. But these people are not very nice in this last particular. They do not come to the opera to take an interest in it, to have their feelings affected, or their senses deceived, but merely to hear the music. The house is seldom full. The seats in the pit are numbered and very commodious; the price of admission is six *carlini*, about half a crown, except on illumination days, when the tickets are raised. No entrance money is paid to go to the boxes; so that many persons, particularly young men of fashion who have acquaintances among the nobility, frequent the theatre all the year round without paying any thing. The boxes are very spacious,

and occasionally suppers are given in them by the nobility. The king's box fronts the stage, and occupies two rows in height; it is most richly, though not elegantly, adorned with crimson silks and gold, mirrors, *&c.*; the insignia of royalty are suspended above it. The whole is gorgeous and heavy. The curtain is finely painted with allegorical subjects alluding to the re-edification of the theatre after the fire of 1816, under the auspices of Ferdinand I. I observed a want of perspective in some of the scenic decorations, particularly in those which represent streets and buildings. The orchestra is very respectably filled, and the first *coup d'archet* of the overture is truly imposing.

The opera most in vogue at the time, being repeatedly performed at San Carlo, was the Tancredi, by Rossini. La Malanotti performed the part of Tancredi, and La Festa that of Amenaide. They are both first rate singers; the former has a fine contralto voice, not agreeable, however, at first, but which, after the ear is accustomed to it, becomes very attractive, being full of pathos and expression. She sang beautifully the arietta *di tanti palpiti*, which is her favourite. The first night she appeared on the stage of San Carlo she was but indifferently received, but has been applauded ever after. I observed, on this occasion, that the voice, unless very powerful, is lost in this immense theatre,

perhaps less on account of its size, than of some fault in its construction. The persons who have the misfortune to be seated in the farther half of the pit, can, with difficulty, distinguish a few words out of the whole opera. We had also a ballet, the title of which was Hamlet; but the subject has been sadly disfigured. The ghost appeared to Hamlet in his palace, and, in order to explain the circumstances of the murder, pointed to a sort of mirror on which the horrible transaction was reflected; this contrivance had certainly a very striking effect. Hamlet became raving, and attempted at once to kill his uncle; the king was prevented by his wife from putting him to death, but had him confined in a dungeon, where he and all his court paid Hamlet a visit, and where a repetition of the same violence between uncle and nephew took place. The last scene was full of noise and confusion; peals of thunder were heard, clouds of smoke arose, the king was frightened, and Hamlet availed himself of this opportunity to stab him. The queen swooned, and to crown the whole, the ghost appeared again, surrounded with phosphoric light, to testify his satisfaction, and to give, as it were, his blessing to the audience. This was the substance of the plot, intermixed with *pas de deux* and grotesque dances. The dresses were gaudy, according to the taste of the country. The music, however, was delightful,

and atoned in part for the silliness of the performance.

The ballet is the favourite part of Neapolitan theatricals. They have a chosen company of French dancers; amongst whom are Vestris, Duport, Henry, and Taglioni. The dance seems chiefly to engross the attention of the audience, and the opera is comparatively neglected. It must be confessed, that an Italian grand *Opera Seria* is generally dull and destitute of all illusion, and has no attraction but that of the music. The *libretto*, or play, is usually a compound of nonsensical words, chiefly about love and revenge, put together just to run with the music; besides which, owing to the size of the house and the feebleness of the secondary singers, it is impossible to understand one third of it: so that, with the exception of a few ariettas or duos, which attract the general attention, the performance is allowed to go on as well as it can; while part of the audience are whispering, simpering, or dozing in their seats, and the rest sauntering about, paying visits to the ladies in the boxes, or resorting to the adjoining gambling-table, or to the coffee-room, until the time for the ballet arrives. The drama Semiserio, or melo-comedy, and the Opera Buffa, are much better adapted to Italian taste and Italian music, and also to the powers of Italian performers.

I went several times to the theatre de' Fiorentini, the third house in Naples: La Canonici, a sweet singer, and a handsome woman with an interesting countenance, and a voice full of expression, was the chief attraction to that house. She was performing the part of Adelaide, in the historical dramas of *Adelaide* and *Comminges*. The affecting tale of those unfortunate lovers has furnished three dramas, which are performed in succession: the music is by Fioravanti: they are called, 1st—*Gli amori di Adelaide e Commingio;* 2nd—*Adelaide maritata, e Commingio Pittore;* 3rd—*La morte d'Adelaide.* The story is, in a few words, as follows:—Adelaide is beloved by a young nobleman of the name of Comminges, with whom she was acquainted from her infancy; but her father, either through pride or avarice, compels her, during the absence of Comminges, to marry a haughty baron, who takes her, a sad but resigned victim, to his feudal mansion in the province. She fulfils all the duties of a wife; but cannot entirely stifle her sighs, nor subdue a feeling of melancholy, which is soon perceived and closely watched by her jealous husband. After a time, Comminges discovers her retreat, and assumes the disguise of a painter, under which he is introduced to the unsuspecting lord, who engages him to work at his gallery: Comminges submits to the humiliation, in order to obtain a sight of his be-

loved. The surprise and the fright of Adelaide in discovering him are the more distressing, as she is at the time in the presence, and under the watchful eye of her husband; however, she recovers herself, and in a second interview entreats Comminges to respect her virtue—to forget the past, and to leave her to her duty and to death. But while the fond lover, despondent although resigned, is on his knees taking a last farewell of the object of his affections, the husband suddenly appears: Comminges rises and boldly proclaims his name—they fight, and the unfortunate Adelaide, while endeavouring to separate them, is stabbed by her furious husband; upon which, Comminges, growing desperate, kills his antagonist. He is carried off from that scene of horror by a faithful attendant, who conceals him in the neighbouring forest, and who afterwards returns to the castle to learn the fate of Adelaide. He is apprized of her death having been the consequence of the wound she had received; and that orders had been issued to search for, and apprehend Comminges. With these melancholy tidings he returns to the forest. The despair of Comminges is easily imagined; meantime a terrible storm arises, and while they are looking about for shelter, the tolling of a bell is heard at a short distance among the trees. Comminges follows in that direction, and finds himself at the gates of a

solitary convent belonging to the rigid order of La Trappe. Under the impression of feelings but too natural to an ardent mind bereft at once of all hope and happiness on earth, he thinks he hears the voice of Providence calling him to repentance; and despair and religion drive him into that convent as a last refuge for afflicted humanity, and a necessary scene of preparation for that better world, where he will meet again his beloved Adelaide. He conceals his real name, and is admitted by the superior to the noviciate. While this is passing at La Trappe, Adelaide, contrary to expectation, recovers from her wound, and proceeds, under a fictitious name and dressed in man's attire, to make inquiries after her lover; but as these prove fruitless, she gives him up for lost and resolves upon taking the veil. While intent upon this plan, she enters by accident into the church of the convent where Comminges is secluded; the fathers are singing vespers; she hears again his well-known voice, and she soon after recognises his features, though disguised under the cowl. In the struggle of contending passions, her purity of mind prevails; she thinks him bound by everlasting vows, and feels that she can never be united to him in this world; but having found him again, she will no longer part from him: her resolution is formed at once; she presents herself to the superior of the convent as a young man, willing to enter the order.

After some difficulties occasioned by her youthful appearance and superior manners, she is admitted to a preparatory trial, and she assumes the dark uncouth attire of a Trappensis monk, which effectually conceals her lovely features. A silence, which can only be broken by the permission of the superior, is one of the rules of the order, and Adelaide, although daily in company with her Comminges, remains unknown to him. She follows constantly and silently his faultering steps; she assists him in the performance of his several duties, and even in the task of digging his own grave, which is imposed upon every brother by the laws of La Trappe. She never utters a word, but she cannot entirely suppress her sighs nor conceal her tears. Her whole behaviour surprises Comminges; however, as he can not conjecture the truth, he attributes it to sorrows similar to his own. But the delicate frame of Adelaide cannot long resist the anguish of her mind, and the privations and fatigues of her situation: she visibly decays and totters towards the grave. The superior perceives the weakness of the youth, and exhorts him to leave, while yet there is time, a mode of life not suited to his weakly constitution; but the novice persists in his resolution. Meantime the expiration of Comminges' noviciate approaches, and he is determined to take the vows and bid an eternal adieu

to the world. The day of the ceremony arrives, and owing to the illness which prevents Adelaide from attending the church, and to the silence which surrounds her, she learns from the superior, only when it is too late, that but a few hours before Comminges was yet free, but that now he is for ever divided from the world, and consequently from her. This last blow destroys her remaining strength, and she sinks exhausted under the pressure of grief. The dying novice (Adelaide) is at last, according to the custom of the order, carried on a bier to the chapel, where the immortal soul will take its departure from its earthly frame, soothed by the orisons of the assembled community. The funeral bell is tolling, the friars, and Comminges among the rest, are singing the last prayers for the agonized brother; at last the venerable superior allows the youth to speak; approaching death frees him from his vow of silence; he is at liberty to utter his last sentiments, and to bid adieu to the companions of his earthly pilgrimage; with a faint voice he calls Comminges, uncovers his pale forehead, and the recognised Adelaide expires in the arms of her distracted lover.

Such is this interesting drama, founded on facts which are not uncommon in the records of Catholic countries. It is easy to imagine the effect that the last scene, especially, must have on the stage, at-

tended by all the insignia and awful accessories of La Trappe. Sobbing and crying were heard, particularly from the female part of the audience. I had then an opportunity of remarking that these people are not deficient in feeling; the crowd of young men and fashionable ladies who attended these performances, which have been repeated for more than a month, is a proof of it. It is generally supposed that the Neapolitans, like other southern nations, have strong passions; I think, however, the definition is not accurate. They feel acute sensations; but the impression is fleeting, like that which the breeze traces on the surface of the water. Sincerely affected by the sufferings of Adelaide at the moment, they will an hour after feel as truly delighted with the splendour and bustle of the *conversazione* or of the ball-room. Before I leave the subject, I must mention an inconsistency of the Neapolitan stage. In all the three dramas of Adelaide, even in some of the most affecting parts of the last, a buffo appears in the character of Adelaide's brother-in-law, and by some coarse ill-timed jokes, sets the audience in a roar of laughter. Casacciello, an excellent buffo of the Neapolitan cast, performed this part; but I would rather see his talents employed on a fitter subject.

The Teatro Novo is a small neat house, where

the prose company, at it is called to distinguish it from the melodrama, generally perform. They have some good performers, particularly De Marini, a first-rate actor. It is not very common in Italy to hear a good play, although their language is so beautifully adapted for it: Goldoni has furnished them with a store of comedies, many of which are excellent, but seldom performed. Federici, De Rossi, and recently Nota, have supplied an additional stock. The dramas of Metastasio afford also a plentiful supply. The tragedies of Alfieri, Pindemonte, Monti, and others, are a treasure upon which they might draw, and thereby encourage others to follow the steps of those great writers. I look upon a good prose theatre as a great desideratum in Italy; it would help to form the character of the nation, to inspire them with noble sentiments, and to accustom them to the genuine taste and sweet sounds of the pure Italian language, so often grossly and barbarously smothered under provincial jargon and pronunciation. Perhaps the too free sentiments of some of the dramatic writers are an obstacle to the production of their works on the stage. Still I have occasionally seen the *Saulle* of Alfieri performed at Rome, and his *Filippo* at Genoa, under the present governments of those countries; so that I know not whether the fault

lies with the rulers, or whether it is owing to the taste of the people.

I saw a new tragedy, *La Francesca da Rimini*, performed at i Fiorentini, by the company Fabbrichesi. The author of it, Silvio Pellico, a young Piedmontese, of considerable genius, and author of several other poetical works, has treated that affecting subject with a masterly hand*. The performance went through with considerable applause. The actor who sustained the character of Paolo, showed a great knowledge of his art and of nature; the character of Francesca was but indifferently supported. Indeed, I have remarked since my return to Italy a great deficiency in the female tragical performers, which has struck me the more after having seen Miss O'Neil, and the other actresses of the English stage. England seems to be the land of the tragic muse. The Italian tragedians do not study nature sufficiently; their expression is often forced, and their declamation rather monotonous.

There are two other theatres in this capital, the Royal Theatre del Fondo, a very fine house, next to San Carlo in size, and at which occasionally the Opera Seria is performed; and that of San Ferdi-

* About this tragedy and its unfortunate author, see the treatise on Italian literature, at the end of this work.

nando, which is not much frequented, being at the other end of the town, far from the fashionable world. Besides these five theatres there are two inferior ones, La Fenice and San Carlino, both in the Largo del Castello, and chiefly devoted to farces and pantomimes for the amusement of the lower classes: the performers speak the broad Neapolitan dialect. There you see the Policinella in his genuine colours. This Neapolitan clown is one of the Italian *maschere*, such as the Dottore of Bologna, the Arlecchino of Bergamo, the Pantalone of Venice, *&c.*, but is not an honourable specimen of the national character of his country, of which he is intended as a caricature. Policinella is a servant from Acerra, a village in the neighbourhood of Naples, and he is so highly gifted by nature and accomplished by education, as to be at the same time a thief, a coward, a liar, a braggart, and a debauchee; still the facetious way in which he relates his various feats enraptures his grovelling countrymen. He delights in licentious *double entendre*, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is very low, and he is generally outwitted when he meets with an antagonist, so that in the end he is discovered, imprisoned, whipped, and sentenced to be hanged. Such is the celebrated Policinella.

I saw at the Fenice a burlesque drama, in which

two very handsome actresses from Rome performed in the real Italian taste,—graceful, natural, and bewitching. One of them acted the part of a pupil to an old painter, suffering under the usual vexations and restrictions of persons in her situation; she thwarted the views of her guardian by cunning and by coaxing, being animated by the innate Italian wish of finding herself a lover at any cost: the other in a man's clothes, personifying a young clown from Foligno, and singing with all the melody of her Roman accent; the music delightful, and the *tout ensemble* rather loose in a moral point of view, but very fascinating.

I ventured once into San Carlino. The heat and the smell of lamp oil were intolerable. Yet even there, on the lowest of Neapolitan boards, they had a pretty and tolerable good actress, worthy of a better stage. It is strange to find such lovely creatures in these paltry houses, and in a city not remarkable for beauty. The performance was *Spettacolosa*, as it is called there; that is to say, pretending to be highly dramatic, full of noise, bustle, and strange incidents; the subject was the conquest of Mexico. Montezuma, Cortes, and the high priest, were completely farcical; Policinella was introduced of course; the pretty actress acted the part of a daughter of Montezuma, and made some amends for the rest.

I have devoted a considerable space in this chapter to the Neapolitan stage, because the theatre in this country forms a most essential part of the social system, and music is quite an object of national interest. Government takes a particular care of theatrical affairs; and the importation of a new *prima donna*, or a new dancer, becomes a matter of state. When, soon after the restoration of King Ferdinand, the theatre of San Carlo was consumed by fire, all classes of Neapolitans were in the deepest concern about it. It was a public calamity; hardly any thing else was talked of; some one was wanted who had the means of superintending the erection, and defraying the expenses of the new building; the treasury was exhausted, being just after the late French occupation; private fortunes had also suffered considerably: however, the manager, Barbaja, a Milanese, who had risen from menial offices to be a man of wealth and consequence at Naples, offered to advance part of the money, and to build San Carlo anew, and in a very short period; the government were delighted; they secured to him the monopoly of the gambling-houses, and the building went on with astonishing rapidity. At last the new San Carlo arose, like a phœnix from its ashes, and on the first evening the house opened, the crowd was excessive. Sicilian noblemen, and ladies of high rank, came even from Palermo on purpose

to assist at the first performance; but the treacherous wind detained them in sight of the Mecca of their pilgrimage. The vessels could not enter the bay, but were obliged to put into the harbour of Ischia, where the anxious travellers spent in gloom and disappointment that night, in which their more fortunate rivals, the Neapolitan nobility, glittered in full splendour in the handsome boxes of the new theatre.

Music is the chief business of the fashionables in this country, who being delighted to have a national subject upon which they can talk freely and propose the innovations they like, divide thereupon into parties, with all the enthusiasm and animosity which in other countries are attached to political and religious tenets.

There are several houses for the performance of *pupi* or fantoccini during the day. Persons may go in for a few *grains*, provided their olfactory nerves can resist the effluvia which emanate from the crowd of dirty fellows who resort to them. There are also ambulatory puppet-shows in the streets.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES.

The general appearance of this country I found to be, as I knew already, the Eden of Europe. The Italian proverb calls it, *un paradiso abitato da diavoli.* The climate is delightful; the views are magnificent. I live on the sea-shore, at one end of the town, where I enjoy a full view of this beautiful bay, the waves of which lave the sandy beach in front of my habitation. Before me I see the picturesque island of Capri*; to my left, this vast city, commanded by the green mount of Saint Elmo; farther on, the fertile plains of Campania Felix, between which and the sea rises the conical form of Vesuvius with its furnace of

* Upon th' horizon placidly lies sleeping
Caprea—rocky isle: for all the guilt,
And all the broken hearts and spirits weeping,
And all the blood in olden time bespilt,
Have not obscured its beauties; still 'tis gilt
By the warm purple ray that evening throws,
Still o'er its rugged cliffs the soft dews melt,
Still round its base the calm rapt ocean flows,
Still as the eye beholds, the heart with transport glows.
The Wanderer.

perpetual fire and smoke: at the foot of that formidable mountain I can perceive the white hillocks which surround the remains of Pompeii; farther on the mounts of Stabia; and Sorrento, the birth-place of the immortal bard of Gerusalemme. What a display of classical scenery! What memories of sad tales or of brilliant history, equally portentous! Close by me is the lovely coast of Mergellina; the verdant hill of Posilipo, with the tomb of Virgil rising on it; and, lower down, the church where Sannazaro is buried. I have been looking for an appropriate site for the castle of Paluzzi, described by Mrs. Radcliffe in her Italian, as having been in this neighbourhood, but I could not fix upon any particular spot; it appears that no such a name even has ever existed. The church of La Madonna del Pianto, the fancied haunt of the appalling Schedoni, is to be seen near the Campo di Marte or reviewing ground, but its modern appearance does not agree with the account of the awful solemnity of its capacious aisles so finely described by that powerful writer. The sketches Mrs. Radcliffe gives of the scenery of the country, however, are beautifully true to nature.

Naples is an open, irregularly built city; its greatest length is along the sea-shore, where it extends in an irregular curve about four miles along the northern side of the bay. In the centre

of this range are the two castles, Dell' Uovo, and Castello Nuovo, the king's place, and the harbour, which is small and not sufficiently sheltered. The breadth of Naples is very unequal: at the west end it is much contracted between the hills of Vomero and Belvedere and the sea, so as only to admit of one or two streets in breadth; it widens towards the centre, and there it extends to the north as far as the hills of Capodimonte and Capodichino, between which and the sea, the principal and most populous part of the town is built, including the old city, still partly surrounded with walls and ditches, and the extensive additions made to it in course of time, and now blended with it. Its greatest breadth, from the sea to the foot of the hill of Capo di Monte, is better than two miles from south to north. The ground on which Naples stands is very uneven, a considerable part of the city being built on the slope of the hills of Sant' Elmo and Capo di Monte.

The first city mentioned by historians as having existed on this spot, was of Greek origin and called Palæpolis. Neapolitan antiquarians attribute its foundation, upon at least dubious authority, to Parthenope the daughter of Eumelus King of Chalcis in Eubæa, from whom it was originally called Parthenope, which name it afterwards changed into that of Palæpolis, in opposition to a new Greek colony which was built in its immediate neighbour-

hood and called Neapolis or New Town. Both cities shared a common fate; they first opposed the ambition of Rome, were conquered, and at last became the allies of that overgrown republic. By degrees, however, Neapolis encroached upon the old town, while it blended itself with it. At last the name of Palæpolis became extinct, and the appellation of Neapolis has remained ever since, and is now applied to a city eight times as large as both Palæpolis and Neapolis united.

The extent of Palæpolis, such as we see it still traced in some Neapolitan maps, appears to have been inconsiderable. It occupied the ground of that part of the present city which lies behind the Mercato, between that and the booksellers' street, and where are the public schools and the Monte di Pieta, which is to the present day the worst built, and the oldest looking district of Naples,—where the streets are most narrow and crooked, the houses tremendously high, ruinous and crowded, and where a stray traveller who happens to venture in that labyrinth, sees the genuine Neapolitans of the old school, such as we may suppose their forefathers were some centuries ago, or even as far back as the old Norman and Aragonese dynasties.

The original site of Neapolis was further north. It appears to have been nearly square, and it now forms a most considerable district of the present

metropolis; the streets of it, although narrow, are generally straight: here we find some of the finest churches and the most extensive palaces of Naples. There are parts, however, which are wretchedly old, and appropriately called *le Anticaglie*. Here are also the Archbishop's palace, the cathedral, the fine churches of S. Paolo and Gerolimini, the ancient church of S. Apostoli, the great hospital of the Incurabili, the convent of Pietra Santa, the palace of Avellino, and many other magnificent piles.

The old palaces of the Neapolitan nobility are in this quarter. They are immense, massive, and ponderous buildings, apparently built for eternity, and now mostly deserted by their lords: once the seats of feudal splendour, they are now inhabited in part by menials or by strangers who seem lost in the spacious apartments. Powerful Barons built these mansions, suited to the barbaric and gloomy grandeur of their minds; for, amidst all their vices, they were possessed of fierce, aspiring, and often generous spirits. Their successors have dwindled into an unimportant race, whose palaces are no longer adapted to their state, nor congenial to their ideas.

The two cities being at last united, the intermediate ground was built upon, as well as the space which lay between the old town and the sea; and other additions were made at different epochs. The principal ones which are recorded were effected

under the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century; under the Norman kings, and especially William the Bad in the twelfth; under Pope Innocent IV., and Charles I. of Anjou in the thirteenth; and under Joanna II. in the fifteenth. It was Charles I. who built the castle Nuovo and began the Mole, both of which were afterwards extended by Alphonsus I. of Aragon.

Naples so amplified became an extensive and considerable city, although still very inferior to what it is now. It was enclosed by walls, flanked by towers, and defended by ditches, great part of which are still to be seen, especially along the northern and eastern sides of the town, where the ancient line of fortifications, as it existed under the Aragonese kings who succeeded the Anjou dynasty, is still preserved. Several of the old gates of that time are now standing, such as the Porta Nolana, Capuana, San Gennaro, and others.

The Spanish viceroys who ruled Naples after the extinction of the Sicilian Aragonese dynasty, extended the city farther west; the old walls on that side were razed, and the ditches filled, to render the communication free. Pietro di Toledo built the fine street which has retained his name; by degrees the whole ground at the foot of Sant' Elmo was filled with habitations, and became the fashionable part of the town. Stretching still further, the

new buildings reached the hill of Pizzofalcone, the ancient mount Echias (from which, perhaps, the name of Chiaja is derived) where in ancient times another Greek colony had existed called Megara, which afterwards had given place to one of Lucullus' delitiæ or magnificent gardens. This mount which projects into the sea near the centre of Naples, and breaks the curve which that city describes along the sea-shore, into two sections, was formerly joined to the little island of Castel dell' Uovo. The latter had been fortified early by the Norman kings, and by the Suabian emperors; William the Bad in the twelfth century had a palace there.

Behind the hill of Pizzofalcone a communication was opened by means of the street of Chiaja, with the beautiful Marina or Quay, which is now become the most delightful part of the modern town.

The street of Toledo, which runs across the city for three quarters of a mile, is the principal street in Naples, although not exactly in a straight line, nor sufficiently broad in proportion to its length. It begins from a fine semi-circular largo or square, called dello Spirito Santo, and ends at the Largo San Ferdinando before the king's palace. This fine street was built by a Spanish viceroy of the same name, who predicted that it would become the most frequented part of the city, as it has happened

in effect. It is always crowded to excess with people, carriages, horses, donkeys, *&c.*, and being like all other streets destitute of foot pavements, is rendered very uncomfortable, especially for pedestrians. The number of retailers selling provisions and goods of every description in the street; the people working and cooking in front of the shops, which, for the benefit of the air, are mostly open; the quantity of *curricoli* or gigs drawn by little spirited horses, and driving furiously along; the swarms of vagrants and beggars infesting the place at all hours;—all these mixed with the gay and splendid equipages of the nobility; the appearance of well dressed females at the balconies; the elegance of the numerous coffee and ice shops, exhibit an *ensemble* of contrast, confusion, and bustle, to which I have seen nothing equal in any other part of Europe. The naturally clamorous habits of the Neapolitans are strengthened by the continual noise which obliges them to vociferate loudly, in order to be heard even by their immediate companions. With all this, Toledo affords a very curious appearance to a stranger by the variety of motley groups with which it is thronged: priests in black; friars in white and grey; officers in gay military uniforms; *paglietti* or lawyers in their professional costumes; sober citizens dressed in suits of a variety of colours, blue, green, brown, yellow, and grey;

women, some in the old Neapolitan *manto*, a black silk gown and hood; others in the modern costume, which they have adopted from the French; those of the lower class, either with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, or with the Sicilian *peddeme*, a piece of calico thrown loosely over the head and shoulders; and half naked lazzaroni having no other garment but merely their shirts and trowsers. I can hardly think myself in a civilized country, but feel as though transported to some of the European settlements on the coast of Africa. Toledo is adorned by many palaces, although most of them not of the best architectural taste; the principal ones are those of Maddaloni, Angri, Stigliano, Cavalcanti, Berio, and others.

The new structure erected for the bank of the two Sicilies, and for the finance or treasury offices, is remarkably elegant. Very inferior inhabitations, however, scattered here and there, form a disagreeable contrast to the splendour of the neighbouring piles.

The finest part of the city of Naples, is, without question, along the quay from the Castel dell' Uovo to the western extremity towards Posilipo. The range of buildings which lines one side of the quay, is composed, with very few exceptions, of elegant modern structures, whose stuccoed exteriors, white or yellow, contrasted with the spacious iron balconies

and green venetian blinds, form a brilliant *coup d'œil*, seen from the bay. In front of them, for the space of nearly a mile along the sea-shore, runs the Villa Reale, a beautiful walk, consisting of several avenues of trees, adorned with fountains, stone benches, and marble statues. But the principal beauty of that delightful spot consists in its unrivalled situation, commanding a view of the whole bay. When the trees are in full blossom, it realizes all that imagination can conceive of this kind. This walk was considerably extended and improved by Joachim Murat. Towards the middle of it, there is a small projection running into the sea, secured with an iron railing, and surrounded with seats, so as to make a pretty terrace; the idea of this improvement was suggested, I am told, by a German princess who lately visited Naples. In the middle of the central avenue, is placed the famous group of the Toro Farnese, or Farnesian Bull, formerly in the gallery belonging to the family of that name at Rome, to whose inheritance the king of Naples succeeded. This group represents Amphion and Zethus binding their stepmother Dirce to the horns of a wild bull. The Toro Farnese, and the statue of Hercules, which is now at the Museum of gli Studj, formed the chief value of that gallery. The first mentioned group was injured in the carriage, and restored by modern

hands. The head of the bull is peculiarly fine. But as these subjects of the fine arts have been so well and so often described by abler pens than mine, I shall not presume to intrude with any further observations.

Naples contains several hundred churches; few of them are remarkable for their external architecture, but the interiors of many are splendid and rich, with marbles, gold, and pictures. The principal amongst them are, the cathedral of San Gennaro, a gothic structure, containing many valuable paintings, by Perugino, Giordano, Domenichino, Spagnoletto, Solimene, and Vasari; the churches of the various religious orders, such as Il Carmine, built in the thirteenth century by Queen Margaret, the mother of the unfortunate Corradino, who was afterwards beheaded in the square del Mercato, opposite this church, and buried with his relative and fellow-sufferer, Frederic of Austria, in the little chapel of Santa Croce; San Domenico Maggiore, remarkable for its ancient tombs; Santi Apostoli, the oldest church in Naples; Santa Maria la Nova; the church of San Paolo, raised on the remains of an ancient temple of Castor and Pollux, of which two fine columns remain in front of the present building, and part of whose original walls were incorporated in the modern ones. This church deserves particular attention, on ac-

count of its fine paintings. The one above the entrance represents the sacrifice of Jeroboam; in the sacristia, or vestry, there are two fine frescoes by Solimene, one representing the fall of Simon the magician, the other the conversion of St. Paul. There are in these a boldness of design, a wildness of expression, and a vividness of colouring, which are characteristic of the Neapolitan school.

It would be too long to enumerate all the remarkable churches of Naples, such as Lo Spirito Santo, San Lorenzo, Sant' Aniello, il Gesù Nuovo, i Gerolimini, the church of l' Annunziata, with the annexed hospital for the foundlings established by Queen Joanna, and many others. Many of these churches are possessed of paintings by Luca Giordano, Domenichino, Solimene, Santafede, Lanfranco, Schidone, and Spagnoletto. The more ancient amongst them contain curious monuments, connected with the eventful history of this kingdom; several of them are built upon the foundations of Greek and Roman temples, and adorned with pillars chiseled by pagan sculptors.

One of the finest churches and monasteries of Naples was that of San Martino, a vast and conspicuous building, situated on the hill, and close by the castle, of Sant' Elmo. It belonged formerly to the Carthusian monks, and was very rich in paintings. It suffered during the late invasions of the

country; the convent is now appropriated to the residence of the military invalids, who enjoy there a salubrious air and a quiet retreat. From a window, at one of the angles of the convent, there is a most magnificent view of the city and bay of Naples.

In the splendid church of Santa Chiara, amidst its modern gaudiness and gilding, stand the old gothic tombs of kings and queens of the fourteenth century, the gloomy memorials of the once powerful house of Anjou. The founder of this church was King Robert, son of Charles II. of Anjou, and the third prince of that dynasty, one of the best kings that Naples ever had,—the friend of Petrarch; his mausoleum is behind the great altar. That of his son Charles *the illustrious*, Duke of Calabria, is to the left. Next to it, near the vestry, is another royal monument, on which lies the statue of a female, crowned, and with a blue mantle strewed with golden lilies; the gothic inscription on the slab is half defaced, but it is understood to be the mausoleum of the first Joanna, the famous *regina Giovanna*, whose name is still so familiar to the people of this country. To the right of the altar is the tomb of Mary, wife of Charles Durazzo, her cousin, of another branch of the house of Anjou. Next to it is the tomb of Philip prince of Taranto and emperor of Constantinople.

Then comes the tomb of Mary's two daughters, Agnes and Clemence. All these tombs are surmounted by the effigies of their occupants. There they all sleep in peace,—the proud race of Anjou, with the insignia of their royal origin, their crowns, and azure mantles speckled with the golden lilies of France. The two last mentioned sisters, who appear to have died at an early age, are lying on the same couch over their common tomb, in sisterly friendship, even after death. Youthful, lovely, and placid, they look the happiest of their family; probably they were the most innocent.

In the same church, next to the chapel of the Virgin and infant Jesus, is the tomb of Raimondo Cabano, or Capanno, a slave from Barbary, who, being purchased by the seneschal of King Robert, succeeded him at last in his dignity, and became the confidant of Queen Joanna. His wife Filippa, a washerwoman of Catania, and her children, Robert, count of Evoli, and Sancia, countess of Morcone, were accused of the murder of King Andreas; and after the entrance of Charles Durazzo, they were tortured with red-hot pincers through the streets of Naples.

Amongst these monuments, the one which excites most interest is that of Joanna, countess of Provence and queen of Naples. Her memory is of a dubious character. She was beautiful and spirited;

was left an orphan and a queen at the age of eighteen, in a corrupt court, and in critical times; opposed to the popes on one side, and to the old enemies of her family, the Aragonese, on the other: in a fatal hour she married her cousin, Andreas, son of Carobert, king of Hungary, a young prince of rude habits, weak-minded, and yet having the ambition of holding the reins of government, while Joanna would only allow him the rank of the queen's husband. A friar, the director of Andreas' conscience, fanned the flame of discord between them. The Hungarians, whom Andreas had brought with him to Naples, were disliked by the people.

The day of the king's coronation was approaching, and that day was to be the first of Andreas' power. How he intended to exercise that power he had given reason to foresee, by having a block and axe painted on his standard. Joanna seems to have dreaded her husband's accession to power, and to have determined on preventing it by any means. She had recalled to court her former lover and relative, Louis of Tarentum; and probably between him, the minister Acciajoli, and the intriguing Capanno, the fate of Andreas was decided. The unfortunate prince was strangled in his own palace, in the year 1345. The following year Joanna married Louis of Tarentum.

King Louis of Hungary, Andreas' brother, vowed revenge against Joanna, and collected an army to march against Naples. Joanna pleaded her cause before Pope Clement VI., who declared her innocent. Lôuis appealed against this sentence; it was revised by the Consistory; and then Jane stated that her antipathy against her husband was the effect of sorcery, which rendered her unanswerable for what she did. The pope proposed to have the affair made up for a sum of money; but the king of Hungary sternly answered, that he had not come to sell his brother's blood, but to revenge it. To the queen's exculpatory letter, he replied in these solemn words: "Joanna, the irregularity of your life; the authority you have retained after the death of your husband; your having neglected to punish his assassins; your precipitate second marriage; and, last of all, your present exculpations, all prove that you are guilty."

The inexorable Louis continued his march upon Naples, carrying before him a black standard, on which the circumstances of the murder were painted. The terrified Joanna had fled to Provence, where, being pressed for money, she sold Avignon to the pope for the sum of eighty thousand florins. The king of Hungary entered Naples in 1348, and revenged his brother's death upon several of the accomplices. He soon after, how-

ever, abandoned his conquest, perhaps on account of the plague which then ravaged Italy; perhaps also to attend to the affairs of his kingdom of Hungary.

Joanna returned to Naples, and resumed her government. Her favourite husband died, and she married James, prince of Majorca, who also died soon after; she afterwards married a younger son of the house of Brunswick. Joanna continued to reign over Naples, for many years, encouraging the arts and sciences, and doing every thing that could possibly make people forget her crime. Having no issue, she married her niece to her cousin, the younger Charles Durazzo, of another branch of the house of Anjou, whom she looked upon as her adoptive son and heir. But Durazzo's ambition was unaccompanied by gratitude; he was perhaps also excited by his relative the King of Hungary, who had not forgotten his intended revenge against Joanna. Meantime the great schism of the west broke out between Pope Urban VI., and the ante-pope Clement VII., a Frenchman. The latter was obliged to leave Rome, and retire to Avignon. Joanna, unfortunately for her, had declared herself for him. The fierce Urban, in revenge, declared Joanna guilty of high treason and heresy, and deposed her, crowning Durazzo King of Naples, and assisting him with money to conquer that kingdom.

Joanna in her distress and danger, being destitute of troops, listened to the solicitations of Clement VII., and adopted in 1380 Louis Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles V., King of France. But the death of Charles happening the same year prevented the Duke of Anjou from hastening to the succour of Joanna. Meantime Durazzo, irritated by this new adoption, marched upon Naples in 1381. Otho of Brunswick, the Queen's husband, was defeated and taken. Durazzo entered Naples; the unfortunate Joanna was obliged to surrender, and was sent to a fortress in a distant province. Durazzo consulted the King of Hungary about the treatment of the princess. That relentless prince answered that she ought to die the same death as her husband Andreas. He was but too faithfully obeyed. Durazzo gave the order, and some of his Hungarians proceeded to the Castle of Muro, in the province of Basilicata, where she was smothered between mattresses, in 1383, thirty-eight years after the murder of Andreas.

Thus perished the unfortunate Joanna, a princess endowed with great beauty and high mental qualities, the friend of Boccaccio, the protectress of letters and arts. After the death of her first husband, at whose murder it appears that she connived, nothing more has been reproached to her. Her tardy punishment seemed a retribution of

Providence. The relentless but disinterested justice of the King of Hungary dictated his decree, but nothing can excuse Durazzo for being his willing instrument. Joanna had adopted him, she had fostered him, she was his aunt, his benefactress; and in gratitude for so much kindness, he revolted, and murdered her. But he also met with a just retribution. He did not long enjoy his blood-stained crown. The kingdom of Hungary became vacant, and Durazzo, being supported by a party among the nobility, proceeded to Buda, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, was crowned and afterwards treacherously murdered by the opposite faction, in 1386. Ladislaus, his son, succeeded him on the throne of Naples.

Louis Duke of Anjou had set out in 1382, for Naples, but arrived too late to assist his benefactress, and died in his unsuccessful expedition. He was the head of the second House of Anjou, whose pretensions to the crown of Naples were founded on Joanna's adoption, but no one of whose princes was ever firmly seated on that throne*. Louis II. reigned awhile over part of the kingdom, but was at last driven away by Ladislaus.

* L'Abbé Mignot has written a history of Joanna I., with evident partiality. Voltaire has spoken also in her favour. Giannone, the learned and intelligent historian of

Leaving Santa Chiara and the melancholy remains of times long gone by, we proceeded towards Porta Capuana, the gate through which passes the road to Puglia, We went by the Vicaria, an immense massive building, the Old Bailey and Newgate of Naples, once a fortress of the Norman Kings, and now both a prison and the seat of the tribunals,—a fearful approximation of crimes and punishments, both often the consequence of the same vicious laws. Its ponderous walls, the abode of hundreds of wretches, its doubly and trebly barred windows, excite ideas of all the misery,, filth, and degradation,—of all the horrors and abominations—that rankle within a Neapolitan prison, and which are inconceivable to any one unacquainted with the state of the law in this country. Through all political changes, the laws in Naples have remained still most imperfect, and most imperfectly administered. This is the canker that preys upon the vitals of this country, and as long as this canker is not removed, and it can only be done by a firm and really enlightened government, it is useless to talk of other improvements.

As a suitable appendage to the walls of the

Naples, has also in some measure endeavoured to exculpate her. Villani, however, and other old historians, speak of her guilt with an appearance of the fullest conviction.—*See* VILLANI, lib. xii.

Vicaria, we saw the skulls of felons affixed to the walls in iron cages. But these horrible exhibitions have little effect upon the people at large.

Leaving the Vicaria we passed through the Porta Capuana. The carving in stone on the outside of it is beautifully rich, but the approaches to the Gate are truly Neapolitan;—shambles, oil and cheese shops, frying-pans, a variety of smells of rancid oil and onions, dirty rags and filth, beggars, in sight an hospital, farther on the mandracchio of Ponte Scuro, or common stews!

We went to Poggio Reale, about two miles from Porta Capuana, to see the ruins of the palace called della Regina Giovanna, in a low ground on the right of the road. These remains are still considerable, and occupy a large extent of ground. They consist of turrets and curtains, surmounted by battlements and massive chimney tops; gothic arched doors, and winding staircases. We ascended one of the latter, and sat ourselves at one of the windows, from whence there is a lovely view of Vesuvius, Castellamare, Capri, and the Bay. I thought of the unfortunate Joanna;—perhaps she sat once at this same window; at all events she must often have enjoyed the same glorious prospect. And where is she? the mistress of this beautiful land, the ruler of the destiny of millions, the beautiful, the powerful, the high minded and proud?

Where is that frail heart, where is that aspiring mind, that playful wit, those elegant and fascinating manners? Her frailties and her crimes, as well as her talents and attractions, are buried in the tomb: that heart which vibrated so strongly, and made other hearts vibrate, is returned long since to its native dust and scattered to the winds. Other queens have succeeded her in this country, on this same perilous throne; other queens have been like her, frail, guilty and unfortunate; like her they have been exiled; like her they now sleep with the dead.

In one part of the ruinous walls, remains of fresco paintings are still to be seen,—some figures of men in the dress of feudal times; the colours are still vivid. The portal of the chapel is also remaining, and the boy who acted as cicerone showed us the spot where Queen Joanna had her *trabocchetto*, or trap-door, through which they pretend that she despatched her lovers. This strange story made me suspect that the Giovanna in question must have been Joanna II., a more decidedly guilty character than her predecessor. Consulting afterwards Giannone, and the voluminous description of Naples by the Canonico Celano, I found that the place I had been visiting was built by King Alfonso of Aragon, subsequent to both Joannas, but that the Anjou sovereigns had a

palace in that immediate neighbourhood, on the rising ground to the left of the road.

The hill above Poggio Reale is called Monte Lotrecco, from Lautrec, General of Francis I., who had his troops encamped here during the famous siege of Naples in 1528.

We returned to Naples, and passing again before the dread Vicaria, we followed the wide street of Carbonara, which is said to have been formerly one of the ditches of the old city. At the end of it is the Church of St. Giovanni, built by Ladislaus the son of Charles Durazzo, and afterwards completed by Joanna II., his sister. This is the other famous Giovanna, or Giovannella, who is often confounded with her predecessor. We were here amongst her relations and friends. We saw the mausoleum of King Ladislaus above the main altar. The countenances of female statues are of the Neapolitan cast; the features regular, but having an unpleasant bold expression, destitute of feminine softness, all except *one*, the farthest on the left; she has a sweet countenance very different from the others.

Behind the altar, and by the side of Ladislaus' tomb, there is a door in the wall which we had not noticed. The *sacristano* applied a key to it, asking us whether we would see Queen Joanna's chapel, built by her directions in honour of the

Great Seneschal Gianni Caracciolo, her favourite and able minister, who long ruled in her name; and who was murdered by rival courtiers, it appears, with her connivance. His statue is there; the monument is of marble. The walls of this curious chapel are painted with ancient frescoes, allusive to the history of that epoch. They are much defaced by time and dampness, and it is difficult to trace out their import. In one place Caracciolo is seen approaching the staircase of the palace, probably just before he was murdered; in another, there is a female of high rank, whom I believe to be Joanna herself, weeping over a bier; further on she is seen kneeling on the steps of the throne of the pontiff, apparently to confess her sins; at last you see her on her death bed. The same features are to be traced thoughout these figures; and, notwithstanding the inroads of time, you recognise the same fascinating countenance, a creature of passion and instinct. This solitary chapel, divided and concealed from the body of the church, which itself is gloomy and unfrequented, is a fit spot for silent musing; I felt I could have passed many an hour in looking over those faded paintings, endeavouring through them to trace the hidden feelings of their prototypes, who acted so conspicuous a part in the great tragedy of the world.

Joanna II., of the House of Anjou, sister of

Ladislaus king of Naples, born in 1371, came to the throne in 1414, after the death of her brother. She gave her confidence to her secretary and favourite, Pandolfo, a man of obscure birth, and to Sforza, great constable of the kingdom. In consequence, however, of the discontents excited by her conduct and that of her favourite, she was induced to marry James Bourbon Count de la Marche, who was acknowledged king. The favourite was put to death, Sforza was imprisoned, and the Queen confined. But at the same time James distributed the employments to his French followers, and thereby irritated the restless spirit of the Neapolitans, who released their queen. James was confined in his turn, and the French were turned out; Pope Martin V., however, obtained the king's liberty. James, disgusted with his wife and with his subjects, retired to Besançon where he turned Franciscan monk. Another favourite engrossed now the favour of Joanna. The high constable Sforza, indignant at this, invited Louis III., of Anjou, of that branch which had been called to the throne by the adoption of Joanna I. At the instigation of Caracciolo, who was opposed to Sforza, Joanna II. adopted the natural enemy of her house, Alfonso of Aragon and Sicily, who came to Naples, but soon after quarrelled with the queen, and imprisoned her favourite. Sforza took advantage of

their dissensions, attacked Alfonso, conquered him, and prevailed on the queen to adopt Louis III., of Anjou. Joanna continued to reign till 1435, when she died, and in her terminated the Neapolitan dynasty of Anjou. After her death, Alfonso of Aragon and Sicily took Naples, and his successors followed him on the same throne, until the extinction of that family; after which, the crown of Naples devolved on the Spanish monarchs who ruled this distant kingdom by means of Vice-Roys. René of Anjou, brother of Louis III., inherited his claims, but could never obtain possession of the crown, although he retained the pompous title of king of Naples and Sicily. His pretensions descended to the French kings, and were the cause of the wars of the French in Italy under Charles VIII., and Louis XII. But all the invasions of the French ended in their discomfiture; they were always driven out of Italy in the end, which made the Italians haughtily call their country *la tomba dei Francesi:* the grave of the French.

The dynasty of Anjou in Naples began in blood, and caused much misery. Charles I., brother of Louis IX. of France, a ferocious conqueror, was called to Naples by the Popes, against Manfred the natural son of Frederic II., of Swabia*. Having

* See Dante Purgatorio, Canto iii.

conquered the kingdom, he rooted out every trace of national independence which had been respected by the Norman kings, and their successors the Swabian emperors. He destroyed the Town House, built castles and donjons, and erected churches and endowed convents. He barbarously put to death the unfortunate Corradino who had come to claim the hereditary crown of his father Conrad. Under him the Sicilians revolted and massacred all the French in the island. His son Charles the Lame, however, and his grandson Robert more particularly, were good princes. Next came Joanna I., and hers was a reign of troubles and bloodshed. After her came the cruel Durazzo, who was murdered in Hungary; his son Ladislaus was an able Prince, ambitious, and often at war; he died by poison as it was supposed. Joanna II. completed the series: she bore also the pompous title of queen of Rome.

In the same church of San Giovanni a Carbonara, is a chapel to the left of the great altar which contains the tombs of the noble house of Caracciolo, erected in the old aristocratic splendour, sullen and grand. The name of the owners of these vaults is ancient and illustrious, but it awakens sad reflections in a person acquainted with the history of this country.

Many other ancient tombs are contained in this remarkable church. The walls of the *Sacristia*

are painted by Vasari. Among other figures there is a beautiful head of the Virgin; she looks pure and lovely:

> Ave Maria, oh! that face so fair!
> Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove.—
>
> BYRON.

We left the ancient church of San Giovanni a Carbonara, which has witnessed so many changes of dynasties and so many vicissitudes, and returned to the modern part of the town, to the gay Toledo; our heads still filled with the recollection of the two *Regine Giovanne*, their vicissitudes, their guilt, and their fate.

The Carnival has been succeeded by the Lent; the penance and fast prescribed at this time are now but loosely observed. The Pope, in consideration of the dearth of salt fish and other provisions, and perhaps on account, also, of the diminution of fervour, gave this year an indulto or permission to eat meat as usual; however, the zealots abstain from it and content themselves with only one meal in the twenty-four hours. This is the way Lent used to be kept in former times by all Catholics. But now, *O tempora! O mores!* the greater number eat meat even on Fridays and Saturdays, which is actually a breach of the commandments of the church of Rome. The lower classes are the strictest in the observance of their religious practices.

During the Lent preachers are appointed to the principal churches, to deliver a sermon every day on the most important subjects of religion and morality. The dogmas of the church; the commandments; the sacraments; the seven mortal sins; death and judgment; hell, purgatory, and paradise; the most striking passages of the gospel; the passion of our Saviour; all these furnish subjects for the *quaresimale*, which is the name given to this series of sermons. Two or three distinguished preachers are sent on this occasion from Rome, Tuscany, or the north of Italy, and paid handsomely to deliver a series of sermons in some of the principal churches of Naples. The church of Santa Maria la Nova, belonging to the monks of St. Francis, has generally one of the best. On this occasion one may hear a good specimen of sacred eloquence delivered in pure Italian. Some of the sermons are really beautiful, although at times too flowery, and too much ornamented with figures of rhetoric. The manner of delivering them would also appear too pantomimic to a northern audience; but this is the taste of the country, and orators who wish to make an impression upon the minds of the people, must accommodate themselves somewhat to their dispositions. It is at Rome that I have heard the best sermons during Lent; many of these are afterwards collected and printed.

Italy, however, does not rival France in the cultivation of sacred eloquence—there is no Italian preacher that can be compared to Bourdaloue, Massillon, or Bossuet. The quaresimale of Father Segneri, a jesuit, is one of the best specimens of the kind, although its style appears now rather old. Cardinal Casini, who lived in the first part of the last century, was one of the most distinguished preachers that Italy has produced. Among those of latter times, Monsignor Turchi*, bishop of Parma, who died in 1803, is the most celebrated; his homilies, his funeral and other sermons, have been printed, and are well known throughout Italy. His learning, his fiery eloquence, his vivacity, united to considerable religious dignity, which at times, however, savoured of violence and intolerance, approximate, in some respects, the character of this distinguished Italian prelate to that of the illustrious bishop of Meaux.

As for the common sermons that one hears on Sundays in the churches of Naples, they do not give, in general, a great idea of the learning and oratorical powers of the Neapolitan clergy. The orators either bewilder themselves in attempting to explain some of the mysteries of our religion; (such

* I shall speak of Turchi and of Italian pulpit eloquence in the treatise on Italian literature.

as a preacher I heard in the church of Lo Spirito Santo, who, in order to render the idea of Trinity intelligible to his audience, employed comparisons drawn from the ancient mythology of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto;) or, if they preach upon morality, they often enter into details either indelicate or degenerating into the burlesque. One of them preaching before a numerous audience, chiefly composed of females, and descanting upon the evil consequences of the passion of love, described, in very lively colours, the beginning and progress of it, the ogles, billets doux, assignations, *&c.*, by way of warning his auditors against the danger of such practices. A stranger, and even an Italian from any other part of Italy, is scandalized at the grossness of these Neapolitan sermons; but I have heard some of the national clergy assert that it is the only way to render them palatable to the greater part of their audience. The itinerant preachers and missionaries who are to be seen preaching in the streets of Naples mounted on a bench or stool, and addressing themselves chiefly to the lazzaroni, often reach the extreme of vulgarity in their expressions, to which their rude hearers listen with the greatest attention; and I have seen the latter at the close of the exhortation, fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and shed penetential tears: the consequence is, that many of them follow the priest

to his lodgings, confess their sins, return stolen articles, forgive their enemies, and, in short, make amends for their past misdeeds as far as lies in their power. We should not, therefore, in a foreign land, condemn rashly whatever is not consonant to our own ideas of propriety, but rather look to the effects of such things, and judge from these rather than from the methods employed. It is unnecessary to add that the sermons I here allude to are delivered in the Neapolitan dialect, and are consequently unintelligible to most foreigners.

In the afternoons of the Thursday before Easter and Good-Friday, the city of Naples affords a striking sight: people of all ranks go about visiting the different churches, where the lower part of an altar is fitted up with more or less splendour to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. By an order from the police, which is regularly issued at this time every year, carriages are excluded from the street of Toledo, so that the people may quietly walk along without fear of being trampled upon by some careless or unskilful driver. The dress, customary on these two days, is black, both for men and women. Such an assemblage as Toledo exhibits then is not to be seen any where else. Young and old, ugly and handsome, rich and poor, elegant and shabby, beggars and lords, servants and masters, are all seen walking along promiscuously, with an

air of decorum and sedateness very different from their general character. The King, Prince Leopold, and the Princess his consort, went on foot, accompanied by their suite, through this sort of pilgrimage. The band of the grenadier guards was playing a dead march, and the soldiers carried their firelocks reversed. No bells are allowed to ring, no clocks to strike, for forty-eight hours, from Thursday morning to Saturday. A wooden rattle is employed to mark the hours. All this is in commemoration of the death of our Saviour. Mixed with devotion, there is a certain dreg of worldly spirit in this ceremony, which reminds one of Goldsmith's description of Italy:—

Processions form'd for piety and love

I observed on this occasion, a greater display of female beauty than I had ever seen in this metropolis, and I acquired a better opinion of the Neapolitan fair sex. The fact is, that a great number of pretty women, particularly of the middling classes, very seldom are granted the indulgence of a walk through the city, except on some great occasions, among which that of the holy week is never neglected. On the other side, the nobility, who, at other times, seldom go out but in their carriages, deign, on this solemn occasion, to mix with the pedestrians.

The Neapolitan women are generally short, and inclined to *embonpoint;* their beauty is that of the rose in its full expansion;—no timid, half-opened bud, but a proud, full-spread blossom, warning the admirer of its approaching decay. Their complexion is very sallow, with a strong tinge of yellow in many; they have fine dark eyes, black hair, noses generally aquiline, prominent chins, and mouths rather wide. There are few regular beauties to be seen, but those few are of the finest cast.

On the day of the festival called the Corpus Domini, there was a grand procession. It was led by the band of the regiment of guards; then came a sort of verger carrying a great standard; the officers of the different corps of the garrison followed two deep, in their best uniforms, bareheaded, each holding a lighted torch, and accompanied by a dirty lazzarone who was carefully collecting the falling drops of wax on a kind of shovel made of brown paper, which these fellows afterwards sell to the candlemakers. Next to the officers came a company of Franciscan friars with lighted tapers in their hands; they were followed by the canons of the cathedral, and a band of church musicians with fiddles, bassoons, and other instruments, playing at intervals; and last, a priest carrying the host, and pacing along under cover of a white canopy carried by four assistants. The pageant was not very

brilliant on the whole; it exhibited an odd mixture of conditions and characters, and a strange contrast of devotion and show, of pomp and paltriness. Of all the ceremonies of the Catholic church, these processions are certainly the least edifying, except at Rome, where all religious ceremonies are performed in a truly solemn and impressive manner. The windows and balconies along Toledo were ornamented with old-fashioned tapestry, and crowded with gaudily dressed females.

CHAPTER IV.

ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

THE neighbourhood of Naples, which presents so many objects worthy of the traveller's attention, may be divided into two tracts, or districts, equally interesting; one east, and the other west, of the city. The first includes the country around Vesuvius, Portici, La Torre, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Castellamare, of which I shall speak hereafter. The western region comprises the shores of the gulf of Pozzuoli, Bajæ, and Cuma. The road to the latter passes through the *grotta di Pozzuoli*, a gallery cut through Mount Posilipo, the high land and promontory dividing the gulf of Naples from that of Bajæ. This grotta is more than half a mile in length, and in the middle of it the objects around are scarcely discernible; the openings at the two extremities appear like two distant, luminous speckles; people are warned of the approach of carriages only by the rattling of the wheels, which is echoed along the sides of the rock. A foot pavement would be here of the greatest advantage, as it would place the pedestrians in safety; as the road is now, I am surprised

we do not hear of many accidents. Curricoli, or two-wheeled carriages, of which there is a great number for hire at Naples, drive furiously in opposite directions, and in the midst of darkness, along this subterraneous passage, which is often thronged with persons on foot; and it requires the expertness of Neapolitan drivers, and the docility of Neapolitan horses, to prevent mischief. A pleasant coolness prevails in the grotta, and it would be a delightful retreat in the middle of summer. I sometimes fancied that it might be made a pleasant place for lounging, by being well lighted up, and having seats cut in the sides of the rock; people might, after walking through the neighbouring gardens, resort to this subterraneous arcade, to take shelter from the burning heat of Naples. On emerging from the grotta, you pass the village of Fuori grotta, and leaving to the right the road leading to the lake of Agnano, proceed through a beautiful avenue of trees straight towards the seashore, to the place called Bagnoli, opposite the little island of Nisita. At this island vessels perform quarantine; and there is a lazzaretto for expurgating suspected goods. The health officers seem to be very strict here; but from what I have heard of the manner in which the quarantine regulations are enforced along the extensive line of coast of this kingdom, I think it is almost a fortunate chance

that this country has hitherto escaped the contagious diseases which always rage in some part or other of the Mediterranean. In 1816, however, they had the plague at Noja near Bari, on the coast of the Adriatic, but it seems that the disease was not of the most malignant kind; a cordon of the Austrian troops, who then occupied the kingdom of Naples, prevented it from spreading beyond the place where it first broke out. I have often shuddered in thinking of the havoc the plague would make in a city like Naples, where such swarms of people, poor, ignorant and filthy, are huddled together; it would rage in the same manner as in the Levant, and scarcely any human efforts could put a stop to its ravages. How could government prevent these people from communicating with one another? how separate the different families? how support that part of the population, perhaps more than one hundred thousand, whose means of subsistence depend upon their daily labour? And yet the least neglect of the quarantine regulations might suddenly bring this dreadful calamity upon the country, and change these enchanting shores, now the abodes of gaiety and pleasure, into a region of horror and death.

From Bagnoli we proceeded along the shore to Pozzuoli, a town delightfully situated, rising above the sea. Here is a fine view of the gulf of Bajæ, the

scene of Roman magnificence, luxury, and profligacy. Here we are on classic ground, surrounded by memorials of the rulers of the world; we see the remains of their villas, their temples, and their baths; we see the harbour where their fleets lay at anchor; we walk, as it were, in their pleasure grounds, and are as much among Romans as we should be if we were at Rome itself. But, alas! how the scene has changed! These once delightful shores are now uncultivated and deserted! These abodes of pleasure and of continual spring are now covered with wild, though luxuriant, vegetation! Scarcely any cottage is to be seen; and in the course of June, the malaria assumes its dominion over the country, and drives away, until the month of October, the few wealthy inhabitants of Pozzuoli. The magnificence of the decaying monuments renders the present desolation more striking; but on considering them attentively, what do we see? An amphitheatre stained with human blood; a temple dedicated to the terrestrial Venus, the appropriate goddess of these shores; and a tomb which reminds us of an imperial parricide: while, opposite to them to the south, stands the rock of Capri, the lair of the infamous Tiberius.

The unprincipled ambition, the want of feeling, and the ferocity of the early Romans, paved the way for the foul corruption and degeneracy of their

successors under the empire. The crimes of that mighty race of oppressors, their inhuman triumphs, their gladiators, the barbarous treatment of their debtors and slaves, their oppressive rights of parents, the murderous scenes of their comitiæ, their ingratitude towards their best citizens, their vestals buried alive, and a hundred similar horrors, with which so many pages of their history are polluted, call forth our indignation so often, that we become reconciled to their fall. The Greeks and the Athenians in particular, with all their enormous vices, were less great, but yet more interesting than the Romans; we feel some sympathy with the former, but the latter are beings who have nothing in common with us. We admire, but we cannot love them. They strove to elevate themselves above nature; but nature, which always vindicates her rights, plunged them at last into the lowest degradation, and the most debasing slavery*. Yet while we condemn the ancient Romans for their

* The overbearing and encroaching system of the Roman republic towards the other nations of the earth, and the hatred it must have inspired to all independent and generous *barbarians*, are well expressed by Alfieri in his fine tragedy of *Sofonisba*. The unfortunate Syphax, a captive in the Roman camp, addressing himself to Scipio, thus upbraids the Romans:

Roma è tua culla, ed Affricano io nasco:
Tu cittadin d' alta cittade sei;
Di numerosa nazion possente

vices, we must readily acknowledge, that they were the means of establishing civilization in the West, by amalgamating the rude nations scattered over Europe, giving them one common language and common laws, and laying thus the foundations of European pre-eminence over the rest of the world.

The most important remains of antiquity at Pozzuoli are the extensive amphiteatre, which is now in a great measure filled up with earth and rubbish, and the temple of Serapis. The latter, built in honour of the Egyptian Jupiter, after remaining several centuries buried under the waters of the sea, was covered by an eruption of the Solfatara, which drove the waters away, and it was discovered again and excavated about a century ago. Of this specimen of ancient architecture, only three columns of fine cipollino marble remain standing, and upon them one can perceive the

> Io già fui re. Frapposto mare il tuo
> Dal mio terren partiva: io mai non posi
> In vostra Italia il piede; a mano armata
> Stai nell' Affrica tu. Cartagin pria,
> Poscia l' Affrica intièra, è in voi lusinga
> Di soggiogare. A me vicina, e quindi
> Ora a vicenda amica, ora nemica,
> Cartagin era: e benchè abborra auch' ella,
> Al par che Roma, i re; di orgoglio e possa
> Men soverchiante il popol suo, che il vostro,
> Men da me pure era abborrito.

height to which the waters once rose; the remainder have been thrown down and broken; they are perforated throughout by the *dattili di mare*, a kind of shell fish which have made their burrows even in the Egyptian granite; the latter circumstance proves that the edifice must have remained a long time under water. The pavement is almost entire, and the whole plan of the temple may be distinctly traced. Its form was square with a portico before it; the altar and the place for sacrifice were in the centre on a raised ground. There were forty-eight cells constructed for the priests and their families in the outer wall which enclosed the temple, and also baths appropriated to their use; great attention seems to have been paid to their comfort. The altar and the steps are of Parian marble. It is singular to see a temple dedicated to an Egyptian deity in a city of Campania, and to think of the changes that this country has undergone.

There is a tolerably good inn at Pozzuoli, at the farther end of the town towards Bajæ, where we took some refreshment on a terrace raised just above the beach, and enjoyed at the same time the cool sea breeze, and a view of the whole coast. He who has not visited this country can form no idea of the charms of such a situation, on a fine day in the spring. An old Cicerone, of the name of Toby,

came to offer his services, making a great parade of a few phrases of broken English, which he had picked up during sixty or seventy years intercourse with travellers of that nation. We went with him up the Solfatara. This extinguished volcano rises immediately behind Pozzuoli; on its summit there is a plain about half a mile in circumference, surrounded by a high bank, and apparently sunk to its present level by the falling in of the top of the mountain during some eruption. The soil consists of calcareous earth, and is broken into crevices, whence issues a very hot steam strongly impregnated with sulphur, of which mineral, thick incrustations appear around. A manufacture has been established here on account of government, at the principal cleft whence the steam issues with great violence, producing a hollow noise like that of falling water. The ground seems by the noise of steps to be hollow underneath. Only one kind of bush grows in this region; the yellowish green leaves of which form a contrast with the whiteness of the soil.

We descended from the Solfatara, and proceeded along the coast towards Bajæ on foot, the road not being fit for carriages beyond Pozzuoli. We left on our right the lakes Lucino and Averno, and went to the baths called 'of Nero.' A dark sloping passage cut through the rock leads to the hot wells; the heat of the steam, however, is so great,

that few persons can descend to the bottom, and most of the visitors return before they have reached half way down. The water in the well is sufficiently hot to boil an egg hard in two minutes. A guard with torches should always attend on strangers, to prevent accidents. In the month of June, many people resort from Naples to make use of these natural steam-baths; they half undress and descend as long as they find the heat to be supportable; then after a copious perspiration they return, and rest themselves in the upper part of the grotto; where at that season, some sort of accommodation is provided for them. This treatment is found to be beneficial in several disorders. At other times the baths are deserted, and there is merely a kind of keeper who shows them to foreigners, and gets what he can for his trouble.

We saw the temple of Venus and two other circular buildings also called temples; then ascended the hill and passed by the castle of Baja, which commands the roads where ships lie at anchor sheltered from the fury of the lebeccio or south-west wind, which blows sometimes very hard in the bay of Naples, and is always accompanied by a heavy sea. Baja consists of a few scattered houses besides the castle, in which there is a garrison. The neighbouring country is completely sheltered from the northern winds by surrounding hills, so

as to be a most desirable residence during the winter; it was, on that account, the favourite retreat of the ancient masters of the world.

Leaving Baja, we descended the other side of the hill, and came to the shores of the Mare Morto, a marsh communicating with the harbour of Miseno, a well sheltered basin, which opens into the gulf of Baja, and anciently one of the principal stations of the Roman fleet. The shores of Mare Morto are still called *Campi Elisi*, or Elysian fields, from the glowing descriptions of the Latin poets, which probably originated in the solitude and silence which reigns all over this region, and the mild temperature of the air, that seems to lull worldly cares and passions asleep. The Cape Miseno, abruptly projecting into the sea, terminates the land. We had a fine view of the neighbouring islands of Ischia and Procida. The latter is a complete garden: its inhabitants are chiefly sailors or fishermen; and its women are reckoned the prettiest in the neighbourhood of Naples. Many of them resort to that city, where they employ themselves as servants. Ischia is a large island, containing several towns: a very high mountain, called Monte Epomeo, once a volcano, occupies the centre; from its summit there is a very extensive view. The wines of Ischia are remarkably good; its brandy forms an article of expor-

tation, and is sent even to America; the baths of Ischia are celebrated for their medicinal qualities, and are frequented in summer by people from Naples. The Ischiajole, or women of Ischia, have a peculiar costume, which, as well as that of the Procidane, or women of Procida, resembles that of the Greek females of the Archipelago.

From the shores of Mare Morto, we re-ascended the hill to see the Piscina Mirabile, which is said to have been formerly a reservoir of water for the use of the Roman fleet. The vaulted roof is supported by four rows of massive pillars, forty-eight in number, made of brick, and encrusted with the hard cement which was so much in use among the ancients. It is a singular building, and in pretty good preservation.

We now returned to the shores of the gulf of Baja, at a place called Bacoli, the ancient Baulis, close by which is the building called the tomb of Agrippina, where some remains of ancient relievos are still to be seen. Here we hired a boat, and proceeded across the gulf to Pozzuoli. We saw on our left the conical hill called Monte Nuovo, which was raised in one night by an earthquake; and we passed close to several pillars of masonry built in the sea, which are said, I believe without foundation, to be the remains of a bridge which Caligula intended to build across the bay from Pozzuoli to

Bajæ. That maddest of all the mad rulers of the world did indeed construct a bridge, but it was a temporary one of boats. This is certainly a strange country; a land of volcanoes and earthquakes; of sulphur and hot springs; fertile, yet uncultivated and deserted; encumbered with the ruins of former greatness, and with memorials of the crimes and follies of mankind!

Another interesting excursion in this neighbourhood is to Cuma, the ancient Cumæ.

From Pozzuoli there is a carriage-road to Cuma. It leads to the right of the Lake Averno, of which you have a glimpse through the trees that cover its high banks. We descended to the shores of the lake, a fine circular sheet of water, embosomed, as it were, among hills; its former horrors, which have been described by ancient poets, are softened now into a sort of melancholy solitude, not destitute of attractions. Silence prevails all around; a ruined building, supposed to have been a temple, rises on its eastern bank; and a white walled farm-house is seen through the vineyards on the opposite side. In few other places have I felt so much of that voluptuous lassitude and indolent contentment, the principal pleasure of which seems to consist in the sensation of living, without any thing in the elements disturbing one's repose or occasioning pain. The mind is led through a succession of images,

soft and indistinct, flitting along as through a camera obscura, and rendering existence literally a dream.

We looked for the entrance to the grotta della Sibilla, a gallery cut through the mountains which confine the lake of Averno on the south, and divide it from the gulph of Bajæ. We found, at length, the ingress concealed by brambles, stones, and rubbish, and ventured in without a guide; by groping in the dark, we arrived, at last, to the opposite issue on the shores of the Lucrine, which is now a mere stagnant pool.

We then went back round the hills of the Averno, and rejoined our carriage on the road to Cuma. Passing under the Arco Felice, a singular arch between two mountains, we found ourselves on the shores of the open Tyrrhenian sea, the waves of which dashing against the coast announced their presence by their distant roar. We arrived on the strand at the foot of the Monte di Cuma; a rocky eminence on this coast. Ascending the craggy path we came to a farm-house, which they call the house of the Sybilla; the people here have curious, and of course, not very authentic traditions, about that celebrated prophetess; they show her baths, now converted into wine-presses. We saw several young wild boars confined in ancient structures; these animals had been taken in the

neighbouring forest, which abounds with them, and is a *caccia riservata*, or royal hunting ground. We saw another grotta della Sibilla, an excavation in the rock leading to several subterraneous galleries, half filled with rubbish, which are said to extend as far as Bajæ and the shores of Averno. This grotto seems to have been the residence of the Sybil, where she delivered her oracles.

On the summit of the hill are the remains of a temple, said to have been dedicated to Apollo; and certainly its commanding situation, under a resplendent sky, rendered it an appropriate spot for the worship of that God. The ground is strewed with prostrate columns, fine marble slabs with Greek inscriptions, half covered with aromatic herbs, wild flowers, and the fallen leaves of vine-trees, which seem to grow here luxuriantly.

From the summit of this rock we enjoyed a prospect totally different from all those with which the immediate neighbourhood of Naples abounds. It was chiefly a marine view extending to the westward over the unbounded horizon of the great Mediterranean sea; the waters of which were beautifully shining in all their gradual hues, beginning from the furthermost sea-green, then softening as they approached the shore, into purple, lilac, azure, dark-blue, and at last, terminating in the white surf beating against the shore, the "fremito marino,"

or distant moan of which, sounded melancholy yet pleasing. To the north we saw the lake of *Luccoli*, a fine oblong sheet of water; and beyond it another long lake called Patria, from the name of a tower, built on its shore on the site of ancient Liternum, once the retreat of Scipio Africanus, the greatest and the best of his illustrious race. Beyond it to the North-West, the view extends towards Minturni and Gaeta; the whole of that low region is flat, unhealthy, and desolate, though naturally fertile. The Domitian road from Bajæ passed through it, and by joining the Appian way afforded a direct communication between the metropolis and the Roman villas on this coast.

Towards the east the view is confined by the hill Sant' Angelo, with its picturesque monastery on the summit, and Monte Gauro. Through the Arco Felice you have a distant vista of the hills of Pozzuoli. Turning to the South the little lake Fusaro lay before us, with a handsome pavilion in the centre, one of the numerous pleasure-houses of the king. The Lake Fusaro is renowned also for its excellent oysters, the best at Naples. The plain around the Monte di Cuma is strewed with ancient monuments, baths, temples, and tombs.

We took a last view of this interesting scenery as the sun sunk under the waters of the Mediterranean, and we descended with regret from the Monte

di Cuma. This place, on account of its remoteness from Naples, and solitary situation, is not much frequented by travellers; yet the whole country around is peculiarly deserving of the attention of the scholar, the poet, the painter, and the antiquarian.

Cuma, as it is well known, was one of the first Greek colonies established on the Western coast of Italy. It was a place of importance long before the Romans extended their conquests into Campania. After that event, however, Cuma declined, and at last sunk into nothingness. The city was built at the foot of the rock, now called Monte di Cuma, which was, perhaps, the site of its citadel.

We made another excursion to the lake of Agnano, a fine basin, about a mile in diameter, embosomed within the hills rising immediately around. It is a very sequestered place, fit for meditation and melancholy. The greatest silence prevails here. The hills are covered with wild shrubs, and high above the rest rises the Monte Camaldoli; on its summit stands a convent of the order of that name, which is among the most rigid of the monastic institutions; one of its principal rules enjoins a rigorous silence. The Cenobites who inhabit those "deep solitudes and awful cells," were deprived by the French government of their lands, which lay round the convent, and which are now possessed by one of the former

ministers of Murat, who assumes the title of Count of Camaldoli. The banks of the lake of Agnano are very unwholesome during the summer, and the poor monks, notwithstanding their elevated situation, are not secure from the baneful effects of the atmosphere; their convent is certainly not the abode of luxury. As I sat on the peaceful banks of Agnano, the calm waters of which were rippling against the shore, I thought of the Roman conquerors who once lived in this very country, reclined in the lap of luxury, and surrounded by Asiatic splendour; and then turning my eye to that lonely convent, that asylum from whence the great worldly interests are excluded, and where man seems to wait only for death, I compared the two extremes of human condition, and as I weighed them in my mind they appeared to poise one another in the balance.

The malaria is a terrible phenomenon; it is an invisible fiend that extends its curse over that vast and beautiful part of Italy, which lies along the shores of the Mediterranean, and like the plague, changes some of the finest regions of the world into deserts. Is the want of population the cause of the malaria, or the malaria the cause of the want of population? However this may be, as the evil stands now, the thing most important to be ascertained is, whether any effort of man can destroy

its influence. Several partial attempts have been made to colonize and cultivate the *maremme*, but the malaria has not decreased, and sooner or later the settlers have become its victims. Its effects are various according to different constitutions and habits. Sometimes it is a violent fever which carries a man off in a few days; but more commonly it is an intermittent which destroys all the energies of the body, and emaciates the wretched sufferer, making his breath labour and his body swell. Some linger in this way for years; the winter generally decreases the paroxysms of the fever, but they return with the returning heat, and at last, at the falling of the leaves, the helpless victims wither away and die. The appearance of these poor creatures during the summer is very distressing. The common traveller sees a specimen of them at the post-houses in the pontine marshes between Velletri and Terracina, on the road from Rome to Naples.

The natural unwholesomeness of the lake of Agnano is increased by the quantity of flax put in it to steep during summer. Close to it is the well-known Grotta del Cane, a cleft in the rock, whence a vapour arises so noxious as to take away the senses, and even the life of any animal which is compelled to inhale it for a length of time. The poor dogs upon which the experiment is repeated for the satisfaction of every new traveller that arrives, are per-

fectly disciplined to this state of transition between life and death, and come whining to every stranger, offering themselves as it were to the torture. But when they are put to the trial, the keeper is obliged to hold them down; they recover their strength on being restored to the open air. I feel a dislike for this exhibition; the satisfaction of one's curiosity is not worth purchasing at the price of the violent however temporary sufferings of an innocent creature.

We left the peaceful solitude of Agnano with the last rays of the setting sun, and returned to the unmeaning bustle and deafening noise of Naples.

Here I shall terminate the account of my excursions to the westward of Naples. I have described thus cursorily those enchanted scenes which I visited repeatedly and minutely; but the traveller will find that every one of the objects I have mentioned is deserving whole hours of attention, and that many days and weeks might be usefully and most agreeably spent on the shores of Pozzuoli, Baiæ, and Cumæ.

CHAPTER V.

CHARACTER OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

It must always be a matter of extreme difficulty to trace a correct outline of the moral features of the whole of a population, so as to distinguish it from other nations; for so many exceptions are always to be found, that an individual ought to be extremely cautious in expressing his opinion. Foreigners visiting Naples are mostly introduced to persons of the upper classes, who are, at least apparently, much alike all over Europe; or to people of the lowest ranks, who are necessarily mercenary, and who have evidently an interest to show only the fair side of their character, and have, besides, that general desire, natural to Italians, of pleasing and captivating the minds of strangers: these two classes cannot therefore give a correct idea of the nation. Other travellers have run into an opposite extreme; they have not even given credit to the Neapolitans for those good qualities which they unquestionably ossess. For my part, acquainted as I am with the dialect and manners of this country, and having had frequent opportunities of mixing familiarly with per-

sons of all classes and stations, I shall endeavour to sketch faithfully what I have collected from actual observation. I intend in this chapter to speak chiefly of the inhabitants of the capital and its neighbourhood.

A peculiar feature which strikes me in the character of the Neapolitans, is their seeming indifference to the opinion which strangers may entertain of their countrymen. The first expressions I heard from natives on my entering the harbour, and which I have since heard frequently repeated, were violently abusive of their own nation, accusing their countrymen of want of honour, faith, and charity. A Neapolitan will often express his disdain of his own countrymen in the presence of strangers, so as to puzzle these about the manner how to behave on such an unexpected occasion. A person of my acquaintance finding himself once in this awkward position, and not knowing what to say in compliment to his over modest guests, attempted, at least, to extol their sobriety, but he was immediately contradicted, by an assurance, that even this virtue, so generally ascribed to the Italians, no longer existed at Naples. My friend seeing his officious civility so bluntly rejected, now joined in abusing the whole nation, as he perceived it to be agreeable to the sentiments of his hearers. This disposition is not to be found, I believe, among any other people; for

in general we see that individuals of all countries, from the lowest and most uncivilized hordes, up to the greatest nations, are eager to assert the superiority of their countrymen. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be, that these people being really persuaded of the inferiority of their moral state, by the daily experience they have of it in their intercourse with their countrymen, and by comparing their behaviour with that of the numerous strangers who visit their country, cannot help expressing what they feel on this subject, with all their natural vivacity. Shame, the last lingering attendant of virtue, seems to be lost in the general corruption, and patriotism to have fled from the soil. There is a strong prejudice in other parts of Italy against the Neapolitans; many of the latter seem to be so convinced of this, as to appear unwilling, when abroad, to acknowledge themselves as such. A young gentleman, a native of this country, but of Tuscan extraction, while travelling in Lombardy, was introduced into a company where the usual question was put to him, "what countryman he was?" He answered that he was a Florentine, which rather surprised his hearers, as he did not pronounce Italian with the Tuscan accent; upon which he added that by an accident *(combinazione)* he was born at Naples. *Brutta combinazione*, "a most unlucky accident," was the immediate reply.

It happens, at the same time, that of all Italians the Neapolitans are most tenacious of their broad accent, of which they very seldom divest themselves, even after a long residence abroad, so that they are generally recognised on speaking a few words.

Decency and delicacy are not conspicuous in the manners of the inhabitants of this country. Every thing is done in public; the conversation runs upon the most extraordinary topics, and with as little disguise as possible. Boys are seen running about the streets especially near the sea, in a state of nakedness, or nearly so. The entrances and stairs of the houses and palaces are filled with every kind of nuisance The windows and balconies are generally left open, so that every thing is to be seen which is going on in a neighbour's house. Neapolitans of almost all classes, when they come home, during the summer, that is to say, six months in the year, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down to dinner with their shirt sleeves tucked up to their elbows. This takes place also at the restaurateurs or eating-houses. Ladies perform their toilet with the doors of their dressing rooms ajar, in sight of servants and visitors. All this, however, admits of some excuse, as the heat of the weather is in a great measure one of the principal causes of such indelicate customs,

The greatest familiarity prevails between masters and servants. The former often joke and laugh with the latter, and talk confidentially of their affairs and intrigues before them; some even play at cards with them: it is natural, therefore, to expect no reverence nor subordination from domestics who are the confidants of all their master's foibles or vices. This renders Neapolitan servants perhaps the very worst in the world. They are dirty, lazy, and careless; insolent and unfaithful. They are in general notoriously dishonest, so as to steal the paltriest things that fall in their way. Most of them, especially when out of livery, would think it beneath them to carry a bundle, or any thing in their hands through the streets, and will actually refuse to do so, and employ a porter for the purpose. Gambling, sleeping, and defaming their masters, are the pastimes in which they spend the greater part of the day, while loitering in idleness in the ante-rooms. By their means, all the secrets of their masters and mistresses are made known to the world. Still the difficulty of finding better servants, and the danger of changing for the worse, make their employers put up with them. If threatened to be turned out, they answer with the greatest impudence that their masters will not be the better by the change; it is a general saying amongst them that they can give the law to their masters.

Foreigners generally provide themselves with servants from the North of Italy, who have a better reputation for honesty; most of the custom-house porters are also from that part of the country.

A disposition to laziness prevails in the inhabitants of Naples, and this is a source of vice and indigence: *In otia nata Parthenope.* Work is done in a bad and slovenly manner; the principal object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and labour as little as they can for their wages. A Neapolitan of the working class goes to dinner regularly at twelve o'clock, and scarce any prospect of gain will make him delay this most important business; after dinner he generally lies down for a couple of hours; most of the shops are shut from one to four o'clock during the greater part of the year. Thus these people slumber away their life, and are consequently enervated and effeminate. Even the exercise of speech seems often to be burthensome to them: when not compelled by their passions or some other strong motive, they prefer expressing themselves by gestures. A stranger inquiring his way, or any other question, can hardly bring them to articulate a monosyllable in answer. I have seen a barber sitting gravely in his shop and dozing while his workman attended to business, and a boy was fanning him and driving the flies from his face. This general inclination to indo-

lence and to the *dolce far niente* accounts in a great measure for the misery of the lower classes; which is greater here than I have seen in any other country, and is particularly striking on holy-days, and at their numerous festivals and processions, where thousands of ill dressed people are to be seen, with scarce a person amongst them having on a *sciamberga* or decent coat. Another source of poverty is the thoughtlessness with which they contract marriages, without having any means of subsistence. The little money the parties can bring together is often barely sufficient to defray the expenses of the marriage ceremony and of the nuptial dinner, and to provide them with a straw pallet, after which they are left to meet the morrow as well as they can; and it must be observed that they have not the resource of parish relief. The women are very prolific and give birth to swarms of little wretches, who run about the streets half starved, half naked, and dirty; and of whom those that escape death marry in their turn as soon as they are of age,—and thus, a mendicant generation is continually perpetuated. Mothers carry their little ones in their arms from house to house, endeavouring to excite pity and to support themselves by begging. A man earning a *tarì* a day, about eight-pence English, will think of marrying without any scruple. All women, young and old,

handsome or ugly, maids or widows, think of nothing but marriage; it is the only scope of their actions, the goal which they all have in view. How might this propensity be checked in a country like this, or rather, how could its fatal consequences be prevented without incurring greater evils, is a question for political economists; connected as it is with so many civil and moral considerations, it seems to baffle human wisdom to resolve it. It is perhaps one of the most striking instances in which one can hardly doubt the inevitability of moral evil.

The peevishness arising from bad diet, want of comforts, and all the other sad effects of the thoughtlessness and imprudence of these hasty connexions, shews itself with all the violence of southern temper, and the poor children are often sufferers by it. Capricious rebukes, imprecations and blows, are profusely dealt to them by their wretched parents. A stranger can hardly form an idea of the poverty which the interior of poor Neapolitan families exhibits. Several generations are huddled together on the naked floor in a garret, or on the ground-floor; old and young; healthy and infirm; males and females, to the utter destruction of health, morals, and all remains of rationality. Some live actually in the streets, many in the boats, and these are the best off. Such is the state of the lower classes,

including most of those who live by daily labour, and who constitute perhaps one third of the inhabitants of this city. There is scarcely anything here to be compared to the middling classes of England. There are few intermediate steps between indigence and riches; between want and luxury. It is really distressing to see such a number of wretched beings, and appalling to think how easily they might be led astray to commit any crimes, as has been the case in times of political convulsions. The wonder is, how they keep quiet at all, and it must be said, that amongst all their vices, these people are not naturally malignant or sulky; they are, on the contrary, rather good natured when not provoked by immediate want or oppression. Women, particularly, have a look of carelessness and joviality in the midst of all their miseries which is truly astonishing. They are fully susceptible of a better condition, and the greater pity it is that they should be left in such a state of degradation. But many causes conspire to keep them down to it, which perhaps originate in part with the climate and nature of their country, and with their own physical and moral qualities*. Government has a

* I must here, once for all, acknowledge that I feel persuaded by experience, that climate has a great influence in moulding the dispositions and passions of men. I do not speak here of *mental qualities*, but of *feelings* and *propensities;*

great influence over the character of a people, no doubt, yet we see other nations under the same sort of government as that of the Neapolitans, whose character is totally different; such are the Italians of the North.

The men of this country are a stout good looking race. As for the women, there is less beauty among them than in any other part of Italy. One sees but few pleasing countenances among the young women; the expression of their features is in general far from agreeable; their looks are too bold and daring; their voices coarse and masculine; and their complexions very sallow. Corpulence seems to be here an appendage of beauty. One of the first observations upon a woman is about her being *bella chiatta*. This is also the Moorish idea of beauty, for which mothers in Barbary cram their daughters with *kouskoussu*, that they may attract

and I think it will hardly be denied, that the state of the atmosphere, and the consequent appearance of all the objects around, will incline a man either to gaiety or gloominess, to coldness or amorousness, to coarseness or kindness, and render him either phlegmatic or active, indolent or mercurial, fickle or persevering. I appeal to those natives of the North, who have resided in Southern Countries, whether they have not experienced there feelings unusual to them before, as if a revolution had taken place in their sensitive faculties. Principle can modify this influence of the climate; that this influence exists, is not a matter of argument, but of fact: I *believe* it because I *feel* it.

one day the notice of their lords. I am almost tempted to believe, that in this as well as in other instances, one might trace at Naples the influence of the vicinity of Africa. The scarcity of beauty, and especially of grace in most Neapolitan women, may be attributed to the joint effects of their gross diet, and want of comforts; to the violence of their passions; their sedentary life; and to a deficiency of care and attention to their dress and carriage. All these failings are particularly striking to a foreigner coming from Florence, Rome, or Genoa,—those three nurseries of fine women. The Neapolitans, however, find no fault with their countrywomen; on the contrary, these always find admirers, whether young or old, good looking or plain; and in this respect, Naples might really be called the paradise of women. It is but fair to observe, that the heat of the climate and the volcanic and sulphuric atmosphere of Naples, must have their share in spoiling the complexion of females; in giving them that sallow hue that they all have; and in relaxing their fibres, so that a woman may be considered old at the age of thirty, while at fourteen girls are already full-grown. But, neither the climate nor their mode of living can take away from them their dark shining eyes; their naturally expressive mouths, when not distorted by their broad lengthened pronunciation; and their delicate hands and

feet, which almost rival those of the Spanish beauties.

The people of this country do not mix in general much illusion and spirituality in their tender passions. Love is not here—

> ——— A light from Heaven
> A spark of that immortal fire
> With Angels shar'd, by Alla given
> To lift from earth each low desire.

The Neapolitan Cupid is of a lower cast; he is the blind child of nature—the offspring of the earth and climate—he is terrestrial, undisguised, and bold. The want of proper education and of instruction in women; the idleness in which they loiter away their time; the indecent scenes they have continually before their eyes; the bad example from their early youth; and the corrupt morals of the men,—all these causes, united to the heat of the climate and the common use of wine and spices, are more than sufficient to account for the relaxed manners and too free behaviour of the sex in general; angels alone could remain unaffected by such an atmosphere. Their neighbours and half-country-women, the Sicilian fair, living under the influence of a still hotter climate, and in the midst of a nature more luxuriant, are equally amorous, but they mix with their passion a greater share of feeling and enthusiasm. Their national songs are full of

pathos and tenderness; their pastorals* breathe the fire of real affection exalted by a burning imagination. Little of the kind is to be found at Naples. The gallantry of the Sicilians rather resembles that of the ancient Athenians; the gallantry of the Neapolitans appears to be more like that of the Asiatics. The Sicilian women are bewitching dangerous creatures, susceptible of all the tenderness, the self-devotedness, and the madness of love: there is often a romantic generosity in them, which renders them capable of the greatest sacrifices for the object of their attachment. Absence is the only rock against which their constancy is in danger of being wrecked; as it is pithily but candidly expressed in the proverb: *Lontano dagli occhi, lontano dal cuore.*

Marriages at Naples among the upper classes are, as every where else, decided by considerations of rank and fortune; but the rest of the population run into the opposite extreme. Matches are imprudently made in consequence of capricious and sudden inclinations, the nuptial vows are soon forgotten, recrimination and disgust follow close, and thence to infidelity there is but a step. The above remarks on the Neapolitan women admit, of

* See the account of Meli and the specimens of Sicilian poetry, in the treatise on Italian literature.

course, of numerous exceptions—indeed there are to be met in this city many and many families in every rank of life, who might be taken for models of moral rectitude, the more to be admired on account of the temptations to which they stand exposed; among the better sort of tradesmen, the greatest regularity of habits prevails.

Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character. These people only live in the present; they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by, although it be that of a friend, *salute à noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with undisguised selfishness. I have seen them pass by the wretched objects of distress which abound in the streets of this capital, without paying the least attention to them; the sight of misery and disease does not in the least damp their spirits, and they hurry unfeelingly on from the starving beggar to go and squander their money at a party in the country or at the gambling table. If they are in want of cash they contract debts which they have not the means of ever acquitting, without reflecting that this course will lead them ultimately to prison or to an hospital. They eat as if they were taking their last meal; it is a common occurrence on Christmas eve

among poor people to pledge or sell their clothes, their scanty furniture, and even their beds, to be able to regale themselves on the following day. All their desires are concentrated in the enjoyment of the moment; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling; that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do; consequently, little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level,

and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburrello* call them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

A want of decorum and good breeding is observable in their manners. They are noisy and disorderly in their parties, indiscreet in their questions and reflections, indelicate and vulgar in their language, vain, boastful, and exaggerating. Their broad stare in the streets is peculiarly offensive to a stranger. The shopkeepers of Naples are the rudest and the least complaisant I have met in all my travels; many of them will hardly give themselves the trouble of reaching a package for a customer, or of answering civilly his questions. Another of their habits is that of over-rating their goods, and asking you double and sometimes treble the real price. The natives are used to it and chaffer with them in consequence, but a stranger is often imposed upon; indeed it is almost impossible ever to judge at Naples whether one has paid no more than the real worth of any thing.

From what I have said, it will appear that I look upon Naples as one of the most corrupt cities in Europe. It is, however, a corruption different from that of other capitals, such as Paris or London; it is a mixture of the rudeness of a people half savage, for such is the state of the lower classes, with the vices of luxury and civilization

fostered among the upper ones. It is a sad remark that the Neapolitans seem to have copied from the various nations that have successively ruled over them, rather their bad than their good qualities; and this observation is particularly applicable to their intercourse with the French, their late masters. From these, many of the young gentry have imbibed an unjustifiable and indiscriminating contempt for the religion of their country, a restless disposition, with an additional taint of selfishness and vanity, without having been able to acquire in exchange that elegance of manners, and that easy and pleasing address, which, although diminished since the revolution, are still qualities in great measure belonging to the French. Parisian civilization and philosophy ingrafted upon the old stock of Neapolitan licentiousness could not fail to produce corresponding fruits.

Having been obliged, by a regard to truth, to trace some unfavourable features of the Neapolitan character, I proceed to the more pleasing task of stating what I have collected on its fair side. And first, as I have already said, there is a great quantum of joviality and gaiety of temper in these people, especially in the middling classes. When not under the immediate pressure of want, the Neapolitan is good-tempered, communicative, and social. Considering the state of ig-

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norance and misery of the lower classes, heinous crimes may be said to be rare in Naples. The murders you hear of now and then generally originate in the passions of jealousy and revenge; and a man who does not make himself the object of these passions has nothing to fear. I have often passed late at night through some of the most solitary streets of this city without ever meeting with an accident. One may here, as well as in any other city, have his pocket picked; but murder is seldom added to robbery. Avarice is not the prevailing vice of this country;—the people are rather inclined to its opposite extreme, and most of them live beyond their income. They are very fond of parties, and of meeting their friends at the social board. In the provinces of the kingdom people are distinguished for their disinterested hospitality. The Neapolitans are possessed of natural good sense, penetration, and humour; they are naturally inclined to frankness; some of them, especially elderly men, have often an honest bluntness of speech; their shrewd and expressive eyes are often, however, the only vehicles of conveying their sentiments, and a mute conversation is carried on between two persons, of which a bystander who is not initiated in the mysteries of this telegraphic communication, has not the least suspicion. Their pantomime is excellent; they always accompany their words

with gestures expressive of their ideas. Their repartees are generally ready and appropriate—even the lazzaroni shine in them. Under the last occupation by the French, a general of that nation just arrived at Naples had his trunk carried to the notel by a porter: on the fellow's request of a certain remuneration, which the Frenchman considered too much, the latter said he was well aware that Naples was a den of thieves; the lazzarone shrugged up his shoulders, and with a half sly, half simple look, turned to one of his comrades who was standing by "*Non te l' aggio ditto,*" said he, "*che non ce ne stanno chiù a Parigi de mariuoli, sò tutti benuti cà?*" Did I not tell you that there are no longer any thieves at Paris, for they are all come here?

The Lazzaroni, of whom so much has been said, are a race peculiar to this country. The real Lazzari are porters, who live chiefly in the district called Il Mercato, and who take their station in the day, in the different squares and crossways, to follow their occupation of porters. They are a tall, well-made, muscular race, with intelligent countenances. Their number has been much exaggerated; in former times they formed a sort of company and enjoyed some municipal rights, being under the direction of a chief or magistrate chosen among themselves, called *Capo Lazzaro.* Their number, however, as well

as their importance, have much decreased of late. Their habits also have become more social; they have now almost all a home to resort to at night, while, formerly, many of them slept in the streets, on the steps of churches, or under the stalls in the market-places. The name of Lazzaroni, however, is indiscriminately given to the lowest class, who have no regular trade, including fishermen and boatmen. Among such an assemblage there are of course many bad characters, but their evil propensities have been much exaggerated. "The Lazzarone of Naples," says an intelligent modern writer *, "follows freely his inclinations, like a wild boar in the depth of a forest." But his inclinations are generally harmless; he is contented with little, and he works to procure himself that little, and enjoys his leisure during the remainder of the day stretched at his ease on the sea-shore, listening to Rinaldo on the mole, or gaping at Punch on the Largo del Castello. There is much less depravity among the real Lazzaroni than in the other classes; those who are married look very strictly to the conduct of their wives, and *serventismo* is not in vogue amongst them. They are naturally shrewd, but jovial and good-natured, except in times of political troubles, when they have been worked upon

* Mr. de Stendahl.

by intriguing persons. They are attached to the worship of their saints, and have taken up arms to defend that worship, when they thought it in danger. They looked upon the king as their patron, and they exposed their lives for him. When the French came to Naples in 1799, the Lazzaroni defended the town for two whole days with a courage worthy of a better cause and of a better success.

Naples abounds with charitable institutions. It contains many hospitals, among the rest the one called degli Incurabili, and the foundling hospital of l'Annunziata; an immense workhouse called the Reclusorio or Serraglio, where more than a thousand poor are provided with shelter and food; an establishment for the blind at San Giuseppello at Chiaja, which well deserves the attention of the philanthropist, as well as the mad-house at Aversa, superintended by a person of the name of Linguiti, whose plan seems to be highly successful; many colleges and seminaries for young men; conservatorj or charitable houses for poor girls, among which, that of the Miracoli, instituted by Caroline, Murat's consort, is one of the best managed *; the asylum

* Caroline is the one among Napoleon's sisters who has left behind her by far the best character; it is true, that being a queen, her sphere of action was more extended; she did really much good, and might have done much more, had her husband been independent of his imperial brother-in-law.

for repentant women at L'Angelo Custode; a Monte di Pietà, and many others which it would be too long to enumerate. All these are possessed of revenues given to them, either by government, or by charitable individuals. In the repeated invasions and changes to which this country has been exposed in our times, this sacred property has not always been respected; the distresses which have fallen upon the wealthier classes have also limited the exertions of that charity by which the Neapolitans were distinguished.

In point of science and literature, the Neapolitans, although, generally speaking, they are behind the rest of the Italians, still can boast of many illustrious names among their countrymen. In the midst of the general torpor, there are in this country minds full of power and imagination, burning like the neighbouring Volcano, and who have the courage to break the spells of Armida. *Sotto questo Cielo non nascono sciocchi:* observed one day a Neapolitan diplomatist. Most of their literary characters are unknown beyond the limits of their native country; among those whose names are more familiar may be mentioned, Cardano; Bruno; and, in the last century, Vico, Genovesi, two great logicians; Giannone, the author of the history of the two Sicilies; Filangieri, who wrote on the science of legislation; Cerlone, the author of several comedies; the famous Galiani; Cavalier Filomarino,

and the Padre della Torre, both celebrated naturalists; Mario Pagano; Russo; the two well-known physicians Cirillo and Cotugno; and many others. The most learned class in Naples is that of the lawyers; among whom are to be found many, who, besides a deep knowledge of their own profession, have also cultivated the muses to advantage, and who claim an acquaintance with the literature of other nations. The names of Gravina, Galanti, Saverio Mattei, and Nicola Valletta, belong to this class; the latter wrote a very amusing work on the *fascino*, or evil eye. There is a *Biografia degli uomini illustri del Regno*, which contains a great many more names besides those I have mentioned, and which consists of several volumes.

The law is the only profession at Naples in which a man of abilities may hope to advance, and to reach the highest stations. The Neapolitan lawyers excel in availing themselves of the intricacies and subtleties of their profession; they have in a certain manner the best part of the property of the kingdom in their hands, as there is hardly perhaps a landholder but has two or three causes pending before the courts. This is one of the greatest evils of this country; a lawyer and a suit are indispensable appendages of property; some of the principal families have suits which have been car-

ried on for a century, and for which a certain sum is yearly appropriated, although the business never advances, and at last the expenses swallow up the whole capital. The Neapolitan barristers are eloquent; they speak with an incredible facility and ease; there is a dignity in their elocution, and an insinuating courteousness in their address which are truly captivating.

There are at present several literary characters in this country whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Among the rest, the astronomer Padre Piazzi, who, although not a native, is a resident in this country; a naturalist of the name of Lippi, who has written a dissertation upon the manner in which the city of Pompeii was buried; Cuoco, a man of distinguished literary merit, the author of *I viaggi di Platone in Italia* and of an eloquent account of the revolution of Naples in 1799; the prince of San Giorgio, an antiquary and poet; the Marquis Berio, an elegant poet, and well acquainted with English literature; the duke of Ventignano, a tragic writer; the Marquis Montrone, a distinguished literary character; the Marquis Canetto; and several others. The last-mentioned gentleman has written an imitation of Othello in blank verse, the language of which is eloquent and powerful. The song of Desdemona "*Fui felice un*

giorno anch' io," is particularly beautiful, and written with all the softness and pathos of which the Italian language is susceptible.

The Neapolitan nobility is divided into two classes,—the old families, among whom there are many names well known in history such as Pignatelli, Stigliano, San Severo, Caraffa, and many others,—and the new, upon whom the various governments which have succeeded each other within the last fifty years have bestowed titles. Many of the latter were raised to their rank by the old Queen Caroline of Austria; others by Murat. The Neapolitan noblemen in general have an outward dignity of appearance, joined to ease of manners, sociability of temper, and a pleasing courteousness of address. They are profuse and splendid, often beyond their means, which were much curtailed by the French. They receive well strangers who are introduced to them; and it is much to their honour that they support a social and brilliant establishment, l' Academia de' Nobili, which is the first of the kind in Italy, and to which foreigners are admitted in the most liberal and hospitable manner. Several of the Neapolitan nobility are at the same time grandees of Spain, such as the dukes of Monteleone, del Vasto, and Berwick and Alva. Others are also Roman princes. In general, however, their fortunes are on the decline. The Sicilian

families, such as Paternò, Butera, Trabia, *&c.*, are the richest in the kingdom. With regard to the feudal oppression exercised by the Neapolitan barons upon their vassals, such a grievance had been long out of existence even before the French invasion. The crown had abolished all feudal authority; and those foreign writers, who, on a late occasion, have taxed the nobility with practices of this sort, were confounding all the while the old fierce feudal lords of the middle ages with their modern refined and democratized successors.

Naples is well known as the country of music; its *conservatorii* are nurseries from which many eminent professors of this science have been produced. The list of the Neapolitan composers is very long; the names of Cimarosa and Paisiello shine above the rest like two stars of the first magnitude. Among the living ones, a young nobleman of the name of Caraffa has composed several operas, which have been received with considerable applause, and he promises fair to support the character of the Neapolitan school of music.

Naples has produced many eminent painters, among whom are the well known Salvator Rosa, Solimene, Santafede, Cavalier Arpino, and others mentioned already in the description of the churches.

Mechanical arts have made little progress at Naples; although they boast of the china of their royal manufactory, of the cutlery of Campo Basso, the woollen cloths of Arpino, their guitars and strings, and their carriages, which are certainly the best specimens of their workmanship. Still, generally speaking, the arts are here in their infancy, and people who can afford to pay for the refinements of life are obliged to get them from France, England, and Germany. The articles of furniture made at Naples are clumsy, heavy, and unfinished; their doors, window-frames, and shutters, never close well, and admit the air through innumerable interstices, so that, on a rainy or chilly day, one is obliged to run out of the house to warm oneself. The best jewellers, milliners, tailors, and shoemakers, are foreigners; the best *restaurateurs* are Milanese; the only circulating library is kept by a Frenchman; in the same manner the architect who has erected the colonnade in front of the king's palace, is a native of Lombardy; a German has established a cotton manufactory at Piedemonte, a small town, about fifty miles from the capital; and the principal merchants and bankers at Naples are also strangers; all which is certainly not to the credit of the natives.

The best specimen of the state of the arts and

manufactures in this country, is the yearly exhibition of the produce of national industry, which is open to the public in the month of May, in the lower apartments of the National Palace de' Studj. This was first instituted under the French, in imitation of their own exhibition of the Louvre. This kind of display has been looked upon by some travellers more as a show to gratify national vanity, than as a useful encouragement to industry; but in a country like Naples, which is so backward in all things of this kind, and where foreigners monopolize all the credit and profit of the mechanical arts, I think an exhibition of native workmanship must be productive of some good effects, by stimulating the self-love, and rousing the dormant energies of the people. I saw this year some good woollen cloth, from ten to twelve ducats the canna (which is a Neapolitan measure, about two yards English); substantial but showy silks of the royal manufactory at Santo Leucio, near Caserta; well tanned leather, good hats, coral trinkets, combs of tortoise or horn, which are esteemed in other parts of Italy; fine china ware, mathematical instruments, articles of furniture, *&c.* This people seem, in general, rather better imitators than inventors. There was also an exhibition of paintings by living artists, among which were some good landscapes by Cali, and

some historical pieces and portraits by Falciani; I saw also some very good miniatures by M. Comte, a French artist. Zuccarello, an eminent miniature painter, a native of Calabria, died some time ago. Among the painters resident in Naples, must be mentioned Huber, a landscape painter, and a Swiss by birth, an artist of great genius; and Meyer, who excels in his views and costumes of this country, either in body colours or à l'acquarella.

From all that I have said, it will appear that the Neapolitans are possessed of many good natural qualities, which either are slumbering in them, or are not directed towards proper and beneficial objects; yet the elements exist with which many things might be effected: and the mass of the nation, particularly in the provinces, is rather below civilization than advanced to the extreme of corruption; their minds are like an unbroken soil, which contains all its primitive strength and fertility, and which, with the help of a skilful labourer, might bring forth an abundant and valuable harvest. If this country continue to enjoy peace, if the government apply itself at last to the encouragement of education and industry, and if the laws be found sufficient to protect property, Naples will certainly improve every year; and the presence of many intelligent foreigners, who resort to this place from every quarter of

Europe, may assist in awakening a spirit of emulation and patriotism in the hearts of its inhabitants. An able and patriotic ministry, enjoying the full confidence of the sovereign, could effect wonders in this country.

CHAPTER VI.

EASTERN DISTRICT, NEAR NAPLES.

The Eastern, or rather South-Eastern, part of the neighbourhood of Naples includes Mount Vesuvius, the two buried cities Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the modern towns of Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata. A fine carriage-road leads along this coast. Portici is remarkable for its royal palace,—a massive building, which, with that inconsistency which is a peculiar feature of almost every undertaking in this country, is built across the high-road to Castellamare, Salerno, and Calabria, so that all carriages and travellers of every description pass through the porticoes and courts of the regal mansion, on their way to the South. But from the terrace of this palace, facing the sea, there is a lovely prospect, one of the hundred views in Naples and its neighbourhood, all beautiful and all varied in some features, although the great outlines remain the same. There are some fine gardens adjoining the palace. This was Murat's favourite residence, which he and his consort Caroline took pains to embellish with all

the refinements of French luxury and voluptuousness. King Ferdinand, when he returned, looked at these sumptuous apartments, but contented himself with a small apartment and a modest bed, where he slept as soundly as his predecessor ever did on his magnificent couch. Whether this was owing to his habits of simplicity, for which he has always been remarkable, or to a sense of pride, I cannot find fault with the old man's taste in this respect.

The collection of antiques of every sort, bronzes, vases, and fresco paintings, taken from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, was at first temporarily deposited in a building adjoining the palace of Portici. These remains of the arts among the ancients are particularly interesting. Of the paintings the design is bold, the colours still vivid, and the composition simple; they do not give, however, any very great idea of ancient painting, but we ought to consider that they belonged to provincial towns and to private individuals, and we may suppose them to have been very inferior to the masterpieces of the arts in Rome or Athens. The greater part of the collection has been transferred to the palace de' Studj at Naples, where it occupies several rooms of that magnificent museum.

The suburb of Resina is but a continuation of Portici; both are built above the ruins of

Herculaneum. You descend by torch light to see the theatre of the latter, which has been partly cleared, but little else is to be seen of that unfortunate city. Herculaneum was buried in a manner different from that of Pompeii. Torrents of lava flowed over it in succession, one above the other, and its buildings became as it were cased in the hardened fluid. The excavations were begun under Charles III., but the great depth of the place, the difficulty of clearing the rubbish, the fear for the safety of the palace above, caused them to be abandoned. Pompeii has been more favoured, and is in great measure restored to air and light.

I shall not say much about these subterraneous cities; the subject has been so often and so satisfactorily treated by artists and men of science, that it would be idle, if not presumptuous, to add any thing to their elaborate descriptions. The philosophical traveller, the lover of antiquity, the artist, and the man of feeling, find in these well-preserved memorials of times gone by, an inexhaustible mine of useful knowledge. The solitary streets of Pompeii, its empty dwellings and deserted temples, seem to connect us with past generations more familiarly than books can do; and the mind, wafted at once over eighteen centuries of the history of mankind, becomes conversant with the manners, the virtues

and the follies of those who have preceded us on the great stage of the world.

It is evident from the dilapidated state of the buildings, especially of the temples, that Pompeii had been partly destroyed by an earthquake, before its final disappearance from the surface of the earth in the year 79 of our era. This last catastrophe was produced by a shower of *lapilli*, or small volcanic stones, cinders and ashes, which choked up the streets and the houses; after which, probably, masses detached from the mountain by alluvions or other causes fell upon it, and covered the rest. Vegetation grew on the new soil; the waters levelled it and filled the interstices; and, in the course of ages and among the invasions of barbarians and the wars of the dark ages, all traces of the ancient city were completely lost. Yet the summit of a few of the buildings remained uncovered; but this is a sight so frequent in this country, that the peasants and the owners of the soil did not suspect that they were sowing their corn and raising their vines over the houses of an ancient city. Some accidental excavations led to the discovery.

The houses of Pompeii are generally diminutive; the apartments extremely small, but neat; the mosaic floors beautiful; the paintings on the walls elegant though fantastic. The architecture resembles that of eastern towns; such is also the modern

architecture of Naples, only on a much larger scale. Even the principal streets are very narrow, and yet have foot-pavements on each side. However, the part of the town which has been as yet excavated is comparatively small, and the Forum which was lately cleared, the adjoining temple of Venus, and the Basilica, give a higher idea of the importance of the place than had been formed at first. The private dwellings of the ancients were generally small; the inhabitants, like the modern Neapolitans, spent the greater part of the time in the open air, in the streets, and in places of public resort.

The modern lively bustling town of Torre dell' Annunziata is not two miles from the lonely remains of Pompeii; it is a considerable place of six or eight thousand inhabitants, having some trade, and known for its manufacture of *maccaroni* which is reckoned the best in the country. In one of my excursions to this place, I had occasion to visit one of the principal citizens who complained of the continual dread in which his townsmen were kept by the proximity of the great powder magazine in which some thousand barrels of gunpowder were kept, and which, with the accustomed inconsistency I have already alluded to as peculiar to this country, was placed within this populous and thriving town, threatening every instant to blow it to

atoms, at the mercy of the carelessness of the guards or of inevitable accidents. Remonstrances had been made, but to no effect; and I am ignorant whether this nuisance has been yet removed.

Torre del Greco, which is between Torre dell' Annunziata and Portici on the way back to Naples from Pompeii, has a gloomy dismal appearance. This town, as is well known, has been repeatedly the victim of the eruptions of Vesuvius, at the very foot of which it stands; the lava has destroyed or covered many of its buildings, yet the inhabitants cling to their paternal inheritance, and build anew over the hardened stream. They have a saying: *Napoli fà i peccati, e la Torre li paga*, which means that they are doomed to do penance for the sins of the metropolis; a melancholy idea, one of the many of a similar cast, derived from a mixture of ancient and modern superstitions, to which the people of this country seem naturally inclined.

Vesuvius has been of late in a state of great agitation. It is not yet exhausted as some people thought. An eruption took place a few days ago; the explosion was announced in the middle of a stormy night by a tremendous crash, which, by its hollow and lengthened report, was easily distinguishable from the loud claps of thunder which were heard at intervals. The next morning we saw the torrent of smoking lava extending more

than halfway down the mountain towards Torre dell' Annunziata, whence it took the direction of Pompeii*. On the following night the sight was truly beautiful. The red stream, running along the dark slope of the volcano, shone with a brilliancy, the effect of which was favoured by the clearness of the air produced by a keen northern breeze; and the distant groans issuing from the bowels of Vesuvius broke awfully through the stillness of night. Several parties, composed chiefly of foreigners, went up the mountain to examine the lava, the torrent of which, when once its direction is ascertained, may be approached without risk to its very brink; the only danger is that of a new eruption breaking out, or of a shower of stones being thrown up from the crater, of which last unpleasant occurrence I was once a witness in a former excursion to the summit of the volcano. The view from the hermitage, which is halfway up the mountain, is particularly striking by moon-light. The quietness of the place is only disturbed by the occasional rumbling of the mountain. The hermit and his assistant attend to the comforts of travellers, as far as the smallness of their premises

* The last eruption, October 1822, was the most considerable since the memorable one of 1794, and attended by the same terrific phenomena, darkness of the atmosphere, showers of ashes, &c.

can allow. There is one decent room with a comfortable sofa bed in it; the hermit supplies good lacryma Christi, for which he demands a moderate price, but he makes no charge for the accommodation or his trouble; his reward is left to the generosity of the visitants. He keeps a register which is renewed yearly, as besides the names, many effusions of wit, or sentimentality, are inserted in it.

On the 1st of August I set off with a party of friends to visit the peninsula opposite to Naples, and which divides this bay from the gulf of Salerno. We embarked in one of the *lancie* or long boats that set off every day about noon from Naples for Castellamare. This was the cheapest passage I ever had; the fare is only a *carlino*, about four-pence English, for each person, besides which, one is expected to give a few grains *per le anime del Purgatorio* *: the distance is about thirteen miles, and we went across in three hours, chiefly by rowing, as there was scarcely any breeze. We had in company with us a party of strolling musicians who were going to a little town called

* It is a general custom in Italy to collect money from charitable and religious persons, for the purpose of having masses and prayers said for the relief of those souls which are doing penance in purgatory, according to the catholic belief.

Gragnano, to attend a festival. They played some tunes when we were in the middle of the gulf, gliding through its blue waves, in sight of the most delightful scenery in the world. On arriving at Castellamare, we proceeded to the inn on the *marina* or walk along the sea-shore. We found this inn the best in the neighbourhood of Naples. The accommodations were good, the charges reasonable, and the prospect which the house commands beautiful. Castellamare is a place much resorted to in summer; its various mineral waters, which are beneficial in many complaints, and its fine cool situation, sheltered by the mountains from the Scirocco, are the chief attractions of the place. The most celebrated waters at Castellamare are the *acqua media*, which is impregnated with sulphur, the *acqua rossa*, which is chalybeate, and the *acqua acetosella*, which resembles the *acqua sulfurea* of Santa Lucia at Naples. The common method prescribed by the physicians here is to drink half a bottle of the first in the morning, a tumbler of *acqua rossa* mixed with wine at noon, and as much of the *acetosella* as one can drink in the evening. This treatment, assisted by the salubrity of the climate, a wholesome diet, and the romantic quietness of the place, is considered sufficient, when persevered in for a month or six weeks, to relieve a person from the liver complaint, if it be not too inveterate. The

expense of the waters is a mere trifle. A person may live at Castellamare cheaper than at Naples.

On the morning of the 2nd of August we set out an hour before day-break, preceded by a guide, who carried some provisions, to ascend the Monte San Michele, called also Sant' Angelo, which rises just behind Castellamare, and is the highest mountain in the neighbourhood of Naples, being more than four thousand feet in height. It takes its name from a chapel built on its summit, in honour of the Archangel St. Michael. We began to ascend by a fine road, which winds along the hill between two rows of trees; and we passed a country house belonging to the king, about a mile distant from Castellamare. The gardens are extensive, but they seem neglected, as the king seldom comes here; grass grows in the courts, wild plants obstruct the walks, and every thing bears the marks of abandonment. We saw on our left Monte Coppola, so called because its shape somewhat resembles a sailor's cap. Beyond the villa, the road becomes steeper and more difficult, until at last it is lost in the wood, and is succeeded by a path scarcely discernible. Owing to the presumptuous ignorance of our guide, who probably had never been up the mountain before, we lost our way, and lengthened our journey thereby about one half. The sun grew intensely hot, and as we emerged out

of the woods, we found ourselves exposed to all its violence, which in the month of August, and in the latitude of Naples, is by no means inconsiderable. Two of our companions were disheartened by the disappointment of missing the road, and returned to Castellamare, while three of us pursued our journey. At last, at eleven o'clock, we arrived on the summit of the first ridge, whence we saw at once the gulf of Salerno on one side, and that of Naples on the other, with the open sea beyond Capri. We were then higher than the summit of Vesuvius, and we beheld at our feet the rich plains of Nola, and the towns of Sarno, Nocera, and Gragnano. We turned to our left through a chasm in the rocks, and descended into a valley that separates this first ridge from the upper summit, which is a naked cliff of calcareous stone almost perpendicular, and shaped like a fortress with two cavaliers, on one of which stands the chapel. Exhausted and thirsty as we were, we thought of resting ourselves before we attempted to proceed, and to our great satisfaction found a kind of recess or shelter under a rock, with a cool spring issuing from it. There we lay on the ground, and having recourse to our basket of provisions, we made a heartier meal than we ever did at the most epicurean tables in Naples. We were surrounded by a few sheep and goats, the only inhabitants of

those wild regions. The spring is called *L' acqua santa*, from an old tradition which reports, that the devil having once established a school on the summit of the mountain, was driven from it by the Archangel, and that while Satan was running down the hill as fast as he could, Michael threw his spear at him, which, missing its aim, fixed itself in the rock where it made the cleft from which the water springs. Without entering into the merits of this legend, one material objection to it struck me, arising from the circumstance of a projecting part of the rock situated so as to be in a line between the summit of the mountain where the Archangel is supposed to have stood, and the cleft in the rock said to have been formed by his spear, which could not well reach it without going round the corner: *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Some beautiful chesnut trees grow round this spot. A solemn stillness prevailed in the air, only interrupted now and then by the distant tinkling of the little bells fastened to the necks of the goats which were grazing in the valley below. A wretched object of distress, lying on the ground at a few paces from us, was a sad drawback on this peaceful and happy scene; this was a poor man whom a swollen knee rendered incapable of moving from that uninhabited spot. He had come, he said, from Castellamare to carry provisions for some foreigners

who went up the mountain, but the complaint in his knee growing worse by the fatigue of the journey, he was obliged to halt and lie down where we found him. There he had remained for two days and nights, without any food but what he accidentally got from the charity of some straggling shepherd or traveller; and there he seemed to be calmly waiting for the breaking of the abscess, which would require, he said, two or three days more. He seemed contented to pass this time in that deserted place, where he might however die of hunger and illness, or be devoured by the wolves. Such scenes of wretchedness and helpless distress are frequent in this country, and perhaps they are not so severely felt by a native as we are apt to think. There was no means of having him conveyed down the mountain; but we gave him a share of our provisions, for which he expressed his gratitude with the warmth of a Neapolitan. After an hour's rest we left the Acqua Santa to climb the upper ridge. We ascended the naked rock by a flight of steps hewn in it, among stupendous masses detached from the mountain and hanging over the precipice, at the bottom of which the waves of the gulf of Salerno were seen lashing against the shore. At last, at about one o'clock, we arrived at the chapel, the goal of our excursion. There a most magnificent prospect rewarded us for all our past fatigues. An

extensive horizon presented itself to our view; we saw to the east the whole gulf of Salerno, about thirty miles in breadth, stretching towards Cape Palinuro, beyond which the distant mountains of Calabria terminated the scene. To the west we saw the bay of Naples, with the islands of Ischia and Procida, and beyond it the greater part of Campania Felix, the plains of Capua, and the low grounds towards the Garigliano as far as Gaeta. To the north, the view extended to the great chain of Apennines which divides the Terra di Lavoro from Puglia and Abruzzo; that majestic ridge, which may be called the spinal bone of Italy, running in a south easterly direction till it joins the Calabrian mountains, bounded the prospect. Many inferior ridges detach themselves from the parent chain and extend in a sloping direction towards the sea. To the south, the whole peninsula of Sorrento and Massa, which divides the two gulfs, lay spread like a map; beyond it was the rugged island of Capri, and farther on, the Tyrrhenian sea completed the magnificent landscape. We saw Parthenope and its palaces reduced to a miniature, and the eminences which surround it appeared like ant-hills. The dark head of Vesuvius lay far below us, and it did not appear to be more than two thirds of the height of San Michele. The bay of Naples, encircled with a brilliant zone of towns, hamlets, and villas, con-

trasted in a striking manner with the gulf of Salerno on our left. On the shores of the latter, nature is rude and wild; here steep craggy rocks, there marshy desolate plains, in the middle of which stand the solitary remains of ancient Pæstum: the plains are inhabited by herds of buffaloes, the only animal which thrives in those unwholesome regions. The gulf of Salerno has a much wider entrance than that of Naples; its scenery is majestic but gloomy; there is much grandeur but little variety in it. The only spots that break through the broad surface of that immense expanse of water are two or three rocks called I Galli, the ancient Sirenum Scopuli, which were notorious places of resort for privateers during the last war. We saw, opposite to them, the little town of Positano, apparently almost under our feet; it seemed as though we could have thrown stones on the terraces of its houses. The city of Salerno was concealed from our view by some hills. The stillness of the air and the clearness of the deep blue sky, in the midst of which the glorious sun was shining in its meridian splendour, gave an indescribable grandeur to the scene. The busy world, and all its bustle, its pleasures, and its cares, appear insignificant, when contemplated from these heights.

After having feasted our eyes with one of the most extensive views I ever saw, and which em-

braces perhaps the sixth part of the kingdom of Naples, we went into the chapel to shelter ourselves from the heat of the sun; the good friar who gave us admittance regaled us with a draught of water as cold as ice from the well. The chapel is very small; there is a little dwelling house annexed to it for the use of the friar, who comes here every Sunday to say mass. What recommends this sanctuary to the popular devotion is the shrine of St. Michael, over which there is a statue of the Archangel, which is said to perspire regularly every year on the first of August; the friar collects the drops of this holy dew by rubbing cotton on the stone, fills a vial with them, and parsimoniously distributes the liquor to the devotees. A large crowd of people collects on that day in the chapel, and naturalists have from this circumstance explained the phenomenon. An inscription attests the miracle; but in spite of this puerility, the simplicity of the poor chapel of St. Michael, and the solitude of the airy region in which it is built, struck me with a certain awe, and I entered its precincts with more reverence than I had felt under the gilded roofs and in the marble aisles of the gorgeous churches of Naples. Such a spot as this puts one in mind of that elevation from which Satan displayed the pomps of the world to our Saviour.

As we came out of the chapel, we saw the va-

pours rising from the sea and the plains, and forming themselves into clouds; they ascended and spread very fast, and soon concealed the lower part of Vesuvius. At the same time the sky was beautifully clear above our heads, but rather hazy towards the edge of the horizon. I sat myself on the highest point of the rock to behold, once more, the magnificent landscape around me, and many classical recollections crowded to my mind. The scenes of the Eneid, the memorials of Roman history, and those of the following ages, stood present before my eyes; on one side, Cape Palinuro, the grave of Eneas' pilot; on the other, Gaeta, where Eneas' nurse was buried; Torre di Patria, memorable on account of Scipio's exile and death; Parthenope, Pozzuolo, Baiæ and Cumæ, all places of resort and pleasure for the masters of the world; Pompeii, Stabiæ, Herculaneum, and Torre del Greco, famous in the annals of the terrible volcano; Pæstum, celebrated for its wonderful monuments; Salerno and Amalfi, cities well known in the history of the middle ages;—the former for its sovereigns, and their wars with the Saracens, and for the romantic exploits of a handful of Norman adventurers, who afterwards became the lords of this land: Salerno is also known for its early school of medicine. Amalfi, once a wealthy, commercial city,

claims the honour of the invention of the mariner's compass for one of its citizens, Giovanni Gioja.

At last we thought of returning, and we started about three o'clock to that effect. I could not help regretting the necessity of descending from such scenes of sublimity to the haunts of men. The mind feels a pure satisfaction in being elevated, for a while, above the world, and in thus approaching the ethereal regions. I consider this feeling as one of those mementos which Providence gives us, to remind us of our better destiny. Opportunities of this kind occur but seldom in the course of life, but they remain impressed on the memory; they are so many bright landmarks through our earthly pilgrimage, like the palm-trees which are scattered through the African waste.

We were about three hours and an half in reaching Castellamare, where we arrived about sunset, weary and hungry, but, it being Sunday, the mistress of the house had gone to church; an old servant that remained at home with a mulatto girl, could, or would, do nothing for us; and to crown our misfortunes, Teresina, the landlady's niece, a stout, dark-eyed lass that attended us the day before, had eloped that very morning with her lover, the waiter of an adjoining coffee-house, so that we could obtain nothing to satisfy the cravings of ap-

petite. We patiently adjourned to our bed-room, which was also our parlour, and there waited until our *padrona* returned; we had at last a comfortable supper, and after a good night's rest, I and a friend proceeded next morning to Sorrento by land, and the rest of our company returned to Naples.

The road, or rather path, to Sorrento, leads over the mountains, which form the peninsula between the gulf of Salerno and the bay of Naples. We passed the church of Pozzallo, about a mile from Castellamare, where a telegraph is placed, which communicates on one side with the one on the hill of Camaldoli, above Torre dell Annunziata, and on the other with Nocera. It forms part of the telegraphic line between Naples and Palermo, by which I am told, that in the former capital they can receive news from Sicily in eight hours. From Pozzallo, we began to ascend by a rugged, half-traced path over the broken crags, until we reached half-way up the mountain, where the path turns in an horizontal direction, winding round the sides of the hill, and suspended, as it were, over a deep precipice, the foot of which is washed by the sea waves. The stillness of the air, only interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge, the solitude of the place, and the wildness of the scenery around, contrasting with the distant view of the opposite coast of Naples lined with buildings glit-

tering in the rays of the sun,—all these reminded me forcibly of Lord Byron's beautiful lines:—

> Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
> Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
> Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
> He had the passion and the power to roam.

The effect of mountain scenery in Italy, although less awful and striking than that of Switzerland, is, in my opinion, more romantic and pleasing; owing to the charm of a lovely climate, to the brilliant colour of the southern sky and sea, and to the gay aspect of nature.

The appearance of Vesuvius from this place is very grand. Its side towards Ottajano rises more boldly than that towards Naples; it stands opposite like a frowning giant, dark, terrific, and alone. I would recommend this excursion from Castellamare to Sorrento, to all lovers of beautiful and sublime scenery, and especially to landscape painters, who will find here an abundance of subjects for their art. We saw the clouds gathering on the other side of the gulf; and the loud roar of the thunder, repeated by the echoes of the mountains, added to the solemnity of the scene. After three hours' walk we arrived at Vico, a considerable, but straggling town, built on several hills; it is the see of a bishop. From Vico we ascended again through a thick plantation of olive-trees, among which we lost sight of the sea; but on ar-

riving at the highest part of the ridge, which forms on this side the boundary of the plain of Sorrento, we had another view of Vesuvius through an opening between the mountains, and at the end of a long vista of trees. Descending the hill, we arrived at Meta, a large village in the plain. This lovely region, "*Il piano di Sorrento*," embosomed between the mountains and the sea, and secluded, as it were, from all the rest of the world, is a complete garden planted with orange and lemon trees, through the foliage of which are seen glimmering the white tops of the houses, and the spires of the churches: this sequestered spot seems to realize the descriptions sung by poets of the valley of Tempe, or of the gardens of Armida. The plain is about five miles in length; it contains eighteen thousand inhabitants, and is divided in three districts, called Terzieri, from the Spanish word Terceiro. Besides the city of Sorrento, placed at the farthest extremity of it, there are three large villages, Meta, Carotto, and Sant' Aniello.

There is a striking difference of manners and morals between the inhabitants of this spot, and those of Naples, although the distance is so very short. Two hours' sail across the bay carries you from a busy, noisy, and corrupt city, into a kind of Eden, where tranquillity reigns, and simplicity and hospitality are still to be found; where no crimes

are heard of; and where young men and girls appear gay, innocent, and happy. The men repair to the capital now and then only for the purpose of commercial intercourse, but their stay in town is short, and solely devoted to business. People talk, however, now, of making a carriage road from Castellamare to Sorrento, which would prove a misfortune to this district; the Neapolitans would then be enabled to drive to it in their curricoli, and bring with them their luxury and their vices, to contaminate these peaceful inhabitants; and they would, besides, raise the price of necessaries, which is here extremely moderate.

We proceeded to Sorrento, an ancient town surrounded by walls and ditches, and famous as the birth-place of Tasso. The house in which that child of genius and feeling came into the world, is situated on a cliff that rises perpendicularly from the sea. Its present owner, a Neapolitan nobleman, has had it repaired, and the keeper admits strangers to visit it. The bust of Tasso remains as a memorial of its former inmate.

Many natives as well as strangers repair to the Piano di Sorrento in summer, it being a cool and pleasant retreat from the heats of the season. Apartments are to be had on moderate terms. In rambling over the country we saw the villa of Mariano Stinca, an extraordinary man, who, from the

condition of slave, rose to be the favourite of the bey of Tunis, where he made a great fortune, with part of which he had the good luck to repair to his native country; but afterwards, returning to Barbary, he was murdered in one of the revolutions so common in that country.

After spending two delightful days in the Piano di Sorrento, we reluctantly departed in one of the boats that sail every day for the capital.

CHAPTER VII.

REMARKABLE OBJECTS IN NAPLES.

NAPLES is the land of contrasts. There are strange sights in this place which are not to be met with anywhere else. We meet with spots in the skirts of this town where nothing reminds one of being near a great European capital. Houses of good appearance are contiguous to ruinous walls. On one side of the road you see fine gardens and an open country; and on the other, a row of hovels crowded with swarms of the poorest people. Proceeding on, you ascend a steep flight of broken steps, through a chasm between rocks almost perpendicular—a most solitary place, which you might mistake for a recess in the Apennines—you ascend a hundred steps, and you emerge into a large and fine street well paved, and lined with convents and palaces, whence you see at once Vesuvius, the city, and the bay. These scenes are frequent in that part of the city which rises on the slope of the hills of Sant' Elmo, and Capo di Monte, in the districts called Il Petraro, I Monti, La Salute, Lo Scudillo, I Cinesi, and Le Vergini. Another pe-

culiarity of this town is, that nothing is finished. You see a vast palace, the one, for instance, near the Mercatello, at the beginning of Toledo, the first floor of which is built with a princely magnificence; underneath there are many shops all occupied—but the building has been for some years stopped—the second floor is only half raised, no *lastrico*, or roof, covers it; the rain stagnates in the half-built apartments, and penetrates through the ceiling into the first floor; the beams are already rotten, and in a short time, the tenants of the shops below will be driven out of them: the building is falling to ruin without ever having been completed. There is an extensive square, *Il largo delle Pigne*, of which only a small part is paved, and the houses on one side of it present the appearance of a city half ruined. The Largo dello Spirito Santo is decorated with a colonnade, in the centre of which it has been intended, these twenty years, to place a statue of Charles III. of Spain, the conqueror of Naples, and the head of the present Neapolitan dynasty. The unoccupied pedestal stands there surrounded by all kinds of filth and nuisances. In the fine street of Toledo you often see, in the same line, magnificent carriages, dung-carts, and asses laden with vegetables; princes and beggars; friars and lazzaroni; finely dressed ladies and common trollops jostling one another in the

same crowd. At the entrance of a splendid palace stands a porter, covered with lace and embroidery; and close by his elbow, under his master's windows, you see a paltry chandler's shop, with a cobbler's stall before it. There is also a peculiar strangeness in the diversions of the people: you are walking quietly through the streets—all of a sudden you hear piercing screams and dreadful yells; you see seven or eight half-naked lazzaroni, with inflamed eyes and clenched fists, running after one of their comrades; you think they are going to murder him; no, it is merely a piece of frolic which shows itself in such a threatening form. But the effects of the anger of this people, when their evil passions are stimulated, have been seen in the revolutions of their country.

I went the other evening to hear the Matrimonio Segreto of the immortal Cimarosa. The delightful music of this opera is just what I conceive music ought to be, not merely a scientific art, but a soft recreation, calculated to interest and amuse any man who has ears and feelings. The Matrimonio Segreto is truly an Italian composition; it speaks the language, and portrays the humour of the people; it is by turns gay and affecting, serious and burlesque; it expresses the different passions by which the characters appear actuated, so as to make one forget they are the work of fancy, and it mixes

with its charming sounds the theatrical illusion which music has otherwise a tendency to destroy. The Italian recitativo resembles so much common conversation, that we almost forget the actors sing instead of talk. David, Porta, and La Dardanelli, performed the principal parts: the first sang with exquisite feeling the celebrated air, "Pria che spunti in ciel l'Aurora." Porta excelled in the duo "Se m' ascoltate un poco un poco." After the opera we had a ballet, "Le retour de Monsieur de Chalumeaux," which I had heard much praised, but which disappointed me. The buffo Tognino, a native of Bergamo, who accompanied the manager Barbaja in his journey to Paris and London, has composed this kind of pantomime in which he pretends to mimic English and French manners; but his caricatures are strained and exaggerated. He appears on the stage with his wife, as if just arrived from London, both dressed *à l'Anglaise*, at least according to the ridiculous notions entertained here of English fashions. He affects to imitate English customs, but rather unsuccessfully, except that of shaking hands, which he repeats every moment, whether to the purpose or not. He changes his dress on the stage, and makes a *dandy* toilette, braces up his buckskins by means of a pulley, and goes through a great deal of disgusting farce. Then he gets into a quarrel, and

being challenged to fight, he refuses at first, and offers to box, and when presented with pistols he appears not to know how to handle them. At last all is settled amicably, and he walks down an English country dance in a ridiculous and affected manner. This precious composition was intermixed with dances performed by the pupils of the royal school. A sense of respect for Prince Leopold, the King's son, who was present, prevented the audience from hissing the performance, which, however, they did heartily as soon as his Royal Highness left his box, and the hisses accompanied Monsieur de Chalumeaux in his Apotheosis which terminated the farce. There was, however, a certain party, that seemed pleased with these vulgar and false allusions to the English, which agreed with their splenetic sentiments against that nation; they attempted to applaud this miserable performance, but to no purpose; the greater part of the audience expressed their dislike of it. The Neapolitans, although accustomed to very low buffoonery, felt this to be too much even for their palates.

The King of Naples has more and finer palaces, perhaps, than any other monarch of Europe. Besides the Reggia, or Royal Palace of Naples, he has, in the neighbourhood of the capital, the palace of Capo di Monte, that of Portici, and the immense and splendid mansion of Caserta, which has few

rivals in Europe. The great staircase of the latter is particularly magnificent. The palace of Caserta is situated in a plain near the foot of some inconsiderable hills, about fourteen miles from Naples, and about five from the city of Capua. The gardens annexed to it are very extensive, but rather in a bad taste, except the Bosco, which is a delightful place; and in a bad taste also is the artificial cascade, the water of which is brought over a superb aqueduct, which crosses a valley near Maddaloni, and which rivals in its kind the works of the ancient Romans. Three miles to the west of Caserta, is the place where stood ancient Capua, the capital of Campania, where the star of Hannibal first began to wane. The remains of the amphitheatre and of a triumphal arch which stands over the road, are the only things to be seen. The little town of Santa Maria di Capua, which is built close by, has not inherited any of the splendour of its proud predecessor; it is a dirty ill-built place, and were the Carthaginian warriors to visit this spot now, its attractions would certainly not prove dangerous to them.

Besides the palaces I have mentioned, belonging to the King of Naples, he has at his disposal a number of delightful country-houses and hunting-seats, as Carditello; Persano, near ancient

Pæstum; the villa of Castellamare; the Castle of Procida, and others.

The palaces belonging to the Neapolitan nobility are very numerous, and many of them spacious and lofty, but their architecture is in general deficient in regularity and taste; and the same remark may be applied to most of the buildings in this city: they make but little impression upon persons accustomed to the more regular proportions of the architecture of Rome. After feasting the eye on the churches and palaces of the latter city, a person becomes cloyed and difficult to be pleased, and is obliged to resort to the ancient monuments to feel any satisfaction. The obelisks and fountains of Naples are particularly offensive to any man of the least taste, and form a wretched contrast with the fine works of this kind with which Rome abounds. One need only have a glance of the obelisk opposite the church of Gesù Nuovo, and that of San Domenico, to feel the truth of this remark. The palace of the Duke of Gravina, in the street of Monte Oliveto, and that of La Rocca, are good structures. The palace of Francavilla, near Chiaja, is a stately building, singular for its Moorish architecture, its insulated situation, and its fine gardens.

The national palace degli Studj, contains an

invaluable collection of works of the fine arts. In the sculpture gallery are to be seen some of the finest productions of the Greek chisel; the Farnesian Hercules, the beautiful Venus, the Flora, the Bacchus, the Orator, and several others, rank high above the rest. In the gallery of modern paintings the picture of Leo X. by Raphael, the Danaë, the Bacchante, several Caraccis, Murillos, and Claude Lorraines, attract the attention. The Etruscan vases, the bronzes, the ancient utensils, and the *papiri*, form a mass of treasures unrivalled in any other country.

The public library in the same palace, which is opened to the public at regular hours every day in the week, affords a great convenience to the students of the capital. It is worthy of remark, that Italy, although generally looked upon by people beyond the Alps, as behind-hand in scientific and literary acquirements, affords the cheapest and easiest means of instruction of any country. Every considerable town has public libraries and public lectures, to which the studious are admitted gratis.

I went lately to visit an Institution in Naples, which is the only one of its kind in Europe—the Chinese college, where young natives of China are brought up to the ecclesiastical profession, and whence they return afterwards to their country, to propagate the Christian religion. The founder of this establish-

ment was D. Matteo Ripa, a Neapolitan missionary, and a companion of the Beato Alfonso de Liguori, a name well known in the annals of the Catholic Church. Ripa went to China, and resided several years at the missionary-house at Pekin, where his skill in painting recommended him to the Emperor and Court. While living in that remote land, he conceived the plan which he afterwards executed, of establishing a college in Europe for the education of young Chinese. Several trials were made, and at last Naples was fixed upon for this institution, as the climate appeared to be the most favourable and congenial to these children of the east. The youths destined for this place are smuggled out of their country at the age of thirteen or fourteen, by means of the missionaries, who send them first to Macao; whence they are conveyed to Europe, generally in Portuguese vessels bound to Lisbon, from which place they proceed to Italy. The expenses are defrayed partly by this institution, and partly by the College de Propaganda Fide, at Rome.

The Chinese college is situated on the slope of the hill of Capo di Monte, in a quiet retired spot, which commands a fine prospect of the bay. The house and the adjoining church are simply but neatly constructed; the apartments are comfortable and airy, and the whole place is kept remarkably

clean, and in the best order, so as to form an agreeable contrast with the generality of Neapolitan establishments. The rector, a Neapolitan missionary, and a sensible well-informed man, politely shewed us every thing deserving attention. We entered first the hall, which is hung round with the portraits of the Chinese who have resided in this house since its establishment; they are about forty, and among them is that of Ripa, the founder. It is the custom before any of the inmates of this college depart, to have their likenesses taken. They are dressed in the garments of the institution, a loose dark robe, with a red sash round the waist; and they hold the crucifix in their hands. There is a strong national likeness among them. Under every portrait is an inscription, which states the name of the individual, the province he was born in, the year in which he came to Naples, that in which he departed again for China, and the epoch and mode of his death, when known. Those who have suffered martyrdom, are represented with the instruments of their death; others have chains round their necks, as a sign of their having suffered imprisonment. Such a collection, in such a place, is apt to make a solemn impression on the mind, and to raise a train of new and awful ideas. I thought of the singular destiny of these children of a distant region, of these young men

snatched from their native country, their homes, and their friends, and hurried away by religious zeal to a country, the people, manners, and language of which are unknown to them; there to spend the best part of their youth in study and retirement; and who afterwards, when in the noon of life, recross the ocean to revisit the scenes of their birth, as apostles of that faith whose propagation is the sole business of their lives, and on account of which they are hated, and often persecuted, by their own countrymen. They become victims of the intolerance of the laws, are scourged by order of a haughty and cruel Mandarin; and at last terminate their career of privation and pain, either in a dungeon or on the scaffold. There is something sublime and imposing in religious enthusiasm, and in that disinterested spirit of abnegation and self-devotedness, which sees nothing but the glory of the Creator, and the welfare of his creatures. An air of calm resignation, an interesting sadness, are spread over all these portraits, and express at once the feelings by which their originals were actuated in this world.

There were six Chinese in the college when I visited it; one of them was insane, and another blind. I had a long conversation in Italian with the latter, who appeared a very sensible man, and superior to the others; his address was genteel and preposses-

sing, his disposition appeared easy and obliging, his answers to my questions were appropriate, and he showed himself well informed of European affairs. I was told afterwards by one of the attendants, that he was the son of a Mandarin of rank at Pekin. He said that his voyage from Macao to Lisbon had lasted nine months; that the vessel was a very long time in clearing the Straits of Malacca; that his sight suffered severely during the voyage, and that latterly he had the misfortune of losing it entirely. He cannot therefore return to China; he will never see again his country, his home, or his kindred; he will die in a foreign land, unknown, and unmourned; he cannot even aspire to the crown of martyrdom, nor can he pursue the accomplishment of his apostolic duties; his career is closed on this side of the grave. Hard is his fate, indeed! and this man, in his own country, might be perhaps now enjoying wealth, honour, and happiness. Still he did not seem dissatisfied; he was cheerful, and resigned to his lot; he spoke of his country with calm, but affectionate remembrance, and mentioned with respect the names of the great Kang-hi, and of Tsien Long; he talked of the present emperor, and of his court. I asked him about the diversity of dialects in his own country; he said that every province, and almost every district, has a particular one; that the farther he travelled from Pekin, the

more difficult it was for him to understand the common people; that the language of the Mandarins is the same throughout the empire; and he asserted that it is not very difficult. He appeared to have correct notions of geography; among other questions, he asked me whether the differences between America and England were entirely made up. He said that Pekin, although under the same latitude as Naples, is much colder than the latter city, which he attributed to the plains that surround the former, and to its distance from the sea. I was much pleased with his conversation; he spoke pure Italian with a very good accent. I felt towards him that sympathy which approximates all persons of feeling, whatever be the spot of their birth. The hour for shutting the gates of the college was approaching; I parted with regret from Padre Giovanni, the blind Chinese, and his remembrance will remain impressed on my mind as long as I live. We held our conversation on a terrace; a fine view of the bay, and of the mountains opposite, lay before us: but all this magnificent scenery was lost on the poor Chinese, and was hardly heeded by me; my fancy was soaring at the time over the plains of Pekin.

The College for a long time has received no new inmates, on account of the war: some young Chinese are now, however, expected from Macao, and, as

soon as they arrive, four of those who are now here will take their departure for China; one of them, a good looking man, came over to Europe with Sir George Staunton, of whom he speaks highly. I asked him whether they ever receive letters from their friends in China? he answered, "very seldom." They were lately apprized of the death of two of their predecessors, who suffered martyrdom. What will be the fate of those four who are now preparing to go?

The good rector showed us a few curiosities from China, such as silk tunics and robes, some earthenware of the imperial fabric, several tea services, some of bamboo, and some of tin; other utensils, made of tortoiseshell, cocoa-nut, and ivory; some wind instruments; paintings of men, women, and masks; Chinese prints, representing the emperor's country-houses near Pekin, with the usual deficiency in the perspective; and a large Chinese map of the *Celestial Empire*, which unfortunately was hung up too high to be attentively examined. The rector told us that the young Chinese who are brought to Europe, are generally born of Christian families, but that it requires great secrecy to get them out of the country: when they leave Naples, they proceed first to Rome, to be examined and approved of as missionaries; after which, the college of Propaganda furnishes them with the

means of returning home, by the way of Macao, where they assume again their native dress, to be enabled to penetrate into the empire. To my question about the natural abilities of the Chinese students, the rector answered, that in general they are possessed of moderate capacities; but that there are now and then superior minds among them; that they are in general patient, phlegmatic, and submissive, and excel chiefly in any thing mechanical. They are taught Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. They talk Latin to their masters, and Chinese among themselves. Italian is purposely avoided, to prevent their communicating with the Neapolitans, for fear that too great a familiarity should lessen the high opinion which they are taught to entertain of Europeans. The institution is possessed of a revenue of six thousand ducats, which has always been respected. Leaving the Chinese college with a feeling of sympathy for its inmates, I found myself again amidst the Lazzaroni of Naples.

On the ninth of September, we had the grand annual review of the Neapolitan troops, called the Parade of Piedigrotta. The infantry was drawn up in a line three deep along the Marina of Chiaja, facing the houses, and turning its back to the sea. There were about twelve thousand men under arms, in general good-looking fellows, well dressed

and equipped: how far they might be depended upon, should circumstances require their services, is rather an awkward question to resolve. However, I am of opinion, that if properly commanded, and under good discipline, the Neapolitans, and especially the natives of Abruzzo and Calabria, would prove good soldiers. At five in the afternoon, the commander-in-chief rode along the line; and shortly after the king drove slowly along in his state carriage, followed by his court. When his majesty had reached the right of the line, the troops began to retire, marching off by divisions from the left. This was the grand review so much talked of in Naples, for which some of the regiments came from distant parts of the kingdom. The king appeared as stout and healthy as usual. The balconies of all the houses on the Riviera di Chiaja were filled by the gay and the fashionable: there was on this occasion the usual display of music and martial pomp. The captain-general gave a dinner to six or seven hundred officers, at one of the *restaurateurs*.'

The months of September and October are the season for the *villeggiatura*, when families repair to their country-houses, where they remain until the month of November. The Neapolitans, however, have no idea of true country life; what they call by this name is a *misnomer*. The country-

houses to which the Neapolitans resort, are in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; some on the hills of Vomero, Arenella, and Capo di Monte; and these are by far the best; but the fashionable resort is Portici, where people are almost as much in town as if they lived in Toledo. The seats of the nobility are there situated chiefly on the high road, and exposed to all the inconveniences of dust, noise, and intrusion. Ladies dress in their gayest apparel, drive about in their carriages, receive visits, and give parties: to see and to be seen is the only object. There is nothing attractive in the residence of Portici, except its fine view of the bay; you see splendid palaces, few gardens, and nothing of real country. What a difference from the delightful villas of the Tuscan gentry, with which the hills in the neighbourhood of Florence are covered.

The grand opera now performed at St. Carlo, is *La donna del Lago*, the Lady of the Lake. There seems to be a prevailing *Anglomania* in the choice of dramatic subjects, which are now chiefly taken from the works of the great English poets, and are tortured into operas, ballets, and pantomimes. Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, the Lady of the Lake, and Gulnare, are quite fashionable on the Neapolitan stage.

I went to the Fondo to see my old acquaintance Casacciello, in that pretty opera buffa, *L' Amor*

Marinaro, and was as much pleased with him as ever: this kind of acting is indeed the best in this country.

The city of Naples is of late years considerably altered in its appearance. One of the principal improvements is the new road to Capo di Monte, and the bridge forming part of it, which, like that of Carignano at Genoa, connects two hills, passing over the street of La Sanità. Beyond it the road is cut through the rock, and winds up to the palace of Capo di Monte. This extensive pile built on the naked summit of the hill, with its red walls, and grey pillars and ornaments, has rather a heavy appearance. The Strada Nuova by Posilipo, which winds round the promontory of that name, and in some places appears suspended above the sea, is the finest ride in the neighbourhood of Naples. As yet, it has been carried only as far as the summit of the hill, but will be continued on the other side to Bagnoli, so as to lead to Pozzuoli without passing by the Grotta. The entrance of Naples, coming from Rome, has been also improved by pulling down a heap of wretched old buildings which stood near the gate of St. Gennaro; and the traveller now proceeds through a continuation of fine broad streets until he arrives at gli Studj, whence by a brisk turn to the left, he drives on to Toledo. These

improvements were effected, or at least begun under the French.

Another embellishment is the colonnade facing the royal palace, and the church of St. Francesco di Paola in the centre of it, built in consequence of a vow made by the present king on his restoration. The colonnade, however, loses much of its effect on account of the buildings rising on the hill immediately behind it.

On Christmas eve the city of Naples resembles a town taken by storm. A quantity of rockets of various descriptions, some weighing above a pound, are thrown out of the windows as a sign of rejoicing, to the great annoyance of the passengers. A continual noise is kept up in this manner till day-break. Such an irregularity in a civilized country is a matter of surprise to foreigners: but the natives seem remarkable fond of boisterous diversions, and at every festival of any particular saint a considerable sum is laid out in fireworks. Government has the monopoly of gunpowder, as well as of salt and tobacco; these form an important branch of revenue.

During the nine days preceding Christmas, an evening service is performed in the churches in commemoration of the nativity of Christ, which is known by the name of *la Novena di Natale*; that of the royal chapel in the palace, is distinguished by

excellent singing. On this occasion I saw the king and many of the nobility attend with much devotion. His majesty is known to be a regular, though not bigoted, observer of the practices of religious worship.

A number of shepherds from the mountains of Abruzzo, and from the neighbouring Apennine regions, come to the capital regularly every year, two or three weeks before Christmas, and go about the streets playing on their bagpipes, in anticipation of the approaching festivity. Most Neapolitan families engage some of these itinerant musicians to play at their houses before the image of the Virgin and Infant, for a quarter of an hour on each day of the *Novena*, for a trifling remuneration; the wild appearance of these mountaineers, their uncouth dress, the simplicity of their manners, and the shrill notes of their pipes, attract the attention of the traveller. At the same epoch, groups of Calabrese peasants from the other extremity of the kingdom repair to Naples with their harps, which are their national instruments.

It is customary here as well as in other parts of Italy, at Christmas time, to construct in the churches and in several private houses, representations of the birth-place of our Saviour, with appropriate figures, and which are known by the name of *presepio*. Some of them are arranged with great skill,

and exhibit a variety of scenery, in which the rules of perspective are well preserved. The natural taste of the Italians for the imitative arts is particularly remarkable on these occasions. The stable in which Christ was born, and from which the name of *presepio* is taken, forms of course the prominent feature of the scene; and the landscape around it is a fanciful assemblage of groves and meadows, streams and cascades, cottages and grottoes, long vistas, and distant mountains. These models are made of a variety of materials, such as cork, wood, and turf; the figures are made of clay, very naturally painted, and in various costumes;—shepherds with their flocks and cattle, travellers, soldiers, *&c.* The details are generally elegant and picturesque, but the whole often exhibits an odd mixture of inconsistencies. I have seen a *presepio* in the house of a lawyer, in the street of Forcelle, constructed on a large scale and in a magnificent style, containing several hundred figures, and which has cost the owner some thousands of ducats; the Virgin Mary appears standing dressed as a queen, under a beautiful Grecian portico, receiving the homage of kings, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, while guards are seen with their spears keeping the multitude at a respectful distance. The Ottoman crescent and the imperial eagle of Austria glittered on the banners

of the royal visitors. Some of the *presepii* are constructed on terraces in the open air, others in apartments, and these are shown by candle-light. Free admission is given, according to the liberal custom of the Italian gentry.

The University, or *Scuole Pubbliche*, of Naples, was formerly a college belonging to the Jesuits. In Italy these disciples of Loyola had long the public education of youth in their hands, and they seemed to be well qualified for it. Their professors were generally men of great abilities; the regulations of their colleges were wise and more liberal than is commonly imagined; and I think that, in this country at least, public education did not gain much by the suppression of the order. Whatever the faults of that institution and the ambitious views of its chiefs might be, the individual members of the society were in general highly respectable and useful; and they cannot, consistent with justice, be accused of idleness, nor of a fanatical and persecuting spirit. The sovereigns of Europe might think it politically wise to abolish the Jesuits, but the court of Rome certainly showed little wisdom or policy in conniving at their fall, and in treating with such severity its best defenders, —the champions of Catholicism. Even to this day the opinions of Italians are much divided about the expediency of that measure; and I have

often, during the political storms which have agitated this country, heard the remark made, that "these things would not have happened had not the Jesuits been suppressed." The reception which Frederick II., and Catherine of Russia gave to the fugitive fathers, and the bitter invectives which this conduct drew against those two sovereigns from Voltaire and his party, are arguments in favour of the Jesuits. The present remains of the order however give but a faint idea of its former greatness and glory; and the re-establishment of the Jesuits by several of the Catholic governments of Europe, which has lately taken place, will probably prove inadequate to the expectations which have been founded upon it, and will only serve to increase the clamour of the discontented party, without furnishing any additional arms to oppose it. The veterans of the order are all dead, and the generality of the existing members, brought up in times of humiliation and distress, have not had the means of acquiring the qualifications of their predecessors. *Stat magni nominis umbra.*

I have of late attended the lectures at the University. Some of the professors are really men of abilities; others are remarkable for the burlesque and trivial language with which their instructions are seasoned. I heard some of the most extraordinary illustrations of this sort that were

ever delivered from a professor's chair, and often too in genuine Neapolitan dialect. Perhaps they have for so doing, the same reason as the preachers of this country, *viz.*, to accommodate themselves to the taste of their audience. The lectures are accessible to any decent and orderly person. At the gate of the college a military guard is stationed, which would appear rather a strange sight to an English student; but such is the continental system of the day.

The people of this country are much addicted to the belief of witchcraft, and of other supernatural agencies. I have often been surprised to hear persons, very sensible in other respects, talk seriously about these matters, and relate the most extravagant stories. I was gravely told the other day by a Neapolitan acquaintance, that a witch had been found half dead, lying on the pavement in some obscure lane in the skirts of the city; the poor hag, it seems, while soaring through the air on her way to La Noce di Benevento, a favourite place of resort with these mysterious beings, had ventured too near a church, the sacred atmosphere of which destroyed her spells, and she fell helpless to the ground. This country is also haunted by a peculiar kind of hobgoblin called by the natives *il monacello*, whom they describe as a short thick figure of a man dressed in the long dark

garments of a monk, with a very broad brimmed hat; he is, however, a good tempered being, who takes pleasure in trying the spirit of people by appearing to them in the dead of night, and beckoning to them to follow him, which, if they have sufficient courage to do, he leads them to some secret recess where treasures are concealed: several persons are reported to have acquired a sudden fortune through his assistance. Credulity with regard to these matters, absurd as it may appear to foreigners, is not, however, confined here to the lower classes only.

A science upon which I have heard frequent dissertations, is *la magia bianca*, a kind of legitimate intercourse with invisible spirits, by which adepts obtain a knowledge of the most secret things: they have also cabalistical calculations through which they pretend to find out the prize numbers that will be drawn at the next lottery. The adepts are chiefly monks and priests, who live very retired, are difficult of access, and speak by enigmas. I have frequently heard wonderful accounts of people winning great prizes through their means, the circumstances of which, and the authority I had them from, would almost shake my incredulity. Some of the most celebrated among these seers have been at different times exiled by the police as obnoxious persons. A belief in the secret

sciences is very generally spread among all classes of Neapolitans and Sicilians, however incredulous in other respects. A German professor of music travelling lately through Sicily, arrived at Catania, where he had some respectable introductions and was received very kindly. Nature, however, had bestowed upon him a forbidding countenance; there was something mysterious in his deportment; he appeared fond of study and retirement; all these circumstances persuaded some of his new Sicilian acquaintances, that he was a fit person to apply to for numbers of the lottery: they therefore enticed him one day into some sequestered mansion, and after they had him seated, they brought pen, ink, and paper before him, telling him resolutely, at the same time, that they would not allow him to go away until he gave them a good *terno*, i. e. three prize numbers for the next lottery. The astonished German stared, smiled, argued, and remonstrated, but to no purpose; fearing the worst, he was obliged to act unwillingly the part of an impostor; with much gravity he wrote down three numbers at random, and hastened immediately after to leave the place secretly, before the result of the lottery could be known.

The Italian system of lottery is very simple. Every day of drawing, ninety tickets, or numbers, beginning from number one, are put in an urn,

out of which five are drawn, and those persons who have been fortunate enough to guess at any of them, receive a prize in proportion to the money they have staked, and which is increased at every additional number they have guessed out of the five; an *ambo*, i. e. two prize numbers, affords a premium of more than twenty times the money staked upon them, a *terno*, or three numbers, affords several hundred times the amount, and so on in proportion; the *cinquina*, or the whole of the five prize numbers, is worth several thousand ducats to the lucky guesser. The great evil of this system is, that, as people are allowed to stake as low as a few grains, or halfpence, the temptation is very great for the poor classes, who often deprive themselves and their families of the first necessaries of life, and sacrifice the scanty produce of their daily labour at the shrine of cupidity.

CHAPTER VIII.

TUSCANY.

I SAILED from Naples in a Genoese vessel, which brought me to Leghorn after a voyage of eight days. Leghorn is a place entirely mercantile. The town is neatly built; the people have an appearance of affluence and comfort; the streets are crowded; it is the town of Italy which bears the greatest resemblance to England. The shops are fitted up almost like those in London; but a stranger, who has nothing to do with mercantile concerns, soon gets tired of Leghorn, as he cannot find in it many resources for the mind. The country about is flat and heathy; the hill of Montenero is the place of resort for the wealthy inhabitants, who have their country-houses on it. There is a pleasant walk round the walls of the town, which leads by the English burying-ground; among the tombs in the latter, that of Smollett claims the attention of the English traveller.

From Leghorn I proceeded to Pisa, in one of the open coaches called *timonelle*. The distance

is about fourteen miles, the road is good, and the fare a trifle. Pisa, one of the most celebrated cities in the history of Italy, looks now depopulated, and melancholy; the grass grows in its fine streets, and at the very entrance of its marble buildings. This city is renowned for its mild and salubrious climate, especially in winter; living is cheap; the people are sociable and courteous; the place is quiet; it is altogether a residence well adapted for an invalid, or for a studious man. The university is one of the most celebrated in Italy: it ranks next to that of Pavia. There are several of the nobility who have *conversazioni*, or parties, to which strangers may easily get admittance. The Cathedral; the Campo Santo, with its ancient monuments and fresco paintings; the famous leaning tower or belfry; and the Baptistery; form a group of buildings, which might employ the attention of the traveller for several days. The view from the summit of the tower is remarkably fine.

From Pisa I went to Florence, by the diligence. The road runs along the banks of the Arno, and offers some most beautiful prospects of Italian scenery. The peasantry look cheerful, the country girls dress neatly and smartly. I arrived at Florence in the evening. Much has been written upon this celebrated city; I shall therefore confine

myself in great measure to some remarks upon the moral features of the people.

Whether the intellectual state* and civil condition of the Italians in general, and of the Tuscans more particularly, have improved or deteriorated during the years of French dominion, may appear a question to some. But to me it seems evident, that foreign invasion, military despotism, conscriptions and contributions, increase of taxes, and annihilation of maritime commerce, could not promote the welfare of a nation; and that they must, on the contrary, have been the ruin of domestic happiness, as well as of private fortunes, which is an evil not easily compensated by a refinement in the luxuries of life, nor by the construction of a few roads and public buildings, nor even by some improvement in the laws of a country, especially when the government remains arbitrary. The French have at last derived some real advantages, though dearly purchased, from their successive revolutions; but the unfortunate Italians have lost by the last changes even those scanty compensations which palliated in their eyes the evils of a foreign yoke; they have for the most part returned to their ancient system of government and laws,

* There is a distinction to be made here, which I shall explain at full length in giving an historical sketch of the Italian republic, and of the kingdom of Italy.

without that tranquillity of mind, and that unimpaired wealth, which made Italy a happy country, even under its divided and imperfect political system, before the French invasion. Contented with their humble destinies, although a faint sigh now and then escaped them at the recollection of former glories, the Italians wisely turned the efforts of their genius to the peaceful pursuits of the arts and sciences. A lovely nature, and all the wonders of man's creation, were to them a happy compensation for the loss of turbulent liberty and bloody triumphs. Their governments, secure in their comparative insignificance, held with gentle hands the loosened reins; opposite parties had blended together, in consequence of long peace; despotism existed more in theory than in practice; catholicism was more tolerant and enlightened here than in any other country; even the inquisition, a shadow of which existed in one or two states, was stripped of its terrors; and travellers who visited Italy bore witness to the practical freedom which was enjoyed in that happy land. By the French invasion all was changed. Discord revived ancient feuds under new names; political dissensions ran higher perhaps in Italy than in any other country of Europe; and these are still far from having subsided. Military habits, of the rudest sort, acquired under the sway of Napoleon, while they

took away that elegance and suavity of manner for which the Italians were so remarkable, added a grosser load of corruption to their already lax morals, and by destroying the principles of religion, removed that salutary check, remorse, which often leads to repentance and amendment. The open gaiety of the Italian character sank under the miseries they suffered; its benevolence was lost; and even the delicacy of their language was impaired by the encroachments of a foreign domineering tongue, ill adapted to the genius and to the feelings of the children of music and love *. The French introduced their multifarious and complicated system of administration; they established their oppressive inquisitorial police, and the still more oppressive conscription; they loaded the people with taxes unknown before; they sowed discord between the different classes of society: the French, their armies, and their generals, are gone; but the evil effects remain, a sad memorial of their unwelcome visit. And what have the Italians acquired in exchange for peace, happiness, pleasure, and

* When I mention the French, I do not intend to speak invidiously of this nation, which, with all its peculiarities, is one of the most interesting in Europe; but I allude to their rulers, during the republican and imperial regimes, and to those delegates who were sent to direct the affairs of poor Italy; some of the latter had the will, but not the power, of doing effectual good to that country.

wealth? Alas! nothing: for it had never been the intention of their invaders to establish the unity and independence of Italy. The Italian youth, it is true, distinguished themselves in the ranks of the French armies, by their bravery and abilities worthy of a better cause; but on all occasions the profit turned entirely to the advantage of their overbearing allies, and the loss alone was theirs: Italy fought "*per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.*" And well the French knew how to stimulate the noble passions of the Italians; they addressed themselves even to the vanity of the weaker sex, and Bonaparte gravely said in one of his proclamations, that in future the Italian fair should only listen to lovers covered with honourable scars—scars received in fighting for a foreign conqueror! What a perversion of sense! Well might one apply to the Italians those impressive lines of a modern poet, addressed to the Greeks:

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!"

There were old abuses and partial evils in Italy at the epoch of the French invasion, to correct which the hand of a skilful and humane physician was required; but, instead of this, a swarm of quacks, foreign and native, fastened upon Italy,

some to try their crude experiments, others to seek their own advantage.

I have written the above remarks with full sincerity; having lived in Italy before, during, and after, the French occupation, and being enabled therefore to make comparisons.

Florence is beautifully situated. That verdant amphitheatre of smiling hills, overtopped by the frowning dark Apennines,—those fertile valleys watered by the Arno and its tributary streams, and strewed with elegant villas and neat cottages,—the air of cleanliness and gentility by which the inhabitants distinguish themselves from the rest of the Italians,—the purity of their language,—the splendour and cleanliness of the hotels and coffee-houses,—a city, full of statues, monuments, and remarkable buildings,—all these advantages, which have acquired to Florence the name of the Athens of Italy, render it a delightful residence. The churches in general do not appear to advantage on the outside; the rough appearance of the bricks on the exterior of most of them ill corresponds with the magnificence of the interior. The cathedral, Santa Maria in Fiore, is a vast building, the façade of which has never been finished; and the interior appears neglected and gloomy, compared with the magnificent churches of Rome. Its dome, by Brunellesco, however, which was the admiration of

Michael Angelo, is said to have given the idea of that of St. Peter's. The Battisterio, *Il bel San Giovanni* of Dante, is a most interesting monument of the wealth and spirit of republican Florence. The square detached belfry is striking, by its bold structure and the profusion of marbles of various colours with which it is, as well as the outside of the church, entirely covered.

In Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence, are the mausoleums of Galileo, Macchiavelli, Michel Angelo and Alfieri. That of Michel Angelo, ornamented by the statues of the three sister arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting, is particularly remarkable. The tomb of Alfieri, a name dear to Italians, is the work of Canova, and made of fine white marble: the statue of Italy, with the mural crown on her head, is leaning upon the tomb, in the attitude of lamenting the loss of her favourite son. This monument was erected by Countess Stolberg, Duchess of Albany, during the time the whole of Italy was under the dominion of the French: the figure of Italy is dressed in a fine drapery; a wit wrote on the pedestal the following epigram:

Canova, questa volta l' hai sbagliata;
Fai l' Italia vestita, ma è spogliata.

This church contains many paintings; among the rest a fine fresco, which represents the *limbo*,

or place of penance, where, according to Catholic theology, the righteous of the Old Testament were detained until Jesus rescued them, and where the souls of infants unbaptized are confined till the day of judgment. Some of the figures are beautiful, although damaged by time; the painting is kept covered, but strangers may see it on application.

Among the remarkable churches of Florence are Sta. Maria Novella and San Marco, both of which contain excellent paintings, and are also well known for their adjoining pharmacies and perfumeries, which are kept by the industrious monks; and the church of S. Spirito, the architecture of Brunellesco.

I shall not describe here the magnificent finery of the sepulchral chapel of the Medici in St. Lorenzo, too rich and gaudy for the object of its erection; but I must pause in the sacristy to admire Michel Angelo's works. Reclining on one side of a tomb, her left arm supporting her head, sits the statue of Night; she sleeps, but seems to breathe as if she were going to awake the next moment; her bosom and legs are bare and beautiful: anatomical perfection is conspicuous in Michel Angelo's works, but here he has added softness of features, gracefulness of form, and an exquisite polish, not surpassed, perhaps, by any. Unfortunately he left this charming figure unfinished, and no one has attempted to try his chisel upon it after that of Buo-

naroti. Some verses which were written at the time about this statue, alluding to its expected awakening, gave occasion to Michel Angelo's reply in the following verses, which he put in the mouth of Night, and which relate to the political dissensions of his age :—

Grato mi è il Sonno e più l'esser' di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura ;
Non veder' non sentir' m' è gran' ventura ;
Perciò non mi destar : deh parla basso."

Most of the streets of Florence are narrow; the buildings are lofty and ancient looking, the palaces massive and ponderous, like so many fortresses, all which throws a shade of gloom over the interior of the city. The venerable Palazzo Vecchio, once the Government-house, the palaces, Riccardi (built by the first Cosmo de' Medici,) Strozzi, and the palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand Dukes, are peculiarly striking for their imposing, but heavy and cheerless, appearance. Even the Uffizj, or great repository of the national museum, partakes of this fault. The architecture of Florence dates from the thirteenth century; Arnolfo di Lapo, disciple of Cimabue, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Buonaroti, and Vasari, were its most celebrated masters. Some structures on the Lung' Arno, or quays, along the river, are more elegantly built; among these the palace Corsini deserves notice. But when you emerge out of the populous part of

the city and ascend the ramparts, or issue out of the gates, and behold the neighbouring hills covered with gardens and casini, then Florence resumes all its attractions.

The gardens of Boboli, annexed to the palace Pitti, which is the residence of the Grand Duke, are very extensive, and enclosed within the walls of the town. In them all is art, little is left to nature; the avenues are straight, the trees cut into walls and ornaments; the two basins are of marble, and adorned with some fine statues; but the whole plan is too symmetrical. How inferior to some of the Roman villas, particularly to the villa Borghese, and to its delightful groves and its beautiful lake, such, at least, as they were some years ago; for now, they have made sad alterations in them. The gardens of Boboli are adorned with many statues; the group of Adam and Eve, by Naccarini, is particularly admired.

Florence abounds with beautiful walks in its neighbourhood; every gate leads to some of them. There is the Prato, out of Porta San Gallo, or Bologna Gate; Poggio Imperiale near Porta Romana; but the Cascine, out of Porta di Prato, are the most delightful of all. While the central avenues are crowded with splendid equipages which are seen glittering through the foliage of the trees, how pleasant it is on a fine summer eve to ramble

on the solitary path which skirts the bank of the peaceful Arno, while the sun is setting beyond the woody hills of the west! The hill of Fiesole, out of Porta Pinti, affords also some romantic walks; the tributary stream Mugnone has there its source, and forms some pretty cascades in miniature; the view of the country about Florence, from the ancient town of Fiesole, on the summit of the hill, is very grand. In short, the neighbourhood of Florence affords inexhaustible gratifications to the pedestrian, and to the admirer of nature, with this advantage, over other Italian countries, that he may ramble at any time, or to any distance, without being afraid of unpleasant rencontres.

The Tuscans are the gentlest of the Italians; they seem well calculated to inhabit their fine country, which is justly called the garden of Italy. The superiority of their manners above those of other Italians is striking. They are sociable, polite, and courteous to strangers; and their conversation is both instructive and attractive. They are lively and witty, especially the Florentines, and rather inclined to satirical effusions. There is no real populace in Florence; the lower classes are orderly, cheerful, and civil, and as polished, to say the least, as the middle classes of other Italian cities. Their dress is neat, and they have greater taste for cleanliness than any of their neighbours. Crimes of a

black dye, such as murder and highway robbery, which disgrace the southern states of Italy, are very rare amongst them: their natural mildness had, probably, a share in the determination of the late Grand Duke Leopold, to abolish the pain of death. I have been assured, that in the course of many years under his reign, only one instance of murder occurred in his dominions, and that one was committed by a foreigner, belonging to the Papal territories. Criminals were then sent to work at the *ferriere*, iron mines, in the *maremme*, or low lands of the province of Sienna, a very unwholesome country in the summer; and that punishment was, perhaps, worse than death itself.

As a balance for their amiable qualities, the Tuscans are accused, perhaps not altogether without some foundation, of having an ample share of the vices which often accompany a highly refined state of society. Effeminacy, libertinism, dissimulation, and avarice, have been imputed to them by other Italians. Tuscany having existed for a long time as a small state, under an arbitrary though mild government, obliged to keep peace, and to court the friendship of its more powerful neighbours, it is not extraordinary that the Tuscans have not of late been renowned for military character; but the history of their republics, and of their wars in the middle ages, sufficiently

shows that their ancestors were not deficient in this quality. The same causes, and the jealous and oppressive rule of the second house of Medici, may be assigned as the origin of their alleged insincerity; and relaxation of morals was the natural consequence produced by long peace upon a gay people, living under a lovely climate in one of the finest regions of the world. As for their excessive parsimony, which is proverbial in Italy, it may in great measure have originated from the smallness of their incomes; few families in Tuscany are possessed of large fortunes, but a moderate competence and comfort are generally spread throughout the land, which in such a small state is a happy condition of society.

The Tuscans are a well made race of men. Their women are rather handsome; they have generally good complexions, and are inclined to *embonpoint:* the country girls are sunburnt; but they have fine figures, and brilliant eyes, and the whole play of their expressive physiognomy is very attractive. They are spirited and witty, and it is not safe for a man to enter into a contest of words with them, as they have such a fluency of speech, and their memory is so stored with sayings, proverbs, and *bon mots*, that they generally get the laughers on their side. There is an appearance of comfort, and a cheerful look among the peasantry, such as one

does not meet frequently with in the south of Italy. Their manufactories of straw hats, which are very common amongst the country people, and at which the females work, are an additional resource to them. Straw, or black beaver hats are the common head-dress of peasant girls, and the addition of flowers or showy ribbons, tastefully arranged, sets off to advantage their sprightly and expressive features.

The upper classes, although living economically in the interior of their houses, display much luxury in their equipages; and show great taste in their country-houses, which, if not magnificent, are certainly very elegant, although strange to say, most of the owners live in preference in their sombre town residences. It is astonishing to see the number of these villas in the neighbourhood of the capital; they amount to several thousands, scattered over the beautiful hills that surround Florence; which made Ariosto say, that if they were all collected within walls, they would form a city twice as large as Rome.

> Se dentro a un mur sotto un medesmo nome
> Fosser raccolti i tuoi palagi sparsi
> Non ti sarian da pareggiar due Rome.

The modern Tuscans are people easily ruled by a gentle sway. They still remember gratefully the reign of Leopold, the predecessor of the present grand duke; he was really a liberal-minded despot,

and strove to render his people as happy as he could. He diminished the influence of the court of Rome, without openly quarrelling with it; he suppressed several convents, and limited the number of novices, without abolishing altogether the monastic orders; he distributed the taxes equally; encouraged trade; allowed a considerable degree of freedom to his subjects; in short, he deserved the title of the father of his people. Many anecdotes are related of him. One day he was speaking to some Mussulman envoy, about the Santons and Fakirs of the east, who are held in veneration often for the sole reason of their being supposed to be mad. *In our country*, says he, *we have also a similar sort of madmen, but we shut them up in buildings like that*, pointing to a convent which stood opposite.

Leopold, however, when taken out of the contracted sphere of his beloved Tuscany, and placed at the head of the first empire in Europe, became as it were eclipsed. His measures were wavering; he could not pursue on a large scale what he had begun on a diminutive one; his strength and resolution seemed to fail him, just when he had most occasion for them; he was suspected by all parties of insincerity, when sudden death overtook him in time to save the remains of his reputation as a statesman.

The present grand Duke Ferdinand seems to

have inherited, if not the abilities, at least the milder virtues of his predecessor; the people at large are attached to him, as they are to his family, whom they look upon as Italians, born and brought up in Tuscany. They were pleased with his restoration, although they complain of his having been since too much influenced by his relatives of the house of Austria. The great mass of the Tuscans, and of the Italians in general, were never friendly nor heartily attached to the French. *Eppure Ferdinando ha a tornare*, they exclaimed, while under the rule of Maria Louisa of Spain, duchess of Parma; whom Napoleon made queen of Etruria in 1801, and whom he turned out in 1807, when he incorporated Tuscany with the French empire.

Elisa Baciocchi, Napoleon's eldest sister, ruled then Tuscany for several years, with the title of *Grande Duchesse*, although she was in reality no more than a subordinate agent of her brother. As such she cannot perhaps, with justice, be made accountable for the arbitrary acts which she enforced, in obedience to her imperial relative; but she also displayed a haughtiness and a harshness which disgusted the gentle Florentines. She took frequent opportunities of humbling the nobility, who in this country are more unassuming than in other parts of Italy; and many anecdotes are related of her haughty overbearing disposition, by which, as well

as by her features, she appears to have resembled her brother Napoleon more than any of her sisters. Abundance of scandalous reports also circulate about the manners of her court. She certainly did not conciliate the minds of the inhabitants; who, at her departure in 1814, gave her unequivocal marks of dislike. Her husband, Baciocchi, originally an Italian, and formerly an officer in the French armies, was a mere cipher, and had no share in the business of government, for which he did not seem calculated, and of which, happily for him, he was not ambitious. He, however, on his being appointed prince of Lucca, was induced to change his christian name of Pascal, which in Italy sounds vulgar, and is subject to ridicule, being often used as synonymous to that of dunce, into the more dignified one of Felix the first; upon which occasion some Tuscan wit produced the following epigram:

Quando tu eri Pasquale, noi eravam tutti felici;
Or che tu sei Felice, noi siam tutti Pasquali.

He was a harmless good-natured man, and seems to have understood his own mediocrity; for when the gentlemen of Lucca apologized to him for their possible deficiencies in their new capacity of courtiers, saying that they were not accustomed to the situation (Lucca having been until then a republic,) he is said to have replied good-humouredly: "We

will excuse one another mutually, gentlemen, as I am also a novice in my present situation."

The Austrians, who succeeded the French in the temporary possession of Tuscany, did not, however, know better than them how to win the affections of this people. The Florentines were glad to get rid of them, although they say that the grand duke paid several millions to the court of Vienna as a compensation. The Austrians, on their first return to Italy, seem to have disgusted the Italians in general, by their moroseness, parsimony, and haughtiness; and by their living at discretion upon them, not as deliverers, but as conquerors. This, however, was perhaps unavoidable in the exhausted state of the imperial exchequer, after a succession of disastrous wars against the French. It is also well known that the latter had behaved much worse on their first invasion. I wish to be just to all parties, as much as it is possible in this epoch of exaggeration and misrepresentation; and I am aware that the faults of the Austrian government in Italy have been much magnified. I shall have an opportunity of speaking fully on this subject in my historical sketch of Milan and Lombardy, which is the part of Italy now under the sway of Austria.

The government of Tuscany is absolute, like that of all the other Italian states, but is tempered

with so much mildness and moderation, as to render this country the happiest in Italy. The present administration, at the head of which are Fossombroni and Neri Corsini, is enlightened, and seems to enjoy the confidence of the sovereign as well as of the people. The representatives of several of the noble families of this country, the Capponi, the Pucci, the Ridolfi, the Ginori, and others, are zealously engaged in the truly patriotic task of encouraging among their countrymen, arts, sciences, and letters, which several of them cultivate with success. They have founded schools of mutual instruction. They are now endeavouring to establish at Florence a permanent dramatic company. In short, they are busy in promoting the information and welfare of the people, and, what is more to their credit, they do it in a wise, legitimate, and unaffected manner. These, however, and many more noblemen of other states of Italy who are following the same course at Milan, Turin, Venice, Bologna, and Naples, are members of that Italian aristocracy which has been stigmatized in such a sweeping manner by several foreign travellers, and represented as being a degenerated, dissipated, and useless caste, engrossed by trifles, and destitute of energy and liberality!

There are, of course, abuses in Tuscany, and several of these abuses must be derived from the

original fault in the principle of Government; but it is nevertheless certain, that of all Italians the Tuscans have the least reason to complain of their present situation. As for the lamentations about the former glory of their old republics,—when in this small territory of six thousand square miles, there were half a dozen separate states; when Florence, Pisa, Sienna, Pistoja, Arezzo, and other cities, were continually at variance with one another; when Tuscans fought against Tuscans, destroyed and plundered each other, and made their countrymen prisoners; when they were harassed by internal factions, attacked by foreign tyrants, exposed to the encroachment of Popes, Emperors, Kings of France, and Kings of Naples;—it would be worse than idle cant to regret such a state of things which, besides, would be absolutely impracticable in the modern state of Europe. We have only to read the accounts of their own historians, and the descriptions of their poets, and we shall see what was the condition of the citizens of the Tuscan republics before the Medici.

Cosmo and Lorenzo, those two great men of the first House of Medici, who, by their real merit, rose to have the power, without having the title of sovereigns, united the different states of Tuscany, and brought their country to the highest degree of splendour. The second House of Medici,

however, were a different race; they established their authority through foreign assistance, and the Tuscans felt the baneful effects of their suspicious and inquisitorial power. When Tuscany and Austria were under Leopold, a new spirit was diffused into this people, and the impulsion which that Prince gave has continued since to influence their character, even through all the vicissitudes of the last thirty years. If the activity and spirit of inquiry of the Tuscans continue to be accompanied by sober judgment, they will still go on improving their situation, and be of great service to the rest of Italy.

Besides this, living is cheap, the climate temperate, the country beautiful, and adorned with the monuments of the arts; society is agreeable; an air of gaiety and satisfaction is spread on the countenances of men and females; amusement and instruction are both easily procured;—what more can the Tuscans wish for? Although impoverished by foreign rapacity, this country has already, in great measure, recovered from its losses, and if left in peace, will continue to improve: nature is so bountiful to it! The harbour of Leghorn, the only real free port of Italy, is a source of wealth to Tuscany; it is the grand depôt of foreign produce, and the whole town is included in its freedom. It is frequented by vessels of all nations; and its commodious laz-

zarettos, and wise quarantine regulations, afford security against the plague, that dreadful scourge of the Mediterranean. All religions are tolerated at Leghorn, and enjoy the free exercise of their worship; there are chapels of the different Christian sects; synagogues for the Jews; and not long ago even the Mussulmans had there a mosque. There are every day *diligences* between Leghorn and Florence, in which one rides a distance of sixty-seven miles in about ten or eleven hours; the charge inside is three dollars a head. This is the only establishment of the kind in South Italy, where the *vetturini* still monopolize the travelling business.

Society here is pleasant. A certain degree of information is generally spread; many scientific and literary men are to be met in this city; several enterprising and wealthy booksellers carry on their trade, and rival those of Milan. In fact, these two cities are now the two great literary marts of Italy. Circulating libraries have long been established at Florence, although on a small scale; but within a few years a new establishment of this sort has risen, which is, perhaps, the first of the kind in Italy. It is called the Gabinetto Scientifico e Letterario, and is kept in the best style; besides a good library, the best Italian, French, English, and German newspapers and periodicals, are there

to be found. Its central situation in the Palazzo Buondelmonte, near the fine bridge of Sta. Trinita, is an advantage; the proprietor spares no trouble to please his subscribers as well as his accidental visitors *. He is at the same time the Editor of the *Antologia*, an Italian literary journal, published monthly, and uniting the attributes of a magazine and review. The *Antologia* and *La Biblioteca Italiana* of Milan, are by far the two best conducted works of the sort in Italy, being supported by contributors of known literary merit.

The language of the Tuscans is considered to be the pure Italian; it is spoken nearly as genuine by the lower as by the upper classes,—an agreeable peculiarity not to be found in any other part of Italy, where the dialects of the vulgar are quite distinct from the Italian which is spoken in good company. It must be observed, however, that the Tuscans employ many words idiomatic or *recherchés*, which are discarded by the Italian literati of other countries, who consider the use of them as savouring of affectation, and of a too

* I may be allowed to praise this establishment, although the proprietor is a namesake and relative of mine, since it has been already favourably mentioned by several travellers, as being an agreeable and useful novelty in Italy. In France, England, or Germany, an undertaking of this sort would have nothing very remarkable; but it is quite another thing in this country.

scrupulous adherence to the dictionary of La Crusca. A striking contrast between the jargon of a fanatical *Cruscante*, and the plain elegant Italian of Tasso, is found in one of Goldoni's comedies, called *Torquato Tasso*, one of the most amusing productions of that celebrated dramatist. Another strong objection against the language of the Tuscans, is their guttural pronunciation, by which the letter *c*, when placed before the vowels *a*, *o*, *u*, is changed into a strongly aspirated *h*, which gives to their words a twang far from agreeable to the ear, and certainly not consistent with Italian harmony and softness. It makes their conversation at first unintelligible to a stranger; so much so, that an Englishman of my acquaintance, who understood Italian tolerably well, said, on his arrival at Florence, that he thought the people were talking Spanish. *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, is an old hackneyed proverb; still I am of opinion that it is at Rome, among the educated classes, that one hears the genuine Italian spoken in its purity;—the Italian of Tasso and of Metastasio.

Florence is a most agreeable residence for a person fond of the arts; indeed such is the display of statues, relievos, and pictures, that I almost think any man would acquire a taste for them in this atmosphere. The gallery is one of the richest

museums in Europe; its numerous master-pieces of sculpture and painting have been described in every language. The collection of busts of the Roman Emperors is most complete, in the best preservation, and arranged with great judgment and taste. The medals and cameos form another and not less valuable treasure.

Under the neighbouring Loggia de' Lanzi, and on the square before the Palazzo Vecchio, are several statues and groupes by Michel Angelo, Bandinelli, Cellini, and Bologna. Other works of these artists are scattered in several parts of the city.

The principal libraries of Florence are the Laurenziana, the Riccardiana, and the Magliabecchiana, rich in manuscripts and rare books. Several academies exist in this city;—the academy of the fine arts, to which Benvenuti, and Morghen belong; that of the Georgofili for the encouragement of agriculture, and industry; and the Academia Fiorentina, which has succeeded that of La Crusca, in its assumed authority over the Italian language.

Before I leave Southern Italy, I will say something of Italian women, a subject particularly interesting.

Much has been said of the grace and beauty of the women of Italy, and much also of the levity of their conduct and of the looseness of their morals. The latter, I am inclined to think, have been often

exaggerated; many travellers are apt to judge of a whole nation from the inhabitants of towns, and of these they form their opinion, from one or two classes, of which they have only known a few individuals. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the manners, language, and humour of the inhabitants of a country; to live with them for a long time; and to identify one self with them; in order to estimate them properly. A stranger is apt to infer criminal conduct from appearances of indelicacy, and to measure every thing by the standard of his own land. The middling classes, which form a numerous and respectable part of every nation, are generally less known to him than the upper and the popular ones.

Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other country in Europe. But the English and Italian beauties, although both interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for the delicacy and bloom of their complexions, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their persons and dress; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women, to which I replied that I thought them all handsome. This

is the first impression they produce. There is an air of calmness and pensiveness about them, which surprises and interests particularly a native of the south. They seem to look, if I may apply to them the fine lines of one of their living poets:

> With eyes so pure, that from their ray
> Dark vice would turn abash'd away;
> * * * * * * *
> Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
> Mingling the meek and vestal fires
> Of other worlds, with all the bliss
> The fond weak tenderness of this.

The Italian beauties are of a different kind. Their features are more regular, more animated; their complexions bear the marks of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires; their carriage is graceful and noble; they have generally good figures; they are not indeed angelic forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed by some that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be an indirect cause conducing to the general beauty of the sex; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is perhaps one of the principal reasons why Italy has so long excelled in figure painters. A handsome female countenance, animated by the expression of

the soul, is among the finest works of nature; the sight of it elevates the mind, and kindles the sparks of genius. Raphael took the models of his charming Madonnas from nature. Titian, Guido, Caracci, and others, derived their ideas of female beauty from the exquisite countenances so frequent in their native country.

In the north of Italy women are taller and fairer than in the south, and this difference is particularly striking in the peasantry. The Tuscan country girls are in general handsome; those of Lombardy and Piedmont are more homely, but still ruddy, healthy, and gay; while the female peasantry in some parts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, worn out by a life of toil and want—scorched by a burning sun, and labouring under the influence of a poisoned atmosphere—sunk in ignorance, apathy, and filth, are mostly remarkable for their pale looks and squalid appearance; yet, even amongst them, one may trace the fine contour of the Italian features, and a vivid expression which still lingers in the half-extinguished eye. But, if from the low and unhealthy regions of the *maremma*, one proceeds to the mountains of Abruzzo, Sabina, and Umbria, a striking difference is immediately perceived in the women, owing to the beneficial influence of a wholesome air; and the Italian

glance and the Italian smile are expressed on every countenance.

With respect to their character, the Italian women have several qualities in common with other southern females, such as those of Spain and Greece. Love is the predominant passion in Italy; almost every other is subservient to it; its influence and power, and the different shapes in which it affects its votaries, are shewn by the national poetry and songs, in which sentiments are frequently found that to a foreigner seem exaggerated, but which are perfectly natural to the Italians. Love with them is the business of life; it is the source of affection or hatred, generosity or revenge, of joy or despair, of life or death. Young and old submit to its sway, and no one is ashamed to confess himself its slave. *Fate l'amore? chi è la vostra innamorata?* are common questions in Italy, and ordinary topics of familiar conversation. What are the causes of this universal bias, especially among women? Nature, climate, and education; the influence of the first two cannot be doubted by any observer of mankind, and that of the last is very powerful in Italy. Girls from their infancy are in a certain manner taught to love; the books that are put in their hands are full of the tender passion, which forms the chief interest and main

spring of all their poetry; they are mostly unacquainted with those more serious studies which strengthen the mind; their principal accomplishment is music, and they learn to breathe their half-suppressed sighs, in singing a tender *canzone* accompanied by the soft tones of the guitar. Kept under the watchful eyes of their parents or guardians, debarred from the intercourse of men, their principal resource is the balcony, which is thrown open during a great part of the year; there they pass whole hours, working, and looking on at the same time at the people in the houses opposite, or at those who pass in the street; there they often make acquaintance with some young man, and keep up a sort of mute dialogue with him, from which begins the whole drama of courtship and love. The *Passeggio* or public walk, which, in most Italian towns, is in some of the principal streets, on Sundays and other holidays, affords young women a good opportunity of seeing and of being seen. The *Corso* at Rome, *Toledo* at Naples, *Porta Orientale* at Milan, *I Portici* at Turin, and *Strada Nova* at Genoa, are all famous places for the display of female beauty.

Devotion and love are often closely allied in an Italian woman. A religion full of mysteries; myriads of saints of both sexes, whose images are painted in the churches with all the magical art of

Raphael, Guido, Correggio, and of other great masters; but above all, the worship of the Virgin, that mystical being, pure and modest, and yet lovely and exalted, and who seems to be the natural patroness of her sex, and the type of youth, beauty, and virtue united: all these spread over the Catholic worship a kind of poetical charm which softens the hearts of its fair followers, exalts their minds, and often connects sentiments that the natives of colder climates, and the votaries of sects more austere, would think incompatible with one another. The character of Clementina, as described in Grandison, is by no means rare amongst Italian females. When bereaved of the object of their affections, they fade like roses deprived of the dew of heaven, and they resort to the bosom of religion, as the only consolation which is left them in this world. They embrace with a romantic ardour the monastic life, and submit willingly and almost cheerfully to its privations and tediousness; even the idea of death loses its terrors, and they see in the next world an asylum of bliss, where, freed from all the obstacles created by men and by men's laws, they will join their lovers for eternity, and where they will say with the poet:

Questi che mai da me non fia diviso.

This exquisite sensibility of the Italian women is

generally allied to a certain degree of the melancholy which is characteristic of the natives of the south, and which makes them sometimes feel the emptiness of the pleasures of this world, and wish for the purer and more exalted enjoyments which are promised to us in the next. This disposition of the mind, this void of the heart, is one of the sources by which nunneries were filled. Several years ago a Neapolitan lady of rank, rich and independent, and in the bloom of life, who had led a round of pleasure, and mixed in all the gaieties of the world, assembled her friends one day, and after entertaining them with a sumptuous dinner, she retired apparently in high spirits. An hour afterwards, having ordered her carriage, she drove to the convent of *Le Eremite*, where, after dismissing her attendants, to whom she delivered a sealed letter for her brothers, communicating to them her final resolution, she entered the gates of the nunnery, which, closing behind her, separated her for ever from the world. No one knew the reasons which led her to this strange determination. The convent of *Le Eremite* is the strictest in Naples; the nuns have no communication with any person without their walls, excepting with their confessor; they are not acquainted with any thing that happens in the world, and their friends are not even apprised of their deaths. The house is enclosed within the

precincts of another nunnery, that of *Suor' Orsola*, and it is by means of the inmates of the latter, that they receive their provisions and other necessaries of life. They enjoy, however, from their grated windows, the splendid and animated scene of the bay of Naples; which, it is to be hoped for the peace of their minds, does not recall memories of past happiness, and that longing after terrestrial pleasures, which would disturb the tranquil resignation so necessary to a recluse.

The latter part of the sketch I have attempted to draw of Italian women may appear fanciful and romantic; yet I can assure my readers that it is taken from facts, though I by no means intend to imply that it is applicable to the generality. I have represented their minds in a state of exaltation, to which the females of this country have certainly a natural tendency, but which is more or less developed according to circumstances. This disposition leads many of them out of the regular path, it is true; yet even in their errors there is often a spirit of generosity, which keeps them above total degradation. There is always a degree of exaltation attending passionate feelings, while there is nothing but mean baseness in selfishness and vanity. An Italian woman when led on by passion follows headlong the dictates of her heart; she sacrifices herself—her reputation—her all—to the

object of her affection: *womanhood or fame* are nothing more to her, and if she meets with coldness and dereliction she is miserable beyond description. We may blame, but yet must pity her, and leave her failings to the mercy of that Being who can best read the secrets of the human heart.

If, however, an Italian female is so favoured by circumstances, as to meet with a worthy object, and a legitimate attachment, then she becomes the most amiable of creatures. There is such a fund of affection in her heart, her looks are so impassionate, her language is so soft, her manners so engaging, that she proves a treasure to the man who knows how to appreciate her. She can put up with any inconvenience and privation for his sake. The Italian women are in general good-natured, compassionate, and kind; they are naturally gay, more inclined to smile than to frown; endowed by nature with rich mental gifts, they have shone in the career of sciences, letters, and the fine arts, whenever education, or circumstances, have favoured them. When their understanding sare not cultivated they seem to want something to occupy their thoughts, but this void lasts only as long as their hearts are disengaged; the passion of love changes their character, and they become serious, thoughtful, and melancholy.

The southern nations are more inclined to enthusiasm than those of the north. The contemplation of nature in all her beauty; that kind of listless weariness which is the effect of the climate; nights of calm and loveliness; the little want one feels for society in a country where an evening walk or a lounge on a terrace are often substituted for crowded assemblies and close parties;—all these render solitude agreeable, and solitude produces pensiveness and enthusiasm. The mind uninterrupted by the trifling cares of vanity, and unfettered by the shackles of the world, has full leisure to nurse and cherish one single idea, one remembrance, which, by degrees, becomes an essential part of existence.

To those who are well acquainted with Italy, it is not unknown that Italian girls, notwithstanding the temptations to which they are exposed, come to the nuptial altar unspotted and unsullied. As for married women, the custom of having a *patito* or *cavalier servente* (the name of *cicisbeo* has been long out of fashion) must be understood to be confined to the inhabitants of cities, and, among these, chiefly to the upper classes. The bourgeois, and the lower people, even at Genoa, which is looked upon as the very land of *cicisbeism*, never adopted the custom; and husbands and wives of these classes live in as good domestic understanding as those of

any other country. With regard to the inhabitants of the provinces, that is to say, two-thirds of the Italians, they still entertain much respect for marriage vows and marriage duties; and if instances occur of their breaking them, the infraction is attended with as much disgrace, and as many evil consequences, as in any transalpine country. The provincial husbands still retain some of the old proverbial jealousy of the Italians, and their wives show great submission and respect towards them. In this particular, the occupation of the country by foreign military has spread a certain degree of corruption; but in the remote and mountainous provinces, there is yet a great deal of patriarchal simplicity and virtue. In the *Riviere* of Genoa, in the valleys of the Alps and of the Apennines, and even in many districts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, the people are simple, virtuous, and religious; attached to their families, regular in their conduct, peaceful, satisfied, and happy.

Resuming all that I have stated, I am really persuaded that, with the exception of some great cities, as Venice and Naples, there is not more corruption in Italy than in other parts of the continent; and that it is chiefly owing to the free unreserved manners of the inhabitants, their mode of living as

it were in public, and their constitutional joviality and familiarity, that strangers are apt to form hasty conclusions to the disadvantage of the Italian sex, of which a more intimate acquaintance would shew them the fallacy.

CHAPTER IX.

LOMBARDY.

I LEFT Florence in a *vetturino* coach, and proceeded across the Apennines to Bologna. The carriage was old fashioned and uncomfortable, as the generality of them are, holding six people inside, and drawn by four horses, which dragged us along at the rate of thirty miles a day, making a halt of two hours in the middle of the day, and stopping at night. The horses are never changed during the journey, and they generally keep on at an easy pace, which is seldom altered into a trot. This is the only means of conveyance for travellers over the greater part of Italy, unless they choose to ride post. This last way is, however, preferable, and not very expensive, if two or three people join together. There are good post-chaises to be bought in almost every town of Italy, which, after carrying you all over the country, may be sold again at very little loss. The *vetturino* is but a poor substitute for an English stage-coach, or even for a French *diligence*. These *vetturini* are to be

found in every part of Italy; some of them are possessed of considerable property, having a great number of carriages, which they send all over Italy, and often into France, Germany, Poland, and even Russia. There was a man at Florence, of the name of Pollastro, who did considerable business in this line; he enjoyed a great reputation for his attention to travellers, the goodness of his coaches, and the superiority of his mules (for such he mostly employed), and the honesty of the drivers who were in his service. Travellers generally bargain with the *vetturino* to carry them and their baggage to such a place for a certain sum, for which he is to provide them also with their dinner, and bed at night. This makes it very convenient for people of small income, as they are thereby free from any extra expense on the road. A certain experience, however, is required, to make a good bargain with the *vetturini*, as they will ask at first a great deal more than the regular charge. They have no fixed days of departure, but will set off as soon as they have engaged a sufficient number of travellers to defray their expenses, and to afford them a moderate profit. The common charge of the *vetturino* for one person, is about half a *louis d'or*, or ten shillings a day.

The distance between Florence and Bologna is about sixty-five Italian miles, and the road is

entirely mountainous, as it passes over the great ridge of the Apennines. These mountains, which might be called the spinal bone of South Italy, keep all along at a nearly equal distance from the Adriatic and the Mediterranean Seas. The Apennines give to Italy that variety of climate, productions and landscape, for which this country is so remarkable; so that the traveller departing from any point of the sea-shore may, in one day's journey, find himself transported, as if by enchantment, from sultry plains and sun-burnt fields, into cool verdant groves and cloud-capped summits. These mountains have a sloping conical shape; the highest part of them is mostly naked, and bears a dark cheerless aspect; but some of the valleys at their base are delightful beyond description, and realize all we read of rural beauties in romances and fairy tales.

Between *Le Maschere* and *Scaricalasino* is the highest part of the mountain, called the *Giogo;* and here the road is rather dangerous, as it hangs over tremendous precipices, without any kind of parapet. The sudden gusts of wind, and the mists which rise frequently in these upper regions, are not apt to quiet the alarms of the unexperienced traveller. At *Scaricalasino* we left the territory of Tuscany, and entered the Papal States; our baggage underwent an examination by the custom

house people, and our passports were inspected by the military officer on duty; two tiresome formalities which one must put up with frequently in travelling through Italy, as they occur every time one passes from one state into another, and sometimes twice in the same day. We descended from the Apennines into the fertile plains of the Bolognese, which have given to this city the epithet of *Bologna la Grassa*.

This city is situated in a most rich country, watered by numerous rivers which empty themselves into the Po. The principal among them is the Reno, which flows near the walls of Bologna. Industry has well improved those natural advantages for the purposes of agriculture and commerce. A number of canals have been cut to join the different rivers; and there are packet boats called *corriere*, which go regularly from Bologna to Venice and back again, and by which passengers may proceed in a pleasant and economical manner. They pass from the Reno into the Po, from the Po into the Adige, and from the latter river into the Lagune.

Bologna is a considerable city, containing above sixty thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow and dark, and rendered more so by low arcades with which they are lined on both sides; these are however convenient to shelter the pedestrian from

the rain in winter, and the heat of the sun in summer, although they certainly do not add to the beauty of the town. There are in the middle of the city two towers remarkable for their great height, the Asinelli and the Garisenda, the latter of which, like the celebrated tower of Pisa, is so constructed as to lean considerably on one side; but the resemblance ends there, for it cannot boast of the elegance of architecture of the Pisan steeple, being built of brick and without ornaments.

Bologna contains several remarkable churches and palaces, which are particularly rich in paintings, by the brothers Caracci, Guercino, and others of the Lombard and Venetian schools. It is perhaps the richest city in Italy in works of art. The principal churches are that of St. Peter, San Petronio, San Domenico, and i Celestini. The church of La Madonna della Guardia, out of the town, is joined to it by an arcade of nearly three miles in length. The palaces Caprara and Ranuzzi are the most admired for their architecture. The beautiful fountain in the Piazza del Gigante is the work of the celebrated sculptor Giovanni Bologna.

The institution or university of Bologna has produced many distinguished characters, especially in experimental philosophy, medicine, and surgery, among whom figure several ladies. Clotilde Tambroni sat not many years ago in the chair of Greek

literature. Among the distinguished men of our days are the famous Galvani; his nephews the two Aldini, one a diplomatist, and the other a celebrated naturalist; the linguist Mezzofanti; the professors Venturoli, and Pozzetti; several eminent jurisconsults such as Gambari and Magnani, and others. The famous Zambeccari, an intrepid aëronaut, was a native of Bologna. He devoted his life to the improvement of that modern discovery, and was several times in great danger in his aërial excursions, particularly once, when his balloon was driven into the Adriatic sea, where he was nearly lost. He was rescued from his perilous situation by some fishermen. He at last died in 1812, a victim to his zeal for aëronautic experiments.

The Bolognese form a medium between their neighbours the Tuscans and the Lombards or Milanese. They have something of the liveliness and wit of the former, and much of the open good humoured disposition of the latter. Although long subject to the Popes, they always enjoyed considerable privileges, and the name of *Libertas* still continued to appear on their arms and on their coins. A Cardinal Legate sent from Rome acted as governor, and that situation was looked upon as one of great trust and importance in the Papal administration. When the French invaded Lombardy in the name of liberty, the Bolognese could not resist

the temptation; they showed themselves enthusiastic admirers of the new system; their wishes were at last gratified, and they became citizens of the short-lived Cisalpine Republic. I rather suspect, however, they soon found out their mistake, and began to see through the arts of their pretended liberators; an epigram that was circulated about that time, after a hail storm which destroyed their harvest, seems to bear witness to the cooling of their sentiments towards the French and their General Bonaparte, who is in it profanely but sarcastically alluded to as a second Almighty.

L' Altissimo di sù ci manda la tempesta,
L' Altissimo di giù ci mangia quel che resta;
E' fra questi due Altissimi
Noi siamo poverissimi.

After the republican drama, followed first the consular, and next the imperial and royal systems of government. Bologna followed the fate of the other states of Upper Italy, and became a part of the kingdom of that name under the Viceroy Eugene. It continued so until the unforeseen reverses of the French armies, in 1814, induced Murat, then king of Naples, to think of profiting by his brother-in-law's errors and misfortunes, in securing to himself the friendship of the allies. He moved towards the north of Italy at the head of a fine army, and acted in concert with the Austrians

and English, in the campaign against the Italian army under Eugene. Murat in his progress occupied Bologna, where he had his head-quarters for some time during that momentous crisis. His troops fought at Rubiera, near Reggio, between Modena and Parma; and for once in modern history, a Neapolitan army had the advantage, and that, over Eugene's veteran soldiers, the sharers of Napoleon's military fame. The Italian General Severoli was severely wounded in the action. When at last, after Napoleon's first abdication and Eugene's capitulation at Mantua, Murat returned to his own dominions, the Austrians occupied Bologna and the whole country as far as the Rubicon, on the frontiers of the Marca d' Ancona. Those provinces were provisionally governed by Austrian military commanders, who, it should seem, did not find the means of gaining the affections of the Bolognese; for, on Murat's second advance into Upper Italy in the spring of 1815, no longer as an ally but as an enemy of Austria, pretending to re-establish the unity and independence of Italy, these magical words had again their wonted effect upon the minds of the Bolognese, who showed with more eagerness than prudence, their zeal for what they looked upon as the common cause of the country. Many young men of respectable families, and even the students of the university, enlisted themselves in the ranks

of Murat's army; and the consequence was, that a few weeks after, when that army was thoroughly beaten by the Austrians in the actions of Occhiobello and Carpi, and obliged to retire precipitately towards Ancona, those Bolognese who had so rashly compromised themselves, were left to the cruel alternative either of expatriating themselves or of remaining exposed to the retaliation of an incensed conqueror. The city and territory of Bologna, and those of Ferrara and Romagna, are called the three Legazioni, and are now restored to the civil administration of the Pope, their former sovereign.

From Bologna we proceeded by another vetturino through Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Piacenza; the country is flat, although the Apennines of Tuscany are seen at no great distance on the left. Each of the four last mentioned cities have had their times of political independence and splendour in the middle ages, when they were ruled by their native princes of the houses of Este and Farnese. At present, Modena and Reggio are governed by the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, who is married to a princess of Sardinia; and Parma and Piacenzo form the sovereignty which has been bestowed upon the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, as a compensation for the thrones of France and Italy. I saw but little of those cities, only stopping a short time in each of them. They appeared to me remarkably

dull and gloomy; although situated in a fertile country, there seems to be but little trade and industry. 'The grass grows in several of the streets of Modena, and even in the square in front of the splendid ducal palace. But how can it be otherwise? Little states encompassed on every side by a line of custom-houses, destitute of capital, of resources, at a distance from the sea, obliged to pay heavy taxes to maintain a court, an administration, and an army; their sovereigns under the influence of foreign powers; such is the condition of these inland sovereignties; and can it be wondered at if the people do not thrive? The cathedral of Modena is a singular gloomy Gothic structure: the marble tower is one of the loftiest in Italy. From Modena there is a direct road to Florence across the Apennines, without passing through Bologna.

Parma is a large city, but very thinly inhabited, surrounded by walls and ditches. The river Parma runs through it. Of a great number of rivers which we passed in our journey, all of which empty themselves into the Po, the most considerable is the Taro, which we crossed in a ferry a few miles beyond Parma. This river has its source in the Ligurian Apennines; and there is a road from Parma which follows its course through the Val di Taro, and then leads across the mountains into the Genoese territories, and to the shores of the Mediterranean.

It was, I believe, through this road that General Macdonald, now Duke of Tarentum, led his troops, coming from the farthest parts of the kingdom of Naples, to fight against the famous Suwarrow, at the sanguinary battle of La Trebbia, under the walls of Piacenza, in 1799. The great theatre of Parma is one of the largest and best built in Italy. The churches abound with paintings by Correggio and Parmegiano.

Piacenza is rather a cheerful looking place, finely situated on the right or southern bank of the Po. Being built on an elevated ground and in an open country, it is seen at some distance; this is not the case with the other towns of Lombardy, which, being surrounded by gardens and trees, are not perceivable until one arrives at the very gates. Piacenza is a fortified town; it commands one of the principal passages over the Po. The palace of the ancient dukes is a remarkable building, with a covered gallery running round it; the brass equestrian statues, in the square before it, of two princes of the Farnese family, are very fine. The Po forms the boundary of the Austrian dominions in Italy. We passed that noble river on a bridge of boats, and after going through the usual inspection of our baggage and passports, proceeded through the Milanese territories. We passed by Lodi, an apparently populous and bustling town, and arrived

at Milan on the fourth day after leaving Bologna. The whole distance is about one hundred and twenty Italian miles. I thought I saw a great improvement in the appearance of the country and of the inhabitants after crossing the Po, and particularly in approaching Milan. An air of neatness and comfort, cleaner houses, improved looks of the peasants, the roads frequented by people going from one town to the other, wealthy farmers riding in their *cabriolets*, fields well cultivated, canals cut in every direction for the purpose of irrigation; all this made an agreeable contrast with the solitude, the heavy looks of the people, and the gloomy towns on the south of the Po. The females, too, were fairer and handsomer than those I had seen in the states of Modena and Parma. As for the language, it is all bad enough: since I left the frontiers of Tuscany I have not heard any Italian spoken. A succession of the most disagreeable dialects, such as the Bolognese, Modenese, Parmesan, and Milanese, all broad and harsh, and differing only from bad to worse, have tormented my ears. At Milan, the better people speak good Italian, but still with a broad accent, of which they seldom can divest themselves.

Milan is a very fine city, the first in the north of Italy, for its wealth, influence, and population; the capital once of the kingdom of Italy, and now of

the Austrian territories in that country, which are united under the name of Regno Lombardo Veneto, a denomination much less imposing than the former. It is built in the middle of the immense plains of Lombardy, at an equal distance from the Alps and the Po. The rivers Olona and Lario flow by its walls; besides which, there is the canal called Naviglio, which runs through the town, and which affords a communication with the Ticino and the Adda, and through these with the Po, and with the lakes Maggiore and di Como. This canal is to Milan a great source of commerce and wealth. The ancient city is irregularly built, and is surrounded on all sides by the Naviglio, beyond which is the modern part of the town, erected in an elegant and splendid style. The whole is surrounded by ramparts, planted with trees, like the Boulevards of Paris, and used as a public walk. Milan is not a fortified city; it had a citadel, or castle, which was razed in the late wars; a part of it still exists and has been converted into barracks for soldiers. The citadel stood on the place where the Campo di Marte, or reviewing ground, now is. The approaches to Milan are fine; the roads good, and lined with double rows of trees; every thing impresses the traveller with the idea of a great metropolis; it is the gayest city in Italy next to Naples, but, at the same time, much more civilized and re-

fined than that southern capital. Milan is remarkable above other Italian cities in general, for an air of wealth, splendour, and luxury; it is full of bustle and life, participating of foreign taste, elegance, and improvement, which may be ascribed to the long residence of the French, who called it *le petit Paris*. The population of Milan is above one hundred thousand inhabitants; it was still more considerable when the Viceroy Eugene resided here. The principal gates, or rather barriers, of Milan, are, the Porta Romana; the Porta Marengo, which opens into the road to Pavia and Genoa; the Porta Vercellina, which leads to Vercelli and Turin; the Porta Sempione, so called on account of the famous military road of that name; and the Porta Orientale, leading to Bergamo and Brescia. The road leading through the latter gate, called Il Corso di Porta Orientale, is much frequented as a walk by the fashionables of Milan on Sunday evenings. Splendid carriages, elegantly dressed pedestrians, all proceed there, to display their finery. Many handsome females, who resort here from every part of Italy for no creditable purposes, mix in the crowd with the citizen's wives and daughters. Women do not wear any thing over their heads, but a great profusion of real and false hair divided into tresses and ringlets. The women of Milan are rather fair; they have full features, fine eyes, and are much

inclined to *embonpoint*. Great dissipation, relaxation of morals, and a thirst for pleasure, seem to prevail at Milan, and every facility is given to these propensities. Public licensed gambling-houses are daily opened at Milan, where people may go and ruin themselves with the permission of the police.

I went to see the celebrated Theatre of la Scala, one of the finest in Europe, and which rivals San Carlo of Naples. There are besides several other theatres for the Opera Buffa and prose performances.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, of Milan, is one of the largest in Europe. It stands in the centre of the town, and its spire, which serves as a directing post to strangers, may be seen from almost every part of it; the exterior of this edifice is one of the most laboured and magnificent efforts of Gothic architecture. It is a mountain of marble, cut, for the most part, into diminutive ornaments, obelisks, columns, and statues, of all sizes. The front has been built at three different times and in three different styles; the Roman, the Gothic, and the modern are contrasted together. The interior of the church is grand and imposing, but not much ornamented, and is not kept clean. It is divided into five naves. I ascended to the summit of the church; it is like a forest of marble, if I may be

allowed the expression. There are more than a hundred spires, or obelisks, of various dimensions, with a dozen or two of small statues placed in niches round each obelisk, so that a great number of them are lost to the sight. One may imagine what an immense labour and expense! It is not yet completed, however, on one side; the revenues allotted for the purpose of terminating this monument of bad taste, were seized by the revolutionary government. Napoleon afterwards allotted four millions for the purpose. The stone used for this colossal building is a kind of white marble, and has been taken from the mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore. There are five hundred and twenty steps to ascend up the dome to a small gallery that runs around the spire, from which I had a most beautiful view of the plain of Lombardy, and of the chain of Alps which border it in a semicircle on the northern side. This panorama is the grandest and most extensive I have seen, and I would recommend to all travellers not to miss it in passing by Milan, for it is well worth the trouble; it must be seen on a clear morning, a thing not very common in this city. Turning to the north, I saw that barrier of mountains covered with eternal ice, from the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont on the left, down to the Rhætian and Tyrolean Alps to the east; a few peaks such as the St. Bernard, the

St. Gothard, and others, were conspicuous by their towering height, and by the snowy waste spread around their sides, which seems to forbid our approach. Sublime in their wintry horrors, they frown on the world below; but their heads rise above the region of storms and share the brightness of the ethereal skies.

"——————— Ces monts sourcilleux,
Qui pressent les enfers et qui fendent les Cieux."

Below them, the fertile plains of Piedmont, Lombardy, and of the Venetian States, lie spread like a vast parterre cut by rivers, interlined with trees, and chequered with towns, villages, and hamlets: far to the south the chain of Tuscan Apennines, extending across the peninsula from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, appeared as a faint line, half lost in the horizontal vapours; still the imagination penetrated beyond that line, for on the other side lies the sacred ground of Italy, the classical land of Etruria, Rome, and Campania Felix! While I was lost in contemplation, a mist arose, and at once the Alps and the Apennines, Lombardy and its towns, all vanished, like a momentary dream of bliss.

The Milanese are a good natured quiet race of men, fond of ease and comfort; they like good eating, drinking, and pleasures in general. This disposition is the natural consequence of living under

a mild climate in a land of plenty, for such is Lombardy above all other countries, and of being deprived of the stimulus of national spirit and ambition. Very few beggars are to be seen in the streets of Milan, a pleasing exception from the rest of Italy. All kinds of provisions are good, cheap, and plentiful; the plains produce abundance of corn, rice, wine, and vegetables; the valleys of the Alps afford excellent pasture for cattle; and meat, milk, butter, and cheese, are superior in this country. It is a matter of astonishment to a stranger how, after such a period of wars and invasions as that which has just closed, during which myriads of troops have lived at discretion in this devoted country, and enormous contributions have been exacted by foreign rulers,—how, I say, Lombardy is still one of the richest countries in Europe; a year or two of tranquillity being sufficient to make up for all those calamities: so bountiful has nature been to this land! The tables of the Milanese are copiously supplied; they make, at least, three substantial meals a-day; they are, therefore, looked upon as gourmands by the more frugal Italians of the south. *Minestra*, or soup, is not here, as beyond the Apennines, the first dish, and the *sine qua non* of an Italian dinner; they have a first course composed of entremêts, sausages, fried meat or liver, highly seasoned, to whet

the appetite, after which come soup, *bouilli*, and the more substantial dishes. Their way of dressing their victuals is also less Italian; oil is almost discarded, and, instead of it, they use a great deal of butter, which makes me think myself almost out of Italy. Common wine is very bad; but wines from Brianza, and the hills near the lakes, as well as from Piedmont and other provinces, are very pleasant, wholesome, and reasonable. One of the most favourite dishes with the Milanese is the *risotto*, or rice, made up in a kind of pudding with hashed meat, butter, eggs, and saffron, and highly seasoned.

I had formerly heard the Italians of the south call Lombardy, and particularly Milan, the Bœotia of Italy; the appellation was even then unjust, but would be more so now, that this city is become the centre of Italian literature. Lombardy has produced of late many names illustrious in the republic of letters; and Milan, after it was made the capital of the kingdom of Italy, became the general resort of learning and genius. Cesarotti, Monti, Parini, Gianni, and other modern Italian poets, made it their principal residence. More books are published at Milan than in all the rest of Italy; and several periodical publications on scientific, classical, and literary subjects, superior to any thing of the same sort formerly known

on the south of the Alps, are now printed at Milan, Padua, and Pavia. I went to the university and academy at Brera, where I visited the Pinacoteca, or museum of the fine arts; there are many paintings by Guido, Titian, Andre del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, the Caracci, Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, *&c.* A Raphael in his early style, representing the marriage of the Virgin Mary, shows how inferior are those early specimens of that great master's powers to his subsequent works, particularly in softness and delicacy. In the sculpture room there are a great number of casts, but few statues. The library is a fine one, divided into several rooms; I was shewn editions of Horace, Dante, and others, of the first era of typography.

The Circo, or amphitheatre, which stands on one side of the Piazza d' arme, or reviewing ground, is a modern building erected during the French dominion, in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres, and intended for the display of public games, such as chariot races, and bull fights. It is of an oval form; the arena is about one hundred and twenty French toises in length; on one side is the *pulvinare*, or covered gallery, magnificently ornamented with painted stuccoes, and where the sovereign and his court take their station to see the games. The arena is so constructed, as to be filled

occasionally with water, and to be transformed into a naumachia for rowing-matches. Under the French government, the amphitheatre, on remarkable occasions, was opened to the public gratis; in this way they contrived to lull the people asleep, by affording them amusements and dissipation, much in the same manner that the Roman emperors gave fights of gladiators, to captivate the affection of the populace, and make them lose sight of their oppressive sway. At the farthest end of the Piazza d' arme, is the triumphal arch intended for Bonaparte, but which has not been finished; the bassi relievi, representing his victories, are huddled together under temporary barracks, and the whole arch is surrounded by a wooden shed.

One of the finest walks of Milan is the Foro, in the neighbourhood of the Piazza d' arme; it is planted with trees, which afford a pleasant shade. Near the Porta Orientale there is a fine palace with gardens, formerly called Villa Bonaparte, and now the residence of the Austrian governor. By degrees the obnoxious names are dropped, and every thing modelled to the taste of the present rulers.

The Basilica Ambrosiana, dedicated to Sant' Ambrogio, Bishop of Milan, is a very ancient and extensive building, situated in a romantic, solitary part of the city. One of the peculiar charms of Italy is, in my opinion, that every part of it con-

tains monuments and buildings, which waft our imagination to times and circumstances of uncommon interest,—to remote ages, of which we can form but an imperfect and obscure idea; our curiosity is interested, and solemn reflections ensue. The name of Ambrose, that undaunted defender of the orthodox church, carries the mind back to the times when Milan was the capital of the western empire, when emperors and Cæsars kept their court in that city, and thence ruled civilized Europe. The library, attached to the Basilica, is rich in manuscripts; many of which, together with several *papirii*, were taken away by the French.

One of the most interesting buildings in Milan is the great hospital. It is a long parallelogram of considerable extent, situated close to the canal Naviglio. It has the disadvantage of being too much in the centre of the city, an inconvenience common to many ancient institutions of the same kind, formed in times when the knowledge of medicine was still in its infancy. In the middle of it is a spacious court surrounded by porticoes, under which, on certain days of the year, are exposed the portraits of the numerous benefactors who have contributed by liberal legacies to the support of this charitable foundation. A singular but harmless distinction is made in these paintings. Those patrons who have contributed below a certain sum, are repre-

sented standing; those whose benefactions have been more considerable are painted sitting comfortably at their ease. It is a pleasant sight to behold these testimonies of gratitude to those philanthropic minds who have honoured their age and their country. Every town in Italy had similar institutions, but their revenues suffered much during the revolution. The reformers of that epoch, wholly intent on enlightening the minds of their fellow-creatures, and expelling from them the darkness of ignorance, its prejudices and superstitions, did sometimes forget that men, even when so spiritualized, are still encumbered with a body; that they are apt to fall sick; that they are subject to grief and misfortunes; that sometimes they are likely to wish for a quiet retreat to meditate and study; and that, therefore, hospitals, churches, and even a few convents, are very useful institutions in their proper place. In those dark ages which we are so apt to look upon with a kind of horror, many a benevolent man thought of alleviating the bodily sufferings of his fellow-creatures; there is then some good to be derived even from the example of our ancestors. Every age, as well as every nation, has its peculiar vices and follies; good is always to be found by the side of evil, and I believe Providence has balanced both with the most benevolent views towards man.

La Zecca, or the mint of Milan, is a remarkable building. Its distribution, the excellence of the engines employed in the process of coining, the number of workmen, and the regularity of all the parts of its administration, are admirable. It owes these advantages to the French government, which generally carried these national institutions to a great degree of perfection and splendour.

To those who know Milan during the late kingdom of Italy, it is easy to conceive that the Milanese were attached to it, and have regretted its fall. They are in this respect differently situated from any other people in Italy. Under Napoleon and his Viceroy Eugene, Milan became the capital of a considerable state, a second Paris, the residence of a brilliant court, the centre of arts and sciences: the city was embellished, and adorned with walks and buildings; the vanity, the ambition, and the interest of its inhabitants were flattered. Milan was the place of resort for people from all parts of Upper Italy, to sue for situations, promotions, honours, and pensions. Nor did the advantage rest here. The Milanese thought of their city becoming one day the capital of the whole of Italy. Although placed under the paramount influence of France, they fondly and credulously hoped, that at the death of Napoleon, the kingdom of Italy would become independent under the sway of a

separate dynasty, and that all the brilliant dreams cherished by Italian minds for centuries past, would then become realized. All this glorious vision has vanished; the gay structure has fallen to the ground, and Milan has returned to the condition of a provincial city, under foreign rulers, whose manners, language, and ideas are less congenial to the inhabitants than those of the French; and the Milanese have no prospect of seeing their fate altered. Can they feel satisfied? The other great cities of Italy, Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples, have each a court; they behold their ancient sovereigns, Italian sovereigns, residing amongst them. Milan has none of these advantages, for the retinue of the archduke is not to be compared to a kingly court. The Milanese have been, therefore, looked upon, and with foundation, as being generally partial (with the exception of some of the nobility and clergy) to the French system. But they are a quiet, sensible race of men, and they seem thoroughly persuaded that any attempt to change their present condition would only make it worse; so they sit down contented,—eat, drink, and submit to their destiny. They are not by nature either revolutionists or conspirators, although they talk freely; indeed, Milan has always, during the late wars, quietly submitted to the conqueror of the day. The only instance in which the

people of Milan have shewn a mutinous and vindictive spirit, was in the murder of Prina, the minister of finances under Eugene. That ill-fated man was a Piedmontese by birth, and he had rendered himself obnoxious, in the time of his power, by acts of severity and oppression. When the Austrians approached Milan, in 1814, the people began to shew symptoms of restlessness. Some individuals belonging to government, who had reason to believe themselves obnoxious, seeing the storm gathering, thought it prudent to conceal themselves, until the Austrian army should enter and overawe the populace; as few, or none of the Italian troops had remained in the capital, but had retired to Mantua, with the Viceroy Eugene. Prina was advised to take similar precautions; but he affected to think too slightly of the Milanese, and remained quietly in his palace. At last, the multitude, urged, it is said, by some intriguing characters, who had further views of their own, assembled in front of Prina's house, threatening vengeance on the devoted minister. Prina then thought of escaping, but it was too late. The incensed populace rushed into his sumptuous apartments, destroying every thing in the house, and throwing the furniture out of the windows; they did not, however, offer any personal violence to any of its inhabitants, but looked into every recess for Prina, whom alone they wanted. They

found him at last concealed in a garret, half undressed, and then the work of vengeance began. The wretched victim was made to feel all kinds of abuses and humiliation; and he, who a few days before saw the whole of Milan trembling at his feet, who disposed of the properties and liberties of its citizens, was now at the mercy of the meanest of the rabble. They dragged him through the streets. General Pino came forward to harangue the multitude, and to persuade them to give Prina up to the proper authorities, but to no purpose; and the General himself was warned to retire. The mob increased, but in the confusion Prina contrived to escape, only to feel the bitterness of death protracted. He took shelter in a shop; thence he passed into an adjoining house; but the people, who were resolved on his destruction, had already surrounded every avenue. They found him out a second time, as he was disguising himself in a priest's dress, and then "mercy sighed farewell!" They beat him, threw him down, dragged him by his feet along the pavement, upbraiding him with abuses and reproaches, and striking him with the ferrules of their umbrellas, as several well dressed persons were seen taking part in the dreadful butchery. Night added to the horror of the scene; at last, one more violent, or more merciful than the rest, gave him a final blow on the head with a club,

and thereby terminated his sufferings. Such was the end of Prina, a terrible instance of popular revenge! His house was entirely demolished on the same day. I have seen the place where once it stood. Throughout the whole transaction, revenge, and not pillage, was the object; and the people accomplished their purpose with the most astonishing coolness and perseverance.

When Murat advanced to the Po in 1815, inviting all Italians to take up arms for the independence of Italy, the Milanese remained quiet, as if they had foreseen the end of that rash expedition. When Murat's pompous proclamation, dated from Rimini, arrived at Milan, General Bellegarde, the Austrian governor, published immediately a well-written answer in refutation of it; and the two printed manifestoes were circulated together through the city, that people might compare their contents. I happened to be at Milan at the time, and heard the remarks made by the natives, who appeared to be quite tired of changes. There were then very few Austrian troops in the capital; still the theatres and public places continued open and frequented as usual, and the general tranquillity was not in the least disturbed, although, from Milan, people might almost hear the firing of the cannon of the Neapolitan army on the banks of the Po.

The country around Milan is flat and mono-

tonous, but well cultivated; some parts of it are unhealthy, on account of the *risiere*, or rice-fields, which require to be inundated. The nobility and men of wealth have their country-houses many miles distant from the town, on the hills of Varese and Brianza, or on the delightful shores of the lake Maggiore, and of the lake of Como. Monza, a few miles from Milan, was the favourite residence of the Viceroy Eugene; it has a noble palace with fine gardens annexed to it. The atmosphere of Milan is thick and misty, but not unwholesome; it suits particularly people affected by pectoral or pulmonic complaints, who are frequently sent from Genoa and other maritime places, to try the air of Milan. Milan being in a low situation, in the middle of an immense plain, the climate is very hot in summer; and as, at the same time, it is too far from the Alps to be sheltered by them, the cold northerly winds blowing over the glaciers of Switzerland are felt at times severely in winter. Upon the whole, it is an agreeable place to spend a few weeks in; but it has not, like the more southern Italian cities, lasting attractions for a foreigner. It is, at the same time, a *modern city*, and has not the spell of classical monuments to recommend it.

I left Milan by the usual conveyance of a vetturino, to proceed to Switzerland over the Simplon.

This famous road was constructed by Bonaparte's orders, in order that he might have at all times a free access for his armies into the very heart of Italy, and be able thereby to say, *il n'y a plus d'Alpes*, as Lewis XIV. said, *il n'y a plus de Pyrenées*. It is certainly the grandest work of the kind effected by Napoleon, who employed in its construction many millions, the labour of several thousands of people, and seven or eight years of time. That part of the road which crosses the great chain of Alps that divides Italy from Switzerland, is equal to the greatest works of the ancient Romans.

We travelled the first day's journey along the dusty roads of the Milanese territory. The country is fertile, the fields are planted with corn, and crossed at equal distances by rows of vines and mulberry-trees. The latter is a very important produce, as silk forms one of the principal revenues of Lombardy. Travelling through this country is very dull; the long straight avenues of trees which line the road, afford no prospect; few country-houses are seen; and I was glad when we approached the lovely hills that border the Lago Maggiore. We arrived in the afternoon at Sesto, a small town, built at the place where the Tesino comes out of the lake; there we had a beautiful view of the St. Gothard and its adjoining moun-

tains, all covered with snow: we crossed the river, and entered the territories of the King of Sardinia. This province is called il Novarese, from Novara, its capital; it chiefly consists of a number of valleys branching in different directions between the Alps, some as far as the foot of Mount Rosa, and others towards the Furca mountains. It is a land rich in pastures, and it participates of the nature of the Swiss and of the Italian countries. It has all the bold romantic scenery of the former, while it enjoys the genial sun and milder sky of the latter. The whole of this remote part of Italy, between the lakes and the Alps, is a most delightful region. We slept that night at Arona, a neat little town, very prettily situated on the lake. I saw many boats and small vessels before it, as a considerable trade is carried on with the opposite Milanese coast, and the remoter one of the Swiss Canton of Tesino. On a hill above Arona stands a brass colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, the benevolent and philanthropic bishop of Milan; it is sixty Milanese braccia in height, including the pedestal, and it is seen at a great distance. Near it is a college founded by the holy prelate.

From Arona to Baveno, we followed a fine level road along the shores of the lake; this beautiful mass of waters, of an irregular shape, above fifty miles in length, varying from four to eight

in its breadth, is enclosed by hills covered with all the produce of Italian vegetation, full of villages and cottages, while it stretches its northern extremity to the very foot of the Rhætian Alps. The scenery is fine beyond description. At Baveno we took a boat and went to see the celebrated Borromean islands, belonging to the Milanese family of that name. The Isola Bella, where we landed, is certainly deserving this name. Its gardens rise upon terraces one above the other in gay succession; in the middle of them stands the splendid palace of the owners; the apartments are richly and elegantly decorated; those of the ground floor have their walls incrusted with a curious kind of mosaic, made of rough pebbles and shells of various colours. The gardens, however, are laid out in the old unnatural style of geometrical compartments and ornaments, which form a most striking contrast with the wild natural beauties of the opposite shores. There is a fine grove with *giuochi d'acqua*. I saw a very fine laurel tree, upon the trunk of which, Bonaparte, in one of his first campaigns in Italy, cut the word *battaglia*; some of the letters are still to be traced out. While looking from the terrace in front of the palace over the whole island; the wide lake around, and the amphitheatre of hills and mountains beyond;—here near the shores the calm reflection of woods and white

walled cottages in the peaceful waters; farther on, the towering summits of the Alps, with "*their ten thousand years of snow*;"—the stillness of the scene, the singular beauty of this sequestered spot, every thing carried the imagination to the enchanted gardens of Armida; while the heart owned with a sigh, that nature is ever beautiful, though man is often wretched.

I left with regret the Isola Bella, and returned to Baveno. The other two Borromean islands are called Isola Madre, and Isola de Pescatori; but they are scarcely noticed on account of the superior charms of their fair neighbour. At a short distance from Baveno, we left the Lago Maggiore, and turned to the left into deep valleys, following the course of the Toccia or Tosa, a considerable river which rises in the Alps and empties itself into the lake. Here we exchanged the Italian for the true Alpine landscape. Black rocks overhanging the narrow valley, the foaming river below, fir trees covering the sides of the mountains, wooden hamlets scattered here and there, the distant noise of water-falls, and the tinkling of the cow-bell; such are the characteristics of the Alps. We slept the second night at Domo d' Ossola, a considerable town, tolerably well built, and finely situated in a valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains: next morning we left it, to enter the dark glens of the

Val di Vedro, the gloomiest defiles I have seen. We passed the Tosa at Crevola, on a fine stone bridge, one of the many on this road: there is a considerable glass manufactory near this place. These valleys offer the most suitable spots for such establishments. Abundance of wood and water, a fine road, the convenience of the neighbouring lake, and of the canals communicating from it to the Po; all these are strong encouragements to industry. From Crevola to this place we have been continually ascending; the scene becoming still wilder and gloomier. Isella, where we dined, is the custom-house of the Sardinian states on this side; the frontier of Switzerland is at Gondo, a little further on. The inn of Isella is built against the rock. A foaming torrent dashes itself at the bottom of the precipice several hundred feet deep; the noise is almost deafening, and the air is loaded with vapours incessantly rising from the abyss below.

At the end of the last chapter I left my readers at the foot of the Apennines, in the smiling plains of Italy. The cheerful songs of the vintage were then resounding on all sides; a brillant sun was vivifying all nature, and calling every faculty of the soul and every sense of the body into action. I conclude this in a humble village, situated in a narrow valley enclosed by mountains coeval with the world, and which thrust their granite peaks here and there through

lakes of never melting ice; the only music here is the deafening noise of the Alpine streams; the sky is cloudy and gloomy; a cold drizzling rain pours down incessantly and keeps travellers confined in a dark room of the inn, where they are sometimes obliged to pass whole days waiting for better weather to cross the Alps.

Eggs, cheese, and some fish from the river, with sour wine, composed our dinner; it is more than one would expect in these wilds. This mountain is about six thousand feet in height above the Lago Maggiore, which is seven hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. These are the frontiers of Italy; how easily they might be guarded by a brave and patriotic race * !

* The following apostrophe, and the subsequent reflections, which the sight of another part of the bold and craggy ramparts of Italy drew from the eloquent author of the *Lettere di Ortis*, are very appropriate to the scenery I have been describing:

"I tuoi, confini o Italia, son questi; ma sono tutto dì sormontati da ogni parte dalla pertinace avarizia delle nazioni. Ove sono dunque i tuoi figli? Nulla ti manca se non la forza della concordia. Allora io spanderei gloriosamente la mia vita infelice per te: ma che può fare il solo mio braccio e la nuda mia voce? Ov' è l' antico terrore della tua gloria? Miseri! noi andiamo ognor memorando la libertà, e la gloria degli avi, le quali quanto più splendono, tanto più scoprono la nostra abietta schiavitù. Mentre invochiamo quelle ombre magnanime, i nostri nemici calpestano i loro sepolcri. * *

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"Così io grido quando io mi sento insuperbire nel petto il

nome Italiano, e rivolgendomi intorno io cerco, nè trovo più, la mia patria. Ma poscia io dico: pare che gli uomini sieno i fabbri delle proprie sciagure; ma le sciagure derivano dall' ordine universale, e il genere umano serve orgogliosamente e ciecamente ai destini. Noi ragioniamo sugli eventi di pochi secoli: che sono eglino nell' immenso spazio del tempo? Pari alle stagioni della nostra vita mortale, pajono talvolta gravi di straordinarie vicende, le quali pur sono comuni e necessarj effetti del tutto. L' universo si contrabilancia. Le nazioni s' divorano, perchè una non potrebbe sussistere senza i cadaveri dell' altra. Io guardando da queste alpi l' Italia, piango e fremo, ed invoco contro gl' invasori vendetta: ma la mia voce si perde tra il fremito di tanti popoli trapassati: quando i Romani rapivano il mondo, cercavano oltre i mari o i deserti nuovi imperj da devastare, manomettevano gl' Iddii de' vinti, incatenavano principi e popoli liberissimi, finchè non trovando più dove insanguinare i lor ferri, li ritorceano contro le proprie viscere." * * * * * *

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CHAPTER X.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE NORTH OF ITALY UNDER THE FRENCH.

SEVERAL governments existed successively in Lombardy after the French invasion of that country in 1796, namely, the Cisalpine and Italian republics, and the kingdom of Italy. Their aggregate duration was only eighteen years; and they acted a subordinate, but yet important, part in the eventful history of those times.

At the epoch of the French revolution Italy was divided into two monarchies, Naples and Sardinia; one theocracy, Rome; three oligarchic commonwealths, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca; the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; the Duchies of Parma and Modena; and the States of Milan and Mantua, belonging to the Emperor of Austria. These States were ruled with various sway. The institutions in general were strongly aristocratic, but tempered, in some of the states, by the wisdom and liberality of the rulers.

The kingdom of the two Sicilies was under one

of the most imperfect among the Italian governments. A want of uniformity and regularity prevailed in the administration and in the judicature. The laws of the Lombards, Normans, Angevins, Aragonese, Spaniards, and Austrians, who had successively ruled the country, formed a chaos of authorities inconsistent among themselves and often contradictory; they left to the courts and to the lawyers a quantity of flaws and subterfuges, to elude justice and protract suits from generation to generation. There were no fixed financial views and therefore no security or stability in the revenue, either public or private. The Barons had lost their feudal rights, especially those which interfered with the power of the crown; yet retained particularly in Sicily, a few of an inferior nature, but vexatious to the people of the country; a number of municipal and territorial privileges, and ecclesiastic immunities, increased the confusion. The court was careless, and given to pleasure; foreign favourites engrossed the power of the state; the people indolent and thoughtless, did not feel the disadvantages of their situation to which they were accustomed, and which, upon the whole, had improved since the establishment of a resident dynasty at Naples: every thing went on, if not rightly, at least smoothly; power was mildly enforced, and without acts of flagrant injustice.

In the Sardinian States, the court and administration were more regular, exemplary, and watchful; the people more steady and better, though most absolutely ruled; innovations were avoided, and the laws of Piedmont were what are considered gothic in our days.

The oligarchy of Venice had become decrepit; it had lost its ancient external power, and had relaxed its interior strictness. Its political inquisition was but a fearful shadow. Still the people continued to submit, although they did no longer fear, nor respect their government.

In Genoa the aristocracy was less exclusive, and a door was left open to wealth, and to industry, which had been the foundation of its prosperity.

Rome was an anomaly in the modern political system of Europe. As long as the Vatican had been, like the ancient Capitol, the centre of power, the source of grace, the dispenser of protection;—as long as Rome had attracted the wealth of the world, and received the homage of Sovereigns;—this State had retained a disproportioned, but not the less substantial, wealth and splendour. But after the emancipation of most monarchies from the influence of the Papal Court, Rome had become a State of little consequence in Europe, and the sources of wealth and credit were drained. Then the want of intrinsic resources was felt. The

elective and therefore unstable Government of Rome had not in itself the power to encourage industry and commerce; it was still too much engrossed with its apparent supremacy over the Catholic world, to pay due attention to the wants of its immediate subjects. During the eighteenth century, several truly estimable pontiffs, Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., and the illustrious Ganganelli, had filled in succession the Papal Chair; and, by their virtues and high qualities, had contributed to secure to the Papal See a demonstration of respect from other Governments, which was no longer the result of fear or superstition, but a willing homage paid to the first Prelate, and the acknowledged Head, of the Catholic Church. Pius VI., who sat on the throne of Rome at the epoch of the French revolution, was an amiable and generous man, fond of splendour, a patron of the arts; but he forgot that he had not at his command the same means as Leo X. He undertook too much and did not therefore succeed. He was besides too partial to his relatives, and had a great share of that unfortunate spirit of Nepotism, an inherent vice of the theocratical Government.

Upon the whole, Rome and Naples might be considered as the worst administered countries in Italy.

Of Tuscany, under Leopold and his successor

Ferdinand, I have spoken already. It was, as it still is, the happiest state in Italy.

Ercole d'Este, Duke of Modena, was a good, equitable, and well-informed prince, and he was liked in his little state.

The Duke of Parma, although educated by Condillac, and other philosophers, did not imitate the example of his neighbour of Modena; he was a weak prince, who did not take sufficient care of the welfare of his people.

The States of Milan and Mantua had been greatly benefited under the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, and the administration of the great minister Kaunitz, and of Count Firmian, Austrian governor of Lombardy. Under the Austrian rule, Milan had been embellished, and many sumptuous buildings raised. The Austrian Government established schools, patronised the university of Pavia, and erected the Museum of Brera; founded a patriotic society for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, and manufactures; reformed the abuses of the system of farming the duties; made out a cadastro or equitable plan for the land tax; and protected enlightened and virtuous men, like Pietro Verri, Carli, Parini, and others. Maria Theresa also intended to establish a resident Court at Milan. All these were benefits of the Austrian administration, which attached the Milanese to the House of

Austria. Joseph II. manifested good intentions but not sufficient judgment; he went on rashly with the work of reform, attacked imprudently the clergy and the nobility, and alienated in this manner part of the people, preparing in some degree the calamities that followed after his death.

Such was the state of Italy at the French invasion;—a state of society with many vices, though not of a heinous nature, and in which the rulers were generally mild and paternal, and the ruled satisfied and happy. There was not a field for vast individual speculations; but there was competence, security, and tranquillity. Italy was infinitely happier in the latter part of the eighteenth century than it had been for ages before. Charitable institutions, public buildings, colleges, roads, walks, theatres, were every where erected and encouraged by the Governments. We will now follow the course of events.

The revolution of France excited the alarm and the hostility of all Monarchies, and among the rest, of the Italian Governments. The King of Sardinia, nearly allied to Louis XVI., and most exposed to danger by his proximity to France, could not remain long an unconcerned spectator of the events of the latter country. He was the first to show his disapprobation of them, and was consequently the first attacked. In 1792, the French

invaded Savoy and Nice. The Genoese aristocracy, wishing to remove the danger from themselves, and to save the sums they had lent to France, and miscalculating, as well as most other Governments, the nature of the storm that was approaching, declared themselves neutral,—a neutrality which they had not the means of enforcing, and which, therefore, it was easy to foresee would not be long respected. In fact, the western Riviera became the theatre of war; and, through the states of Genoa, the French penetrated into Italy, while Genoese merchants supplied their army with provisions. The years 1793, 94, and 95, were passed in various and desultory combats between the French republicans, and the Piedmontese troops, united to an Austrian corps, which was not so strong as circumstances would have required. But the various Governments could not forget their petty jealousies; they followed their old policy, while their common enemy had adopted a totally new one.

At last a young general, only twenty-six years of age, an Italian by birth and by name, arrived at Nice in March 1796, to take the command of the French army called of Italy. In the following month of April, the battles of Montenotte, and Millesimo, opened to him the passes of the Alps, and the entrance into the valleys of Piedmont. With the rapidity of lightning he surprised the Allies, separated the Austrians from the Piedmontese, defeated the

latter at Ceva and Mondovi, frightened the court of Turin into an armistice, and marched direct upon Milan. The battles of Lodi, and Pizzighettone, and the entrance of the French into the capital of Lombardy, took place in May.

The French army, thus established in the very heart of North Italy, spread themselves all over that country. They invaded the Modenese, Papal, and Tuscan States; besieged Mantua; and, in the pursuit of the Austrians, entered Verona and Brescia; and thus the neutrality of the Venetian Republic was also compromised.

But, in the midst of the general alarm, confusion, and distress,—whilst two foreign hostile armies were disputing, foot by foot, the fair fields of Italy, which, properly, did not belong to either,—what were the feelings of the Italians at that period? Astonishment and dismay seized the different Italian courts and aristocracies; fanaticism and the ancient hatred of French invasion, were awakened in the peasantry, and, in some instances, were fomented by the clergy, naturally averse to foreign invaders, who had abolished religion and persecuted its ministers in their own country, and who threatened to do the same wherever they went. The partial opposition of the inhabitants against the French military had no other effect than that of causing greater evils. Insurrections broke out at Milan, Pavia, Verona, Binasco, and Lugo. The

French commanders soon conquered them, and took the most severe, and perhaps, in their situation, inevitable, measures, to prevent a recurrence of them. Binasco and Lugo were pillaged and burnt, and part of the inhabitants put to the sword. At Pavia a number of persons were shot, and others were sent into France as hostages. Meantime Italy was given up to all the miseries of a conquered country; and at the discretion of an army which was not checked in its depredations either by discipline, or by any respect for religion.

But who were the partisans of the French in Italy? They were among the middling classes, which in Italy, however, were not, by far, so numerous in proportion to the rest, as they are in some other countries of Europe, and therefore did not constitute so influential nor so important a body as that which is understood in England by the same appellation.

The revolution in Italy did not break out, as in France, by a spontaneous movement of a great mass of people, clamorous and discontented; it was not inevitable, nor was it called for. It was introduced into Italy by French bayonets, and after a struggle of several years; the majority of the people were evidently against it; and even when it triumphed, it did not alter the face of things, the forms of society, or the minds of the people, as it

had done in France. Italy was never completely revolutionized. Some will say this was on account of the bigotry and ignorance of the people; but, were the lower classes in Italy more bigoted and ignorant than those of France? Is it not more just to explain this from the difference of national character? The Italians join, to a great quickness of imagination, much more coolness of judgment, than the French; and while they have the outward appearance of exaltation, they see much deeper into the substance of things, and into the views of others.

It was among the lawyers, physicians, artists, and men of letters, that democratic ideas imbibed from the French writings which preceded the revolution, had taken effect. The hope of participating in the honours and emoluments of a new government, had no small share, as it may be naturally imagined, with many of them. There were but few Italians of sense, however, who imagined it possible to establish a republic in modern Italy; they, probably, looked upon the passing crisis as an unavoidable trial by which Italy would break entirely its loosened fetters, and resume its proper state among nations. But the inferior instruments were really deceived by the words liberty and republic, to which many of them annexed the idea of license, and they were necessary to the effecting of the change. The impulse being thus given, and sup-

ported by the presence of the French, discontented men of other classes, from the ranks of the nobility and clergy, joined the democratic party. But the great body of the two latter castes, as well as the peasantry, remained averse to the change.

The town of Reggio, in the State of Modena, was the first to give the signal of independence. This happened on the 30th of August, 1796. Modena, Bologna, and Ferrara, imitated the example; and, on the following month of September, these cities constituted themselves into a federative republic, under the name of Repubblica Cispadana. French commissioners superintended the legislative labours of the new States; and, on the 4th of December, of the same year, the constitution of the Repubblica Cispadana was proclaimed and accepted in the church of S. Petronio of Bologna, under the surveillance of a French aid-de-camp, and a body of French soldiers. About the same time the Repubblica Transpadana was, by similar means, formed at Milan, under a sort of municipal government *pro tempore*. The river Po was the boundary between these new States.

Meantime General Bonaparte pursued his advantages; and, in the early part of 1797, the Austrians were driven across the Duchy of Trento into the State of Tyrol, and their other German territories. They made new efforts to relieve Mantua,

but lost successively the battles of Castiglione, Rivoli, La Favorita, La Piave, and Tagliamento. The French entered Carinthia and Carniola, took Gradiska, Goritz, Leibach, and Clagenfurth. The theatre of war was removed from Italy to the hereditary States of Austria. Bonaparte was but thirty leagues from Vienna, when the imperial court, dismayed by the reverses of its armies, entered into an armistice, which was signed at Leoben.

At the same time, a petty warfare continued in Italy between the French and some of the native princes; who, however, found, to their cost, that the moment was past of effectually resisting the French, after Austria, which was the main prop of the confederacy, had been obliged to withdraw her armies and evacuate Italy. The important fortress of Mantua, after a long resistance, had capitulated in February 1797. The Pope, who had neither the power of resisting the French, nor dissimulation enough to become their friend, at least, in appearance, saw the French troops advance through his territories, and take Ancona and Loreto. He, at last, agreed to a disastrous peace, by the treaty of Tolentino, in February 1797.

The King of Sardinia, surrounded in his own capital by French troops, became also their forced and unwilling ally. The Duke of Parma was glad to make peace with the French, at the intercession

of his relatives of the dynasty of Spain, and by paying the former several millions. The Duke of Modena had already escaped from his own territory. The Grand Duke of Tuscany remained an undecided spectator, and was obliged to admit a French garrison into Leghorn. The King of Naples, who, from his situation, had never taken a very active part in the Italian coalition, except by sending some detachments of troops to the Austrian army, had already made his peace upon better terms; his day of reckoning had not yet come.

The republic of Venice had shown itself vacillating in its policy; those who judged of passing events unconditionally, said that the Venetian senate had wofully degenerated from its ancient wisdom; but would it not have been also just to say that every thing had changed around them, and that even the Dandolos, the Foscaris, and the Loredanos could not have averted the storm, had they lived in 1797? There was an ill-concealed and very natural hatred in the patricians of Venice against the French, which the latter were not sorry in perceiving, as they knew it would furnish them a pretence for extending their conquests. Accordingly, in consequence of some revolts which took place in the Venetian States against the French, General Bonaparte declared war against the republic in the beginning of May, 1797. The French invaded the whole of its continental

territories, yet the city of Venice might have made a bold resistance; its riches and its fleet would have supplied the means of subsistence and defence, but it was then that the spirit of the senate showed itself really fallen. While their mercenary soldiers, the Sclavonians, were prepared and endeavouring to defend them against their own pusillanimity, the Senate and the Doge assembled in council, and allowed themselves to be frightened by the audacity of one of their subjects, a man of the name of Zorzi, a merchant druggist, who came to beard them in their own hall, demanding of them to resign their authority, threatening to have the palace surrounded by thousands of republicans, which threat, however, he would not have been able to realize, had the others stood firm. This bravado had its effect. The senate resigned, a democratical government was established, and the French troops were admitted into Venice, which, since its foundation, for more than a thousand years, had not witnessed a foreign conqueror within its walls. Thus ended that ancient state, which had once astonished the world; now hardly any one regretted its fall.

Meantime Bonaparte, having terminated his brilliant campaign, after performing his duties as a French general, having obtained the undisturbed sway of Upper Italy, and secured his army from every danger of reverse or surprise, began to

bestow his attention on the internal state of that country, which was, as it might be imagined, in a most deplorable state of confusion. The French generals and commissaries were exacting enormous contributions, spoliating palaces and churches, and the soldiers were not much restrained in their licentiousness, especially towards women, nor in their contumelies towards the established form of worship.

In the first epoch of popular effervescence, many excesses were committed by the Italian democrats. Persons were arrested, properties sequestrated, vexations and insults heaped upon every supposed aristocrat; to the great honour, however, of the Italian character, they did not, even at that critical moment, imitate the French revolutionists in the effusion of blood. The blood that was shed was between the French and the insurgent peasantry; and in this warfare little mercy was shown by either party. But at the same time all establishments, whether civil, political or religious, were overthrown; the national worship and its ministers, the institutions most venerated by the people, were ridiculed and caricatured on the stage; impious and obscene writings and speeches circulated and applauded; social order was at an end. Most of the people, amazed, looked on without taking any part in the work of frenzy. Property had become insecure, and moderate citizens were obliged

to dissemble their sentiments, and to appear to co-operate with the violent demagogues. But the very men, who, for a short time, ruled and tormented their country, found themselves at last entangled in a labyrinth, out of which they could not find any issue. When the intoxication had somewhat subsided, they saw the necessity of wiser and more enlarged measures, to which they, however, felt themselves inadequate. Their allies the French were resorted to.

As a preliminary step, Bonaparte united the two ephemeral republics Cispadana and Transpadana, and created a central provisional government at Milan. This was in May 1797, and in the following month of June, the Cisalpine republic was proclaimed. It consisted of Austrian Lombardy, of the Venetian provinces of Brescia and Bergamo, of the Papal States of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, and of the provinces of Valtellina, Massa, and Carrara. The constitution was modelled upon the one then existing in France; a representative and legislative council, a house of Seniori, and a directory or executive government. Bonaparte chose the members of the directory, and designated the ministers of the new republic.

The French general having accomplished this, signed in the same year the famous treaty of peace

of Campoformio with Austria, by which Venice and the greater part of its territory were given to the Emperor, in compensation for the Netherlands which were united to France. This was the first open act of French policy which alienated the Italians of all parties. It was unjust and cruel towards the Venetians; although, perhaps, it was expedient to France.

In December of the same year General Bonaparte returned to Paris. During 1798, the Cisalpine republic dragged on its tottering existence, which depended upon the fiat of the French directory, whose unprincipled policy was then already notorious. The constitution was changed by orders from France; the inviolability of the representatives of the nation was broken; and all sorts of humiliations were heaped upon Italy by the ambassadors from the directory, by their generals who still treated it as a conquered country, and by the misunderstandings and incapacity of those at the head of affairs, some of whom had good intentions, but were unable to remedy the enormous evils of their country.

In this year, however, 1798, the French armies in Italy continued to be successful, although their favourite leader was far away, fighting on the sands of Egypt and Syria. In consequence of provocations given by the governments of Rome and Naples, and eagerly treasured up by the French

directory, the French invaded the South of Italy, and established two other ephemeral republics, the Roman, in February 1798; and the Parthenopean or Neapolitan, in January 1799. The republic of Genoa had already changed its old government in June 1797, for a democratic one, and assumed the name of Repubblica Ligure. The King of Sardinia was also forced, in December 1798, to leave his capital; and Piedmont was taken possession of, in the name of the French republic.

Thus, at the end of 1798, Italy was covered at last with a number of mock republics, all dependent on France, powerless, spiritless, without a centre of unity, and ill suited to the character of the inhabitants; exposed to the ridicule of their own citizens, and to the attacks of numerous internal and external enemies. Their existence could not have been long, even if left to themselves. Their duration was, however, shorter than could have been foreseen; they were all annihilated next year.

The year 1799 was as disastrous to the French, as the year 1796 had been propitious to them. The allied Russian and Austrian armies, under the command of the famous Marshal Suwarrow, opened the campaign in the month of April, by attacking and defeating the French army, under General Scherer, near Verona. The battle of Cassano on the Adda opened to the allies the entrance into

Milan. The Cisalpine Directory left that capital, the Austro-Russians entered it on the 28th, and the Cisalpine republic ceased to exist.

General Macdonald, after having evacuated Naples and the South of Italy, hastened to the assistance of his countrymen in the north; but he was met and defeated by the Russian general at La Trebbia on the 19th of June. The Roman and Neapolitan republics, left to themselves, fell, the first without a struggle,—the second, with a useless waste of human blood, and with acts of revenge and cruelty from the triumphant party, such as to stain and disgrace their cause.

Meantime Suwarrow pursued his advantages in the North with astonishing rapidity. The citadels of Milan and Turin, the fortresses of Mantua and Alessandria, surrendered rapidly one after the other. The French rallied in the Genoese territories, and endeavoured to make a stand at Novi; but were defeated, after an obstinate engagement, on the 15th of August, with a tremendous loss. They were obliged to retire within the ramparts of Genoa, now the only place remaining in their possession beyond the Alps.

At the close of 1799, the whole of Italy was in the possession of the allies; a terrible re-action then took place, and the outrages of the peasantry and lower classes, led by men who called themselves

royalists, are too painful to relate. South Italy being more remote from the presence of the allied arms, and therefore left to itself, suffered most. The scenes that took place in Naples are well known.

As for Milan, the fall of the republic did not produce either surprise or regret among the body of the people. The administration of the Directory had excited general discontent, and if the allies had acted with less severity, they would have been hailed as deliverers. But their conduct on that occasion served to alienate the Milanese from the Austrian government, for whom many of them had till then preserved a feeling of attachment. The provisional military government, which was established in the North of Italy, acted as if in a rebel and conquered country, instead of appreciating the good spirit of the great majority of the Italians and conciliating the rest, who were mostly tired of the French. The violent partisans of the latter had followed their retreating armies; a few that remained were imprisoned or banished to the Austrian territories beyond the Alps.

Next year, 1800, another unexpected change took place in the affairs of Italy. General Bonaparte having returned from Egypt, and assumed the reins of the government of France under the title of First Consul, re-appeared all on a sudden,

as if by enchantment, on the Italian side of the Alps; at the head of a new army; defeated the few troops opposed to him, and entered Milan in the beginning of June. He placed himself thus in the rear of the great Austrian army which was in Piedmont. He did not linger at Milan, but proceeded to attack General Melas; and, on the 14th of that same month, defeated him at Marengo. Two days after, by an armistice, the French were again put in possession of the whole of Lombardy and its fortresses, as far as the river Oglio. They soon after pushed on their advanced posts beyond the Adige. Italy was again at the mercy of the French.

Bonaparte did not re-establish the old Cisalpine Directory; his views were now changed, and he was preparing for Italy the same alterations in the form of government, which he had just effected in France. He named, *pro tempore*, a Commission composed of three members. He employed force to close the clubs and popular societies, which were a permanent leaven of insurrection. He endeavoured to quell the factions which he and his brother generals had been the first to excite, four years before.

The situation of the Cisalpine republic, however, was deplorable. The effervescence which had given rise to it had subsided in most people; the

democrats were dissatisfied as well as the royalists; and the uncertainty of their future destiny, which they felt now depended entirely upon the will of the First Consul of France, communicated an unsteady motion to the councils and the measures of the government. The Triumvirs, for so they were called, did not secure the approbation of their countrymen any better than the Directory had done before the Austro-Russian invasion; and, when they afterwards resigned their authority into the hands of the Vice-President Melzi, they confessed, in a circular, dated 16 pluviose, year I., of the Italian Republic, "That the multiplicity of engagements, and the extraordinary burthens the Commission of Government had to sustain, had obliged them to take disagreeable but necessary measures. In order to support public credit, they had been obliged to hurt the private economy of the citizens, to wound them to the quick; and, at times, to re-open wounds which were nearly cicatrized."

At last, in January 1802, when Europe was, for a short time, restored to peace, the First Consul called to Lyons an extraordinary consulta of the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the members of the legislative council, of the commission of government; and of deputations from the dignitaries of the church, from the courts of justice, from the univer-

sities and academies, from the municipality and the notables of each department, from the principal towns, from the national guards, from the army, and from the commercial chambers. The number of all these deputies amounted to nearly five hundred, out of whom was chosen a select committee of thirty members, which was to draw up a report of the state of the country.

The report stated in substance, that during the few years since the institution of the Cisalpine Republic, the people of the various states of which it was composed had not become sufficiently acquainted with one another; that although, in each department, there were men distinguished by their abilities and virtues, they were unknown out of their own native province, and could not therefore inspire universal confidence; that those who had had the management of affairs in these most difficult times, had not acquired a well-grounded reputation; that it was therefore hopeless to choose amongst them a government capable of watching over the infant republic, and of giving to it a national character, by making people forget their old impressions and habits; that, besides, the Cisalpine Republic could not yet, with safety, be evacuated by the French troops; that, in order to obtain a due consideration amongst the old governments of Europe, it required all the credit of a powerful ally; that a

strong arm was necessary to support the steps of the infant state and raise it to its proper sphere. The report concluded by expressing the wish that a suitable constitution should be promulgated for the Cisalpine Republic, and representatives taken from amongst the most recommendable natives, thus putting an end to the provisional government; while, at the same time, it was requested that the First Consul of France "Would deign to take upon himself the administrative government of the country, and the care of the Cisalpine people for the time that would be required to bring uniformity in the different parts of the State, and to obtain the acknowledgment of the Republic from all the Powers of Europe."

The First Consul of France, having received this report, with the tone of which, as it may be supposed, he was previously acquainted, went to the hall of the consulta, and pronounced the following remarkable speech:—

GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES,

"The Cisalpine Republic, which was solemnly acknowledged by the treaty of Campo Formio, has already suffered many vicissitudes. The efforts which were made at its first establishment have turned out unfavourably. Being afterwards invaded by the enemy, its further existence had become totally hopeless, when the French people

by the force of their arms drove for the second time your enemies out of your territory. From that epoch, every effort was made by foreigners to divide you; but the protection of France has baffled them, and you have been solemnly acknowledged by the treaty of Luneville. Your territory has been increased by one-fifth *, you have acquired additional power and solidity, and hopeful prospects for the future. Your state, composed of six different nations †, is now about to be united under one constitution, the best adapted to your habits and to your circumstances.

"I have assembled you around me at Lyons, as being the principal citizens of the Cisalpine States. You have now given me the explanations I required, in order to fulfil the sacred engagement which I have taken in my quality of first magistrate of the French people, and as the man who has most of all contributed to your creation.

"The choices I have made to fill the first places in your government have been totally independent

* The old Venetian provinces on the right bank of the Adige, namely, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema, and also the fortress of Mantua, which were ceded by Austria at the peace of Luneville.

† Milanese, Mantuans, Venetians, Modenese; the Bolognese, and the people of the other two legations ceded by the Pope at the treaty of Tolentino; and the people of Valtellina, formerly subjects of the Grisons.

of any party or local spirit. With regard to the presidency, I have not found any one amongst you possessing sufficient influence over public opinion, who is sufficiently independent of local prejudices, or who has rendered to the state services important enough, in order to be trusted with such a high station. The report which I have received from your committee, in which both the internal and the external circumstances of your country are analyzed with as much precision as truth, has deeply affected me. *I therefore agree to your wish.* I shall keep, as long as circumstances will require, the important care of your interests. In the midst of the continual meditations required by the station in which I find myself, whatever may concern you, and whatever may be required to consolidate your existence and your prosperity, will always form part of my most eager solicitudes.

"You have had till now municipal regulations and provincial statutes: you stand in need of general and uniform laws. Your countrymen have only local habits; they must now assume national ones.

"Lastly, you have no military force. The powers which might one day become your enemies have powerful armies. You have, however, every thing required to form an army; a numerous population, a fertile country, and the example given to you by the first people in Europe."

This speech, although upon the whole not flattering to the Italians, excited among the deputies a lively enthusiasm. They saw the dawn of a more secure form of government than those that had afflicted their country for the preceding six years. The new constitution was proclaimed, together with the names of the principal functionaries, the choice of whom was such as to inspire confidence. On the 4th of February, the new government entered into office, and the name of Cisalpine was altered into that of ITALIAN REPUBLIC.

The constitution of the Italian republic recognised in theory a principle, which it, however, did not admit in practice, that sovereignty resides in the universality of the citizens. The organs of this sovereign power were placed in three electoral colleges, composed of landholders, and of learned and commercial men. The college of landholders consisted of three hundred citizens, chosen from among those proprietors who had a yearly landed revenue of not less than six thousand livres.

The college of the learned was composed of two hundred citizens, chosen among the most distinguished men in every branch of sciences and arts.

The college of commerce was formed of two hundred, from amongst the most respectable and wealthy merchants or manufacturers.

The members of these three colleges were for

the first time named with the approbation of Bonaparte; they were to assemble at least once every two years, at the invitation of government, to fill up their vacancies, and to name the members of the legislative body, of the consulta of state, of the superior courts of justice, and the commissaries of finance.

The legislative body was composed of seventy-five members, not under thirty years of age, chosen from the different departments in proportion to the population of each. They were to deliberate by secret votes, and determine a majority, without discussion, on the projects of laws which were sent to them by the government. A law could not be promulgated before three days after the decision of the legislative body. The denunciation, in this interval, of a law being unconstitutional, would suspend its promulgation and its effect.

At the head of the executive government was a President (Bonaparte) for ten years, capable of being re-elected indefinitely; he had the initiation of all the laws, and of all diplomatic negotiations. The executive power was entirely vested in him; he named the vice-president, the ministers, the civil officers, and diplomatic agents, and the generals of the army. Bonaparte named to the vice-presidency Francesco Melzi d'Eril, of Milan, a gentleman of a distinguished family, originally Spanish, and who had already filled several situations under the Cisal-

pine Republic. As Bonaparte was to reside at Paris in his quality of Chief of the French Republic, he intrusted Melzi with the necessary powers to represent him.

The Consulta di Stato was composed of ten citizens, not under forty years of age, who had distinguished themselves for their services to the Republic, and who were especially intrusted with the examination of diplomatic treaties and foreign affairs. They also appointed to the places of judges, as well as the conciliatori or justices of peace. Large emoluments were attached to the situation of Consultor of State.

The Legislative Council, in other words, a Council of State, was composed of ten citizens not under thirty, elected by the president, revocable after three years, who were to give their opinion upon the projects of law proposed by the president, and the majority was required to carry the project before the legislative body.

There was also a Court of Censure, the idea of which was taken from the Roman institution of the Censors, but with very inferior powers. It consisted of twenty-one members, named by the colleges; it received from Government the accusations of unconstitutionality, or of dilapidation of public money; and had the power of superseding, for four years, those functionaries who were in fault. The

Censors also named to those offices which were not under the patronage of either the President or the Consulta of State.

The judiciary power was organized as follows:—

Conciliatori, or Justices of Peace; Judges of Prima Istanza; Courts of Appeal; two Courts of Revision; and a Court of Cassation. The Courts of Revision were resorted to in case of two discordant judgments in inferior courts. The Court of Cassation was only competent to pronounce in cases of informality.

Criminal Courts were instituted for the civilians; but the military were submitted to their own courts, and judged according to the military code.

The principle of the Trial by Jury was acknowledged by the Constitution, but its practice was postponed *for ten years.* Of course it was never put in vigour.

The questions concerning Public Administration were decided by the Legislative Council.

The Chambers of Commerce pronounced in commercial cases.

The Constitution did not acknowledge any civil superiority of rank but that which was derived from the exercise of public functions. This principle, like many others, lasted only till the transformation of the republic into a kingdom, when Napoleon was the first to violate it by creating an hereditary nobility.

The Constitution allowed to every inhabitant of the Republic the *private exercise* of his form of worship.

No citizen could be arrested (except when taken *in flagranti crimine,*) without a written order of the competent magistrate.

The Republic did not admit either privileges or obstacles with regard to industry and commerce, interior as well as exterior, but those which were fixed by the law.—(When Napoleon became emperor his will then became law, and the principles acknowledged by the Constitution were set aside whenever inconvenient to him.)

The uniformity of weights and measures, of currency, of laws, of landed tax, and of the system of elementary instruction, was decreed.

A National Institute was appointed to encourage useful discoveries as well as for the advancement of sciences and arts. This was a real benefit to Italy, by giving a common focus to the minds of a considerable portion of Italians.

A National *Contabilità*, or Auditorship, was to inspect and verify the accounts of the income and expenditure of the Republic.

The Constitution declared that the regular army was submitted to the regulations of the executive, and the national guards subordinate only to the laws. That the military ought to be essentially obedient,

and that no armed body had the power of deliberating on public questions.

The debts or credits of the different provinces, which composed the territory of the Republic, was declared national.

The purchases of national property, sold during the preceding Government, were acknowledged, and indemnities to be granted by the public treasury in cases of just claims. Upon the mass of national property yet unsold, suitable emoluments were assigned to bishops and chapters, to seminaries, to rectors and curates, and for the building of churches; and this revenue was declared inalienable.

At last, the Constitution provided: That if, after an interval of three years, the Consulta of State should judge any of the articles of the Constitution to stand in need of being reformed, it might propose it to the colleges who were to decide upon the question.

The above is the substance of the Constitutional Act, which was given to the Italian Republic in 1802. After the anarchy of factions, which had tormented the country for several years, this system of government was looked upon as a real benefit. Under republican names and forms, however, the principles and tendency of the new Government were strongly monarchical; probably, he who pre-

sided at its formation, was already foreseeing the change that was to take place in a few years, and prepared the way accordingly. It was, however, a temperate form of government, in which the career of honours and emoluments was open to all citizens; and political and religious liberty and equality before the law, were publicly acknowledged.

During the following three years, 1802, 1803, and 1804, the constitution of the Italian Republic remained in vigour, and Italy enjoyed some repose. Melzi continued vice-president. He was an accomplished, amiable, and well-informed gentleman; yet his administration, although in peaceful times, had a character of weakness and indecision. This, perhaps, proceeded from his consciousness that he was only a subordinate agent of a man of immense power, and of the most determined volition,—and in the eye of whom the interests of the Italian Republic were subordinate to plans infinitely more extensive than the territory bounded by the Alps, the Po, the Adige, and the Sesia, which constituted what was called the Italian Republic, a name too high-sounding for one-fifth of Italy.

In August 1802, the Island of Elba had been united to France. In September, Piedmont underwent the same fate. In October, the French took possession of the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza.

The year 1803 passed without any novelty in Italy. The Cisalpine and the Ligurian Republics continued to exist under the protection of France; Tuscany had been given by the French to the Prince of Parma, with the title of Kingdom; the Pope, Pius VII., was quietly in possession of that part of his States, which had been restored to him, and he made religious concordats with the French and Italian Republics; and the King of Naples continued at peace and undisturbed.

In May, 1804, a new drama was acted at Paris. Napoleon was requested, by addresses from the Senate, representatives, and magistrates, to assume the Imperial Crown of France, with which he was afterwards crowned by the Pope, in December of the same year.

From that moment the destinies of the Italian Republic were easily foreseen. It lived, however, a lingering existence for a few months longer, until March 1805.

Bonaparte, First Consul of the French, and President of the Italian Republics, at peace with all the Powers of the Continent, was at the zenith of his real glory. The eyes of Europe were fixed on him, who, like a new star of the most brilliant lustre, had appeared on the political horizon at a most favourable period, when men were tired of the horrors of the Revolution, and of the

oppression of the unprincipled Directory. Unstained with any of those heinous crimes which had rendered France the scandal of Europe, Bonaparte was looked upon with complacency by moderate men of all parties. As a general he had not shown himself personally interested, or rapacious; glory seemed his object, and his too great fondness for it was easily excused in a young warrior, who, at the age of thirty, had become, through his own abilities, and by the favourable concurrence of the most astonishing events, the arbiter of the destinies of empires. His internal administration, as First Consul, had been firm, wise, and conciliatory; he had healed many of the wounds of the Revolution; he was admired and praised both in France and in Italy.

People, however, began to ask themselves what would the future career of this man be? He had obtained, and it appears with the satisfaction of the great majority of the French, the Consulship for life; would he content himself with this perpetual dictature? He, however, did not leave them long in suspense;—in May 1804, he was proclaimed Emperor of France, and the execution of the Duke of Enghien was the ominous prelude to his imperial rule.

We shall not examine here his motives for thus changing the whole system of the French govern-

ment, and bringing it back to monarchical principles of the most absolute kind; whether he thought this change necessary to the greatness of France, or expedient to his own: these questions belong to the history of that country; our business is here with the history of Italy.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, was still President of the Italian Republic; but it was clear that the latter, which had always been the faithful satellite of its imperious ally, must follow it also in its political transformation. France, at least to a certain extent, chose her emperor; Italy received her king from the hands of France.

Early in 1805, the Vice-President Melzi, and the members of the Consulta of State, were called to Paris; and there, in their deliberations of the 15th of March, they expressed a wish, which was promulgated two days after in the shape of a constitutional act, that the Emperor Napoleon, the founder of the Italian Republic, should be proclaimed King of Italy; that the crown of Italy should be hereditary in his male issue, whether real or adoptive; restraining, however, his rights of adoption to a citizen of either the French empire, or the kingdom of Italy.

The clause about the adoption seemed to be necessary, as there was no appearance of Bonaparte having any issue by has then consort Josephine.

Another clause prescribed that after Napoleon's death, the crown of Italy should not remain united to that of France.

The Emperor Napoleon had the right of giving himself a successor to the throne of Italy, even in his own life-time, but not until the integrity of the kingdom was secured from all danger of attack by other powers.

Lastly, the Emperor Napoleon was requested to repair to Milan, in order to be there crowned, and give to his Italian subjects a definitive constitution, which should guarantee their religion, the integrity of their territory, their political and civil liberty, and the irrevocability of the sales of national property; that taxes should only be laid according to laws, and that natives alone should be promoted to the employments of the state.

The first part of this extraordinary act of the Consulta, who took upon themselves thus completely to alter the government of their country, was soon approved of, and their request granted. A decree of Napoleon appeared on the 22nd of the same month, (March,) which called upon the Italian Legislative body to assemble on the 15th of May, the electoral colleges on the 18th, and fixed the 23d for the coronation of the King of Italy.

The constitutional act by which Napoleon was

chosen King of Italy was proclaimed at Milan on the 31st of March.

On the 10th of April appeared another law, which named the great officers of the kingdom, and created four *commende* of thirty-six thousand livres each, annual income, which were annexed to the places of keeper of the seals, great maggiordomo or steward, great chamberlain, and great ecuyer. The same law fixed the words of the oath which was to be taken by the civil officers, as well as by the military.

During the same month of April, addresses were voted by the different magistrates, courts, and authorities of the kingdom of Italy, as well as by the regiments of the Italian army, expressing their congratulations to Napoleon on his assumption of the royal dignity. A guard of honour was also formed at Milan.

Napoleon, in company with the Empress Josephine, made his solemn entry into Milan, on the 8th of May; the keys of the city were presented to him by the members of the municipality. On the 26th, he was crowned King of Italy, in the cathedral, by the Archbishop Cardinal Caprara. When the latter delivered to him at the foot of the altar, the ring, the mantle, and the sword, Napoleon gave the latter to his step-son Eugene Beauharnois, whom he had a few months before created Prince

of France. Then, ascending the steps of the altar, he took up the famous iron crown which had been brought from Monza for the purpose, and placed it resolutely on his own head, exclaiming at the same time: *Dio me l' ha data, guai a chi la tocca.* "God has given it to me, woe to those who shall attempt to touch it!" This, like many other modern prophecies, has been proved by the course of events an empty and useless boast. It was not considered such at the time.

On the 7th of June, the new king presided at the sitting of the legislative body. An act was then read in his presence, which determined the property of the crown, authorized the monarch to appoint a viceroy, and stipulated that the three electoral colleges should assemble separately at the king's invitation, in order to choose the members of the Legislative Body, and to fill up their own vacancies. It also decreed the formation of a Council of State, composed of the members of the old Consulta and Legislative council. Lastly, by this act, the Order of the Iron Crown was instituted, in imitation of the French Legion of Honour.

At this sitting Prince Eugene took the oaths as viceroy of the kingdom of Italy, promising fidelity to the king, and to the constitution, and obedience to the laws.

After this, Napoleon addressed the members of

the Legislative Body, and without alluding to the recent changes in the government of the country, entered at once into the details of his new administration, observing that he intended to establish in Italy his code of laws, which he had published in France, pointing out its superiority over the old laws, and informing them also that the Council of State was preparing a plan for the organization of the courts of the kingdom. "I have not thought," he thus expressed himself, "that the present circumstances of Italy did allow me to think of establishing the Trial by Jury. But judges will, as the juries of other countries, pronounce according to the internal conviction of their consciences, without trusting to imperfect evidences.

"I have consented that the public debt should be called *Monte Napoleone*, to give an additional guarantee of its credit."

He spoke also of the order he had brought into the system of finances, which were in the most flourishing state. He said he had made suitable provisions for the clergy; that the road of the Simplon would be terminated that same year, and a new harbour constructed at Volano near the mouth of the Po.

"None of the objects," he thus continued, "concerning which my experience in administration could be of use to my people, has been neglected

by me. Before I cross the Alps again, I shall visit some of your departments, to make myself better acquainted with their wants.

"I shall leave as a depository of my authority, a young prince, whom I have educated from his childhood, and who will be animated by the same spirit as myself. I have, however, taken measures to direct myself in person, the most important affairs of the state.

"I think I have just given new proofs of my constant determination to fulfil that which my Italian people expect from me. I hope that they in return will prove equal to the place I have given them in my mind, but of which they can only become worthy, by being well persuaded that it is the force of arms that constitutes the principal support of a state.

"The British Government having answered evasively to the proposals I made to it, and the King of England having given publicity to those proposals, insulting my people in his parliament, I must say, that the hopes I had conceived of a general peace are thereby considerably weakened. Meantime the French fleets have obtained successes which I consider important, only insomuch as they must evermore convince my enemies of the inutility of a war which offers them nothing to win, and every thing to lose. Some divisions of

the Italian flotilla, and the frigates which have been constructed at the expense of my kingdom of Italy, and which now form part of the French squadrons, have already rendered important services on several occasions.

"I still hope that the peace of the Continent will not be disturbed; I shall keep myself, however, in an attitude in which I need not fear the chances of war. I shall be amongst you whenever my presence will become necessary to the safety of my kingdom of Italy."

The frequent repetition in this speech of the personal and possessive pronouns, *I* and *mine*, struck every one; the more so as people had been for several years accustomed to the republican forms of speech. It was evident, that in the new government, the person of the monarch was every thing, and that any remaining constitutional principle, which might prove an obstacle to his will, would be promptly overthrown.

Two days after this sitting of the Legislative Body, in which Napoleon spoke of the interest he felt for Italy, he terminated the lingering existence of the republic of Genoa, by uniting it, (9th June) not to the kingdom of Italy, but to the French empire, as he had already done with Piedmont. The last of the doges appeared himself at Milan, at the head of a deputation from the Ligurian

Senate, to demand its annexation to France. Thus proud Genoa followed, after a space of eight years, the fate of her old rival, Venice, and with no greater dignity. The territories of Genoa were divided into three departments, Genoa, Apennines, and Montenotte. The Duchy of Parma and Piacenza was equally incorporated with France; and in the month of July Napoleon put an end also to the republic of Lucca. It was erected into a principality, and given it his brother-in-law Prince Baciocchi.

The late Vice-President Melzi, whose friends had flattered themselves that he would remain at the head of affairs, under the new king, found himself, by the nomination of the Viceroy Eugene, removed from all power and influence. He was, however, appointed by Napoleon keeper of the seals, with an annual income of thirty-six thousand francs, and was afterwards created Duke of Lodi, with an estate and title hereditary in his family.

Eugene Beauharnois was only twenty-five years of age when he was appointed Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy. He was brave, frank, and generous-hearted; he felt above all an inviolable attachment to Napoleon, which sentiment he preserved to the last, even while not approving some of the measures of his adoptive father. Having devoted till then all his time and attention solely

to military matters, he was not conversant with administrative affairs. Napoleon thought of giving him an adviser and a guide in the person of M. Mejan, secretary of prefecture in the department of the Seine.

The ministers remained the same as they were under the republic, except that of justice, to which station Napoleon appointed Mr. Luosi. He also named Antonio Aldini, minister secretary of state, who was to reside near him at Paris, to prepare his decrees, and transmit his orders to the government at Milan. He also directed that the minister for foreign affairs, Marescalchi, should reside at Paris, and a councillor of state to act as chief of that department at Milan. He appointed three directors to each of the departments, interior and finances, under the superintendence of the two ministers, Felici and Prina. General Pino remained minister at war, in which situation he was afterwards succeeded by the French General Caffarelli. The ministry of the *culto*, or superintendence of ecclesiastical affairs, continued intrusted to Bovara, formerly a professor in the university of Pavia. The tesoro, or paymastership, which formed a separate department of administration, remained in the hands of Veneri.

This was a very numerous and expensive administration for a small kingdom, consisting then

of only fourteen departments*, but it was according to Napoleon's general plan, of employing a great number of persons, upon whom he could rely.

The attributions of the viceroy were fixed by another decree. He superintended the labours of the different ministers, and presided at the Council of State; had the command of the military and national guards; but Napoleon had kept to himself the right of assembling as well as adjourning the Legislative Body; of calling together the Electoral Colleges, and of determining the grants to be allowed to the different ministers. He had also reserved to himself the appointments to the civil situations, from that of minister to that of prefect, and to all military commissions, from general to sub-lieutenants, inclusive.

It is true that, with the exception of king, and viceroy, and viceroy's secretary, and afterwards of the minister-at-war, and a few other situations, the rest of the places in the kingdom were filled by

* The name of the departments were taken from those of rivers: Olona, Agogna, Lario, Adda, Serio, Alto Pò, Mella, Mincio, Crostolo, Panaro, Reno, Rubicone, Basso Pò, Adige. Massa and Carrara, which had first been joined to the Italian Republic, under the name of Dipartimento dell' Alpi Apuane, and which were the only point of coast it had on the Mediterranean sea, were retaken from it and joined to the new principality of Lucca, a fief of the French empire.

natives; but still few men of common discernment could consider that as an Italian government, in which every act emanated from the Emperor of the French, residing at Paris, and was enforced by a French prince residing at Milan. But this it is alleged was necessary; the kingdom of Italy could not be left to itself. Perhaps it was so; especially as some of the finest parts of Italy had already been incorporated to France, as we have seen; and still more so in after years, when Tuscany, and even Rome, became annexed to the French empire: this was certainly not the manner to prepare Italy to become a nation, and act for herself. But Italy, and the kingdom of Italy, were two very different things in the plans of Napoleon. And yet some men have seriously contended that it was his intention to unite Italy under an independent government! Had he done so from the beginning, (for he, and he alone in our times, might, perhaps, have effected it,) he might have preserved a kingdom even after the loss of his empire. But his views extended further than either France or Italy, and that which would have satisfied Charles V. or Frederic II., appeared but of secondary importance in his eyes.

Napoleon had left Milan on the 10th of June, to return to France. He visited several departments of the kingdom, and issued many decrees,

some for the suppression of convents and the better repartition of parishes; others for the construction of new roads, and for opening canals between the lakes and rivers of Lombardy; and these were among his most useful works. He established military schools, and forbade his subjects from following their studies out of the kingdom; he ordered the system of military exercises to be introduced into national schools and universities. Another decree, dated 20th of June, ordered the formation of guards of honour and royal velites; and obliged the sons, brothers, nephews, and other young relatives of the wealthiest and most notable citizens to enrol themselves in these bodies, forbidding them to put in substitutes. This was a severe blow to the most distinguished families of the kingdom, whose fears were not unfounded; as these guards of honour, although apparently destined merely to add to the pomp of the court, were afterwards called into activity by the ambition of the ruler, whom no consideration or principle of equity could restrain, to fight in distant countries; and they, the flower of Italian youth, the hope of thousands of families, perished at last, chiefly of cold, hunger, and fatigue, in the disastrous campaign of Russia, with their colonels, Battaglia and Vidman, *all, except five,* who came to tell their relatives the mournful tale. But we must not anticipate events.

By the third constitutional act (6th of June) it was provided that the French code of laws should be adopted in the kingdom of Italy, under the modifications required by local circumstances and customs. The minister of justice, Luosi, according to Napoleon's instruction, named two commissioners for the purpose of giving a plan of a penal code, and also one for the course of proceedings in criminal matters, conformable, however, to the principles of the civil code. This work, to which enlightened Italian jurists had contributed, being completed, was forwarded to Paris, where, to the no small surprise of the Italians, it was rejected, and an order sent back to translate *ad litteram*, and adopt purely and simply the code of the French empire.

The projects of law of Napoleon were sent from Paris to Milan, where they were at first submitted to the approbation of the legislative body. Napoleon had taken every precaution to secure the docility of this assembly. Having, however, sent a new plan for the registro, or tax upon contracts, legacies, *&c.*, the viceroy laid it before the legislative body, who fancied they were acting according to their prerogatives in discussing it, and proposing some modifications in the rates. Their observations were forwarded to Paris and communicated to Napoleon, who wrote a thundering epistle to the viceroy, telling him he was astonished that he, Eugene,

could have supposed for a moment that he would listen to the remonstrances of such an assembly; that it was easier to make the moon retrograde in its course, than to make him alter his will. He then ordered him to place again the original project of law before the legislative body, and that the latter should approve of it without any further discussion. And so it was done. Not satisfied with this, a few days after (27th of July) a courier brought an order for the legislative body to close its session.

The first budget of the kingdom was published in July (1805). The expenses amounted to one hundred millions of Milanese livres (about seventy-six millions of francs), five-and-twenty millions of which were for the support of the French army in Italy. This latter sum was afterwards increased to thirty millions. The population of the kingdom amounted then to about four millions of inhabitants, and the ways and means were to be supplied by the land-tax, sales of national property, stamp duties, registro, permission for shooting and fishing, judiciary taxes, licenses, tax on salt and tobacco, post-office, &c. Besides these taxes, most of which were new to the Italians, there was, that year, a war-tax of six millions for provisioning the fortresses, and an extraordinary contribution of fifteen millions for similar objects.

The latter measures showed that a new con-

tinental war was not remote. Accordingly, while the Emperor was moving his grand army through Germany, Marshal Massena arrived in September to take the command of the army of Italy, destined to attack the Austrians on that side.

On the 1st of October the Viceroy announced by proclamation the war against Austria. On the 18th Marshal Massena crossed the Adige with all his army. The Archduke Charles was opposed to him. The taking of Ulm, and the surrender of Mack's army, soon obliged the Archduke to effect his retreat by Palma Nova, and the French took possession of the Venetian states.

Meantime Napoleon entered Vienna, and on the 2d of December defeated the Russians at Austerlitz. The 25th of the same month peace was concluded at Presburgh in Hungary between Austria and France, and the whole of the former Venetian states given up to Napoleon.

These unfortunate Venetian provinces, thus repeatedly exchanged from one power to the other, were governed provisionally by the Viceroy Eugene, until Napoleon, by his decree, 30th of March, 1806, ordered their annexation to the kingdom of Italy, and their division into seven departments*; but,

* Bacchiglione, Brenta, Adriatico, Tagliamento, Piave, Passeriano, and Istria: Dalmatia continued to be governed as a province, as it was under the Venetian Republic.

at the same time, creating in them twelve Duchies, grands fiefs of the French empire, of which the Emperor reserved to himself the grant, attaching to them part of the revenues of those countries, besides thirty millions of national property therein situated. These Duchies bore the title of Dalmatia, Istria, Friuli, Cadore, Belluno, Cornegliano, Treviso, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, Padova, and Rovigo, and they were given to French generals, with the condition that, in case of failure of their line, the said fiefs should return to the imperial crown of France.

The system of rewarding French generals at the expense of Italy, was carried by Napoleon to a still greater extent. Having taken possession, in the same year (1806), of the kingdom of Naples, and given it to his brother Joseph, he created there several fiefs dependent in the same manner on the French empire. Three were erected also in the territory of Parma and Piacenza. Guastalla was first given to Princess Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's sister, and then, by a decree of the 24th of May 1806, reunited to the kingdom of Italy, on payment of six millions of livres, which the Italian treasury was obliged to disburse to Pauline. Benevento and Pontecorvo, formerly belonging to the Pope, were given to Talleyrand and Bernadotte Lucca had already been given to Baciocchi.

In January 1806, Eugene married Augusta Amelia, princess of Bavaria. The Italians flattered themselves that this marriage would ensure to Eugene's succession the independent throne of Italy; but they were still far from the mark.

In September, 1806, the war against Prussia took place. This war, more remote than that of the preceding year, concerned the Italians less. However, Italian regiments were sent to share the honour of that campaign. The conscription, which, in 1805, had amounted to six thousand men, was resorted to again, and nine thousand men were raised by this oppressive means in January 1807.

The sanguinary battles of Eylau and Friedland were followed by the peace of Tilsit, in July 1807. Yet, in October of the same year, ten thousand men more were raised by conscription in the kingdom of Italy.

In November, the same year, Napoleon came to visit again his Italian kingdom. He went to his newly-acquired city of Venice, and was received with a pomp truly magnificent. He visited, according to his invariable custom, the public establishments, the fortifications, the arsenal; and issued several wise local regulations and provident measures. But he could not prevent the natural

progress of the decay of Venice, fallen from the rank of a capital, to that of a provincial town of a small kingdom.

On his return to Milan, he issued the famous Milan Decree (17th of December,) in which, carrying still further the principles of his previous Decree from Berlin against the English, he put an end to all neutral trade by sea. Meantime the sequestration of English goods throughout the kingdom, goods which had been mostly purchased by Italian merchants, and afterwards the burning of them in the public squares, were measures calculated to create disaffection, and what was perhaps worse, to bring his policy into ridicule and contempt, by showing the impotence of his revenge.

Having assembled the three electoral colleges, (20th of December, 1807,) he communicated to them a statute by which he appointed a senate in lieu of the legislative body, which he had dissolved two years before, as we have seen. This senate was to submit to the sovereign its observations upon the wants and the wishes of the nation, and the budgets were in future to be laid before it. There happened never to be, however, a disparity of opinion between the sovereign and the senate.

On the same occasion Napoleon addressed the

electoral colleges, and told them he saw them with pleasure assembled round his throne.—"Having returned amongst you," he continued, "after an absence of two years, I am pleased in perceiving the progress these my people have made. But much remains yet to be done in order to cancel the errors of your ancestors, and to render you worthy of the destinies I am preparing for you.

"The internal dissensions of our forefathers, and their miserable municipal egotism, were the causes of the loss of all their rights. Italy was disinherited from its rank and dignity; she that had in remote ages carried so far the honour of her arms and the splendour of her virtues. I place my glory in re-conquering for you that splendour and those virtues.

"Citizens of Italy, I have done much for you; I shall do still more; but you, on your part, must be united in heart, as you are in interests, with my people of France, and consider them *as your elder brethren*; and, keep in mind, that the source of your prosperity, the guarantee of your institutions and that of your independence, consist in the union of the iron crown with my imperial authority."

There was inconsistency between the first and the second parts of this speech, and this inconsistency

did not escape the Italians. But they had by this time opened their eyes, and were perfectly aware of the nature of their political situation.

Maria Louisa of Spain, widow of the Prince of Parma, upon whose infant son Bonaparte had bestowed by treaty in 1801 the possession of Tuscany under the name of the Kingdom of Etruria, was invited to meet the Emperor at Milan. She came with the young King, was present with Napoleon at several fêtes, but the latter had already views hostile to the dynasty of Spain; and, next month, January 1808, it was known that Tuscany, the finest, the most central, the most classical part of modern Italy, was to be taken possession of by the French; and in June, the same year, Tuscany was united to the French empire, and divided into three departments, Arno, Mediterranean, and Ombrone.

Before the completion of this event, the editor of a weekly journal of Milan, called il Corriero delle Dame, which was chiefly filled with accounts of the fashions and with light poetical effusions, giving also a brief summary of the news of the week extracted from the official journals, happened to insert in one of his numbers the following words:—"The destinies of Etruria appear to be arrived at their maturity." This passage was shown to Napoleon, who, offended that his views should be made known before the time, ordered the editor to be confined

in a mad-house. This was executed, and the unfortunate editor was very near losing his reason in the company into which he was thus forced.

The regulations concerning the press of the kingdom of Italy abolished the censure which existed under the Italian republic, but established a bureau or office, to which authors were *invited* to submit their manuscripts, before sending them to press, in order that *they might not be molested.*

Melchior Gioja, of Piacenza, had written at the beginning of the French dominion in Italy, a work favourable to them, styled *I Russi, i Tedeschi, ed i Francesi in Lombardia.* He now, availing himself of the abolition of the censure, published another pamphlet styled *Il povero Diavolo,* in which he ridiculed the conduct of some of the ministers of the kingdom. This gave offence; according to the decree just mentioned, Gioja, being naturalized in the kingdom, ought to have been proceeded against before the regular courts, but the result of a trial could not be well relied upon. A more summary way was taken—he was banished the kingdom.

Some years after (1811) another man of letters, Lampredi, the editor of a journal styled *Il Poligrafo,* ventured some critical remarks upon the style of a funeral oration composed by one of the

counsellors of state; he was called before the police, and ordered not to exert any longer his criticism upon the compositions of any public functionary. The spirited Lampredi said, that since that was the case, he preferred leaving the kingdom, retiring to Tuscany, his native country.

The budget of the expenses for 1807 had amounted to one hundred and fourteen millions; that for 1808 amounted to one hundred and twenty.

Napoleon granted pensions to the astronomer Oriani, to the poets Cesarotti, Monti, and others. He also appointed a commission for the embellishment of Milan. He patronised arts and sciences, and even letters, when the latter showed themselves submissive to his principles and views.

In 1808 the Spanish war began, and Italian troops, and distinguished Italian generals, were sent to that country to fight by the side of the French. At the same time dissensions arose between Napoleon and the Court of Rome, the only remaining one of the old Italian governments. The French troops were already in possession of the fortress of Ancona, and now they spread themselves over that fine part of the papal territories situated between the Adriatic and the Apennines, and known under the name of *Le Marche*. On the 2d of April these provinces were united to the

kingdom of Italy, and divided into three departments, Metauro, Musone, and Tronto.

A levy of twelve thousand men by conscription, was ordered in November this year.

In April, 1809, a new war with Austria broke out. The Viceroy was appointed to command the army on the side of Italy. The Archduke John of Austria had the command of the troops opposed to him. The Austrians were the first to cross the frontier; the Archduke issued proclamations, telling the Italians what they knew very well:—"The kingdom of Italy," he said, "is but a phantom, a vain name. You are only the slaves of France; you sacrifice to her your gold and your blood. Conscription, burdens, oppressions of every sort, the nullity of your political existence, these are facts." The Italians, assenting to all this, might have replied to the Archduke, that, unfortunately, they could not expect that Austria would restore them to their independence, and that theirs was only a choice of evils.

The two armies, commanded by Eugene and the Archduke, met on the 18th of April, near the river Piave. The action was long disputed; at last the Austrian cavalry, far superior in number to the Italian, decided the day; and the Viceroy, after conducting himself with his wonted bravery, was obliged to retire towards the Adige. His loss

amounted to twelve thousand men. The Tyrolese had, at the same time, taken up arms and entered the departments on their side. Alarm had already spread at Milan, when the successes of Napoleon in Germany obliged the Archduke John to retire and run to the assistance of Vienna.

That capital was again occupied by the French. Thence Napoleon issued a decree (May, 1809) by which he ordered the occupation of Rome and of the remainder of the papal states.

The battles of Esling and Wagram were followed by an armistice, and afterwards by the peace of Vienna in October. The marriage of Napoleon with an Archduchess of Austria was stipulated; and those Italians, who still had flattered themselves with the idea of their future independence, saw every prospect of it removed further than ever by this event.

In 1810, Napoleon incorporated Rome and the papal territories, between the Apennines and the Mediterranean Sea, with the French empire. At the same time that the kingdom of Italy was thus circumscribed to the west and south, Napoleon had, in December, 1809, by his message to the Italian senate, informed them that the provinces of Dalmatia and Istria, formerly Venetian, were to be united under the denomination of Illyrian provinces,

to the French empire, which was thus extending itself also round the eastern frontier of the kingdom. The Viceroy advised the senate to respect *in silence* certain combinations which separated those provinces from the kingdom. His advice was strictly followed.

A levy of eleven thousand men was ordered for this year, and the budget of expenses amounted to one hundred and twenty-seven millions.

A decree, dated May, ordered the suppression of all the remaining convents, and other ecclesiastical corporations and congregations of every sort, forbidding individuals to appear in the dress of their order.

In June the southern part of the Tyrol was united to the kingdom of Italy.

The whole of Italy was, at last, in 1810, under the direct power of Napoleon. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, and the southern Roman states, were departments of the French empire; the rest of the Peninsula was divided into two kingdoms, Naples and Italy.

We have thus followed the course of events to the consummation of Napoleon's organization of Italy, which state of things continued unaltered till his final reverses in 1814; when Murat from the south, and the Austrian and English armies in the

north, obliged the French to retire once more beyond the Alps, after having for eighteen years kept their footing on Italian ground.

I have dwelled chiefly, and at some length, considering the limits of this sketch, upon the measures of the internal administration of the kingdom of Italy; the history of its external affairs being included in the history of Napoleon.

A conscription of fifteen thousand men was decreed in January 1811. Another of the same number was ordered in November, the same year. Fresh taxes were raised, and new and rigorous measures of police taken. Several literary and political journals were suppressed. All these disposals showed symptoms of approaching troubles. The budget for 1811 amounted to one hundred and thirty-two millions.

Next year (1812) is memorable for the disastrous campaign of Russia. The Viceroy, with the Italian army, shared the mournful glory and the unheard-of calamities of that expedition. From the ruins of Moscow, Napoleon decreed a new levy of fifteen thousand men in the kingdom of Italy.

In December, the famous twenty-ninth bulletin was made known at Milan, and completely rent the dark veil which had been cautiously drawn over the misfortunes of the French and Italian armies. The Italians, whose sentiments towards the French

had already considerably cooled, were now overpowered in reading the details of such frightful disasters. Thousands of families mourned over the loss of their dearest relatives; yet the conscription in the kingdom of Italy had not been so severe as in the other parts of the Peninsula which were annexed to the French empire.

In February, 1813, a decree ordered a new levy of fifteen thousand men in the kingdom of Italy. The budget was carried this year to one hundred and forty-four millions.

In May, same year, the Viceroy, after having distinguished himself in the retreat of the remains of the French army, of which he had the supreme command, returned to Milan. He began to take measures for the defence of the Italian states. He formed a corps of observation near Verona, where the Italian guards soon after assembled. In the following August he announced to the Italians by a proclamation, dated from his head-quarters at Gorizia, the beginning of a new war against Austria. He removed thence, in October, to Gradiska, whence he ordered a new levy of fifteen thousand men to be taken from the supernumeraries of all the former conscriptions, and to be raised in fifteen days. Similar measures, however, were now become impracticable. The Viceroy was soon after obliged to evacuate the Venetian territories. Mistrust, fear, and

confusion, began to spread in every quarter. The star of Napoleon was evidently setting in France, and the Italians saw the crisis approaching also for them; a crisis from which they hardly knew whether they had more to hope than to fear.

On the 22d of January, 1814, Napoleon, by a decree dated the Thuilleries, ordered that the contribution of thirty millions, till then paid by the kingdom of Italy to the French, should cease.

The Austrians had reached once more the banks of the Adige. English troops, under the orders of General Nugent, had landed at the mouths of the Po. In February, 1814, the latter General entered Bologna—Ferrara was also occupied by the allies. The kingdom of Italy was falling to pieces.

At last, in March 1814, Murat, who had occupied the Roman states, threw off the mask and joined the allies. He attacked the Italian troops in the territory of Modena, and obliged them to fall back on the Po. Eugene saw himself then obliged to retire upon the Mincio, under the protection of the fortress of Mantua, his last strong hold.

On the 29th of March, the Vice-queen left Milan to retire to Mantua. This young princess was universally regretted; her virtues, her charity, and

her amiable qualities, had won the respect and attachment of every one.

A military convention was concluded in April, between Prince Eugene and the Austrian Field-marshal Bellegarde, by which hostilities were suspended. The Field-marshal visited Prince Eugene at Mantua, and stood godfather to his new-born daughter. Meantime the news of Napoleon's abdication were received in Italy.

By the convention, the French troops were to withdraw from Italy and return to France. Prince Eugene addressed to them a proclamation, in which, taking leave of them, he told them he was to remain among the Italians.

There was, on this occasion, much political manœuvring on the part of the Viceroy's friends to engage the senate to proclaim him king, and send a deputation to the allied monarchs to that effect.

The senate assembled in the evening of the 19th of April, to deliberate on the measures to be taken in this momentous crisis. The public mind was divided;—one party wished for a liberal constitution, independent of foreigners, whether French or Austrians;—another, among whom were many of the nobility and clergy, preferred the return of the Austrian authority. The people of Milan had begun to assemble, and to shew signs of restlessness

and insubordination. The senate resolved that a deputation should be sent to the allies to demand the independence of the kingdom, but without mentioning Prince Eugene.

It is remarkable that, in this crisis, an address was forwarded to the podestà or first magistrate of Milan, signed by a great number of citizens, by which they demanded that, "in the actual extraordinary circumstances, it was indispensable to assemble the electoral colleges, in whom alone the lawful representation of the nation resides." Thus, after several years of the most absolute sway, the original principles of the compact of the Italian constitution were not forgotten.

Next day, 20th of April, the senate assembled again. An immense crowd of people of all ranks took their station before the palace, threatening those senators whom they thought favourable to Eugene, as they arrived. The spirit of the people seemed, in general, unfavourable to the idea of having Eugene for king. Tumultuous and seditious cries were uttered; the national guards came for the protection, as it was said, of the senate; and the people rushed after them through the courts and the stairs of the palace.

The president then moved that the electoral colleges should be called together, and the sitting was closed.

But the mob, once in motion, was not satisfied with this; they penetrated into the interior of the palace, broke to pieces Napoleon's bust, threw the furniture out of the windows, and obliged the senators to seek their safety in flight.

From the palace of the senate, the crowd rushed to that of the finances, and there the murder of Prina was perpetrated. This deplorable event has already been related in a preceding chapter of this work.

Next day, 21st, the respectable citizens assembled in arms for the common safety, and succeeded in restoring order.

Meantime Eugene learned the events of Milan, and gave up every idea of ruling the kingdom. He determined to retire to Bavaria, whose king was his father-in-law.

The electoral colleges were assembled at Milan, and a regency formed. A deputation was sent to the head-quarters of the allied powers to claim the independence of the kingdom, and a moderate liberal constitution under an hereditary dynasty.

The decision of the allied powers was not favourable to these demands. On the 28th of April two Austrian divisions entered Milan. On the 23d of May following, a proclamation of Marshal Bellegarde announced to the Milanese that he had taken possession of Lombardy, and of the remainder of the

former Austrian territories in Italy, in the name of the Emperor his sovereign; and that, from that moment, the electoral colleges, the senate, and the council of state, were dissolved.

Here ends the history of the kingdom of Italy. The provinces composing that kingdom, which were on the left bank of the Po, namely, the Milanese, Venetian, and Mantuan territories, returned under the dominion of the house of Austria, under the name of Regno-Lombardo-Veneto, with a population of four millions; those on the right bank of the same river which formerly belonged to the pope, were restored to the papal government; the Modenese territory was given to the Archduke of Modena, and the territory of Novara was annexed to the Sardinian kingdom.

What were the characteristics of Napoleon's administration in the north of Italy? His principle was that of absolute power enforced in the most decided manner; he seemed to think that persons and properties belonged to him exclusively; and those free institutions which he at first allowed his subjects to retain, were violated by him, without any scruple, whenever they stood in the way of his transcendant projects. This affected principally the general or political concerns of the state; it affected its exterior commerce, which was nearly annihilated

by the maritime war; the happiness of families, which was destroyed by repeated conscriptions: the wealth and credit of the country, which were drained by an oppressive taxation and an expensive administration, more ostentatious than regular or solid. The Italians followed the car of the conqueror, or sacrificed themselves before it.

In the details, however, of civil administration, and especially in the system of laws and organisation of the tribunals, the principle of equality before the law was acknowledged; the trials were public, the judges equitable. A good police watched over the internal safety of the kingdom, mendicity was suppressed in great measure; interior commerce was facilitated by canals and new roads; education was spread and facilitated by the system of gradual schools; the national institute was a focus of learning and genius. A numerous and gallant army of sixty thousand men had been formed, of which a great part however was sacrificed in Spain, Russia, and Germany, for interests foreign to Italy.

A new impulse was given to the people, and this impulse has not been lost on the national character; the Italians, naturally reflective, are now better informed and better acquainted with their own situation. The lessons of experience

have not been lost upon them. They are more cautious and less dogmatic in their opinions, and considerate in their judgments.

What has been the conduct of the Austrian government since Italy has returned under its dominion? Uncertain, wavering, and deficient in tact, rather than oppressive by principle. Often, with the best intentions, the Austrian authorities do not understand properly how to act. An old Italian gentleman was one day stating the difference between the French and Austrian rule: — "The former," he said, "when they came to Italy, pillaged us, shot our relatives, took our sons away, seduced our women, in short, did us every sort of injury; but, with so good a grace, that we, the sufferers, were pleased with them against our better judgment, and forgave them. The latter (Austrians) do not do one half of the mischief their antagonists did, and yet we cannot like them; they do not take any pains to please us, or to flatter our prejudices."

The taxes in general have remained as they were under the French, but the advantages of the French judiciary system have been taken away. The conscription is by no means so extensive as it was, but the chances of promotion are also much lesser. The police remains vigilant and good. The Austrian troops are orderly and regular, but they do not

associate so much with the inhabitants as the French did, the latter were especially favourites with the women. The measures of the administration are damped by the want of sufficient power vested in the authorities who reside at Milan, the aulic council at Vienna must approve of every determination *.

It is needless to say more. It is a great pity that the Austrian government, which is considered good and paternal in its German states, does not come to a serious determination to give its Italian subjects a form of administration suited to the wants of an intelligent but steady and orderly race of people.

* Among recent travellers who have treated this subject, the author of the "Letters from the North of Italy" has written with most moderation and candour, and has taken most pains in his researches. Yet, I believe, that after reading his statement, the dispassionate reader will draw conclusions not very dissimilar from mine.

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